

ENGLAND of SONG and STORY

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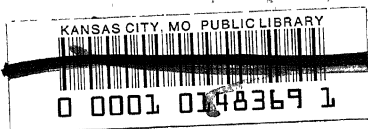
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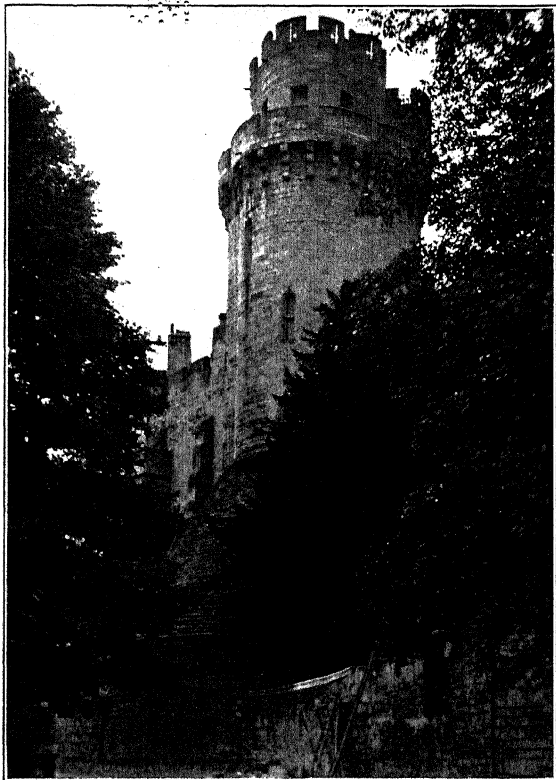


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WARWICK CASTLE

ENGLAND OF SONG AND STORY

A PICTURE OF LIFE IN ENGLAND AND
A BACKGROUND FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE
OF THE 16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH CENTURIES

BY

MARY I. CURTIS



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PREFACE

England of Song and Story is a picture — a series of pictures — of life as it was lived in England during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The book may be considered as a stage setting, giving reality and interest to the life and happenings of the people of these centuries. And just as any drama upon the modern stage is more readily enjoyed and comprehended when it is set forth with appropriate costuming, properties, and stage settings, so the history and literature of these interesting times can be read with greater understanding and enjoyment against a background picturing the people at work and at play ; telling us what they looked like, how they felt, and how they acted ; showing us their brilliant festivals so eagerly enjoyed, the ruthless punishments of criminals, the hardships and the pleasures in the daily life of all classes — in the city, in the country, at court.

Much interest and pleasure is often lost by the reader, especially the young reader, if he does not understand the customs, the point of view, and the feelings of the people about whom he reads in Shakespeare and the other English classics. Without some friendly acquaintanceship the characters may seem stilted and unnatural. In *England of Song and Story* the author hopes to make these people of past days seem alive and real to the reader.

In order to make the picture more complete it has been necessary to dip back occasionally into medieval days, and in some instances to touch on times somewhat later than the eighteenth century.

In the use of quotations, especially quotations from authors such as Chaucer and Robert Burns, the spelling and dialect have been altered to a simpler form, or modernized sufficiently to make the words easier of understanding to modern eyes and ears. Quotations from contemporary documents and literature have been freely used to illustrate this story of the past, for in many cases nothing else shows so well the atmosphere of the period.

M. I. C.

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ENGLAND
OF SONG AND STORY

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CHAPTER I

HOW LONDON STREETS GOT THEIR STRANGE NAMES

*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,*

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

— SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II*

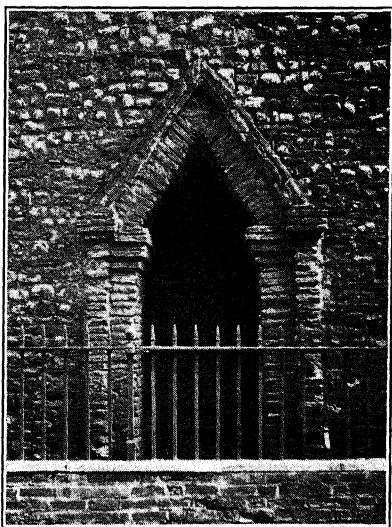
AMONG all the other cities of the world, probably none has the story of its life written so fully upon its face as the wonderful city of London. If we understand the meanings of the many strange names that we see when we look at the map of London, we can learn a surprising amount about the history of this old city. For even though the appearance of a street may have entirely changed and the reason for its name may have quite disappeared, still the name alone can generally tell us very special things about the locality to which it is attached.

The names of the various streets date from all sorts of different times. We can tell pretty accurately by these names what parts of London were settled first, and in what order and in whose reign the newer streets were laid out. Thus we know that the *Old Bailey* is one of the very oldest of London streets because the word *bailey* comes from *bal-lium*, an old Latin word meaning a *defense*, and as we know that the old Roman wall was in line with this street we can see where it got its name. We know that *Ironmonger Lane* dates from the Anglo-Saxon time, after the Romans had left, because *monger*, meaning *dealer* or *trader*, is an Anglo-Saxon word which was in use at this time. *Knight-rider Street* points to the later days of tournaments; and the well-known street of *Pall Mall*, outside and west of the old walled City of London, tells us that it was named still later, from a game of this name which became popular in the reign of Charles II. It also tells us how London at this time was spreading westward.

When the Romans conquered Britain, they found a scattered settlement on the river Thames called *Llyndin*. *Llyn*, meaning a *pool* or *lake* (because the river at this early date spread out into a pool opposite the city), and *Din*, meaning a *hill* or *fort*. That part of the river immediately below London Bridge, where the ships come to harbor, is still known as the *Pool*, and the hill may have been Ludgate Hill, where St. Paul's Cathedral stands, or the hillock east of this where the Tower of London rises.

Here the Romans built a camp which they surrounded with a wall for their protection. Much later, after the Romans had gone and after the Anglo-Saxons had been conquered by the Normans, William the Conqueror built

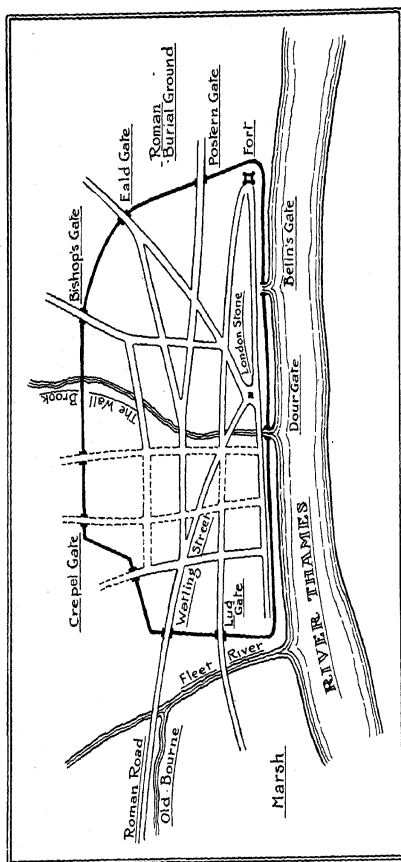
the mighty *Tower of London* at the southeast corner of this wall, not only to protect the city of his conquest, but also to overawe the citizens and to control the traffic of the river. The Tower of London is not a tower if by a tower you mean a steeple. The great White Tower built by William the Conqueror is a heavy, square building — a strong fortress, around which other buildings were erected at various periods. The word *Tower*, as it is generally used, implies the whole group of buildings. This group is surrounded by a battlemented wall and a deep moat. The Tower was long used as a royal palace, but it is best known in history as a gloomy state prison, and the group is now used as a government arsenal.



A DOORWAY OF SAXON TIMES

This doorway of an ancient tower in Colchester was built by the early Saxons. It is made entirely of tile and brick left by the Romans.

If we imagine London in the time of Chaucer, we can picture the Tower as an imposing fortress and a royal palace. The city wall, which disappeared long ago, began, in those days, at the Tower, in the southeast corner of London, and from there it circled around to the north, and to



LONDON WITH THE WALL AS LEFT BY THE ROMANS

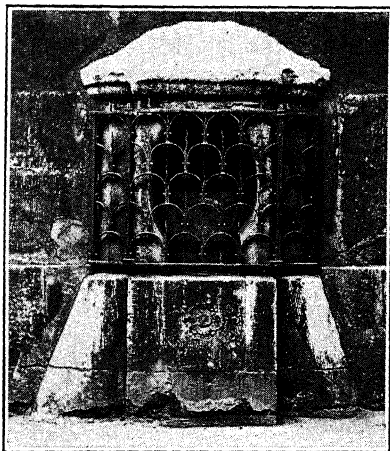
At that time the wall extended along the river front, as well as around the landward sides. Later, the wall on the river front was taken down to make room for warehouses and docks. This map is necessarily somewhat conjectural.

the west, and then south again to the river Thames. At intervals there were openings for gates.

In Chaucer's time the Thames River formed the only defense on the south of the city, the old Roman wall which had formerly defended the river front having been taken down to make way for warehouses and wharves. But in Roman times the wall extended completely around the city, along the river as well as on the other three sides.

This ancient wall along the river front has left reminders of itself in the names of *Dowgate Hill* and *Billingsgate*. Dowgate Hill is a memorial of the *Dour Gate* (*dour*, or *dwr*, is the Celtic name for *water*), and it was here that the *Wall Brook*, one of the rivulets of old London, used to enter the Thames. The "brook by the Wall" has long since disappeared, but its name is commemorated in the little street of *Walbrook*, just north of Dowgate Hill.

Billingsgate is our modern version of *Belin's Gate*, the second gate in the southern wall. Billingsgate has been for



THE LONDON STONE

Encased in masonry, and visible only through an iron grille, is this famous mile-stone, or *miliarium*. It is supposed to have been the central mark from which all the great Roman roads radiated, and from this spot distances along the early highways were reckoned.

hundreds of years the principal fish market of London. It took its name from *Belin*, king of the Britons about 400 B.C. When King Belin died, his ashes were placed in a vessel of brass in the spire over this gate. The poor king, however, would not be very proud of the distinction thus given to his name, for Billingsgate is not only famous as a fish market — it is notorious, as well, for the evil language used there. On account of this, the word *Billingsgate* has become a synonym for vulgar and abusive speech.

Starting at the Tower, we can follow the exact course of the vanished wall, by the names of the streets, all around the old City of London. From the Tower the wall extended north along the way of the street called the *Minories*. The Minories takes its name from an abbey of nuns of St. Clare (*Sorores Minores*) founded in 1293, and the little, ancient, yellow church once belonging to the Minorite nunnery can still be seen in this street of its name.

At the end of the street, about a quarter of a mile north of the Tower, the Minories is crossed by *Aldgate High Street*, one of the principal streets of London, which took its name from the *Eald* or *Old Gate* that pierced the city wall at this point. Aldgate was one of the main entrances to the city from the eastern counties. The towers which marked the location of the various gates were part dwellings and part prisons. Chaucer lived in a dwelling above Aldgate for some time.

Beyond Aldgate the wall followed the street called *Houndsditch*, a name describing exactly the use to which the street used to be put. In times long ago Houndsditch was the old moat, or ditch, just outside the city wall — a

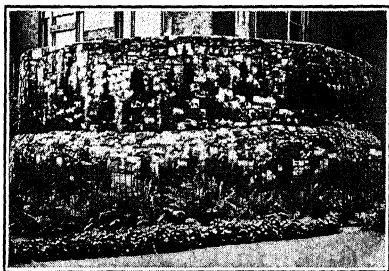
filthy place into which dead dogs and other unpleasant refuse used to be flung.

Houndsditch leads us to *Bishopsgate Street*, a famous old street crossing the line of the wall at the point where the good Saxon Bishop Erkenwald caused a gate to be built when the old Roman wall was being repaired — a gate which in memory of him was called the *Bishop's Gate*. Bishopsgate Street was, until quite recent times, called *Bishopsgate Street Within* up to the point where it passed through the gate in the old city wall, and beyond this point it was called *Bishopsgate Street Without*.

The street called *London Wall*, where we can still see some fragments of the old London Wall, leads us to the next gate in the city wall, which was *Moor Gate*, and *Moorgate Street* stretched through this gate out over the moors and fens to the north of the city.

The district of *Cripplegate* comes next. It takes its name from the *Crepel Gate*, which was a covered way or tunnel in the fortifications, used by the Romans in defending the city wall.

Barbican, which means a defensive outer wall or watch tower, is the name of a street, leading to *Alders Gate*, the next gate in the wall. Barbican is where the tower defending Cripplegate once stood.

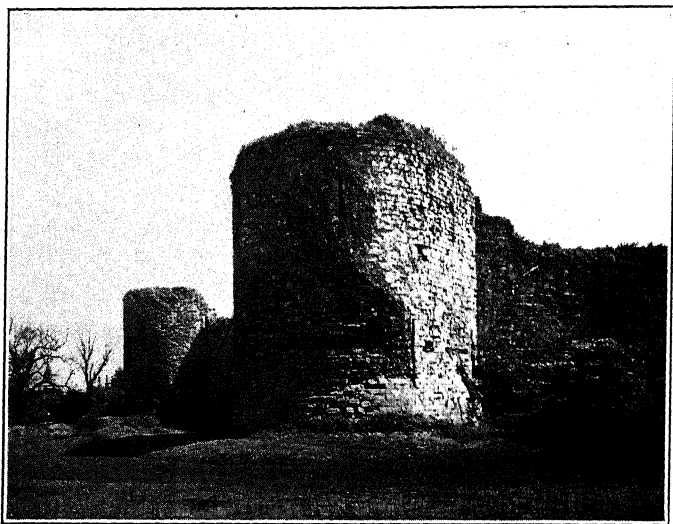


A BIT OF THE OLD CITY WALL

In St. Giles, Cripplegate, can still be seen this piece of a bastion of the old wall.

A watch tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile, an empty name remains. — DRYDEN

And *Aldersgate Street*, of course, is named from the *Alders Gate*, where in early times the alder trees grew thickly, and where what is now a crowded part of the city was then more or less wooded country.



RUINS OF AN OLD ROMAN WALL AT PEVENSEY

This shows the type of massive wall built by the Romans.

Stern New Gate was the next opening in the great wall. It has left a reminder of itself in *Newgate Street* and in famous *Newgate Prison*. Newgate, in spite of its name, is one of the oldest streets in London. It was named during the reign of Henry I at a time when old St. Paul's Cathedral was being repaired. While the work on the cathedral was going on, the street to the next gate in the wall, *Lud*

Gate, was blocked up and impassable, and in order to make a way for traffic a new gate was pierced through the wall of the city just where the Old Bailey touches Newgate Street. The very beginning of Newgate Prison was at this gate, for the rooms over the arch were used as a prison. On the place where the Central Criminal Court now stands old Newgate Prison stood for more than a hundred years, the chief prison in London. Dickens' novel, *Barnaby Rudge*, gives a vivid picture of Newgate Prison in 1780.

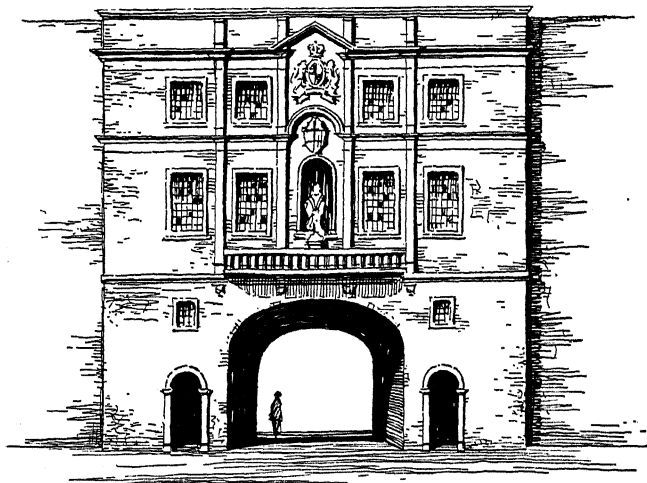
South from Newgate to Ludgate runs the street called the *Old Bailey*, named from the *ballium* (outer defense) in front of the city wall. The wall and the ballium connected the New Gate with the great, ancient *Lud Gate*. Lud Gate is remembered in the names of *Ludgate Hill*, the steep street leading up to St. Paul's Cathedral, and in *Ludgate Circus* ("circus" being the term used in London for a circular open space at certain street intersections).

Stow, the antiquarian, says that the name of Lud Gate was derived from the legendary king *Lud*, who is supposed to have lived more than half a century before Christ. But *lydgate* is the old English word for a postern gate, and in spite of king Lud, *lydgate* is probably the origin of our present Ludgate.

From Ludgate the wall took a jog westward to the rapid Fleet River, which flowed from the north into the Thames, and on reaching the Fleet River the city wall turned south again and followed the Fleet to the Thames, thus completing the defensive wall on the east, the north, and the west.

The original wall, as left by the Romans, ran straight south from Ludgate to the Thames without taking this

little westward jog. But the *Black Friars*, as the Dominican monks were called from their black frocks, owned a portion of land down in the southwest corner of old London. Unfortunately, the wall took in only a part of the



LUD GATE

This ancient gate was torn down in 1760, and the material was sold to a carpenter for £148. On the west face of the gate stood a statue of Queen Elizabeth. The same statue can still be seen over the door of the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West.

Dominican property, leaving the rest, which extended as far as the Fleet River, entirely unprotected by the wall. This was in the days when the religious orders were very powerful, and the Black Friars were able to prevail upon the city authorities to alter the wall at this corner and rebuild it sufficiently far to the west to take in their entire property; and so, from then on, instead of running directly south to the Thames, the wall had this irregularity.

This section of London is still known as Blackfriars. Shakespeare had his famous *Blackfriars Theater* here, and the present *Blackfriars Bridge* across the Thames at this place owes its name to the old Dominican property.

Within this wall was the old City of London. The wall was a very definite boundary. Inside its limits were the crowded city streets; outside were straggling groups of humble dwellings, fields, swamps, and pasture lands, with, a little distance off, a few small hamlets. Until as late as the time when Elizabeth came to the throne, London had increased little beyond these boundaries, except for the palaces of the great nobles along the royal river road to Westminster.

During Elizabeth's reign, however, London began to grow more rapidly and to spread itself outside its original boundaries, especially to the west. Yet even to-day, when the original City of London as outlined by the wall is only a very small section of the great, modern metropolis, it is still a separate division with privileges and an individuality which distinguish it from other districts of London. It is always spoken of as the *City* (with a capital *C*) to distinguish it from the city of London as a whole. That part of London which we know as Westminster was in early days a separate city lying about a mile west of London, farther up the Thames River. From very ancient times there was an abbey here and a royal palace. But we shall talk of Westminster a little later.

In the old City of London we find hundreds of streets bearing names which tell the story of old London life. As a matter of fact it is hard to find a street which does not

tell some story of the past — but some names are more obvious than others.

Running east and west right through the heart of the City is the famous street of *Cheapside*, the market place, named from the old Saxon word *chepe*, which meant a market. Here merchants of one kind and another have sold their wares for hundreds of years. Cheapside was a wide and beautiful street in old London, and down this street the royal progresses used to pass on their way from the Tower to Westminster. Here was the Great Conduit, the fountain where the people of London came to get their water in the days before water was piped to anybody's house. Many famous acts in history took place at the Great Conduit in Cheapside. And it was down Cheapside that honest John Gilpin is supposed to have ridden in Cowper's famous old ballad :

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

The eastern end of Cheapside is called the *Poultry*. The street has kept this homely name ever since the days when the farmers had their market for geese and chickens in this place. The neighboring *Scalding Alley* owes its name to the habit, in early times, of scalding chickens there, which were sold in the market of the Poultry.

To the southeast of Cheapside is a street called *Eastcheap*, meaning the eastern market place. It was in Eastcheap that Shakespeare placed his famous tavern of the Blue Boar, where Sir John Falstaff loved to take his ease.

In the narrow lanes leading north and south from Cheapside, which were originally lines of market booths in the great market place, the craftsmen of London lived and followed their trades, from which came the names of these thoroughfares. Each different kind of vendor had his particular neighborhood allotted to him. The dealers in meat were lodged in *Butchers' Row*, or the *Shambles*, called so from the butchering of cattle there. By the end of the sixteenth century the butchering of cattle within the City was forbidden, but the sanguinary occupation formerly carried on here is still remembered in the name of the church known as *St. Nicholas, Shambles*. Ironmongers (dealers in iron or hardware) lived in *Ironmonger Lane*, and vintners (wine merchants) in the *Vintry*; hosiers lived in *Hosier Lane*, and panyers, who wove large wicker baskets called panniers, lived in *Panyer Alley*.

Milk Street was formerly given over to the sellers of milk, and *Bread Street* was where bread was sold. John Milton was born in Bread Street. *Friday Street* was, in times past, the district of fishmongers, and came by its name because Friday was the day when the great fish market was held here.

The street of *Cornhill* recalls to us the corn market, "time out of mind there holden," says Stow.

Threadneedle Street is a very old street which got its name from the three needles appearing on the arms of the Needlemakers' Company once located here. The great Bank of England, irreverently nicknamed the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," and perhaps the greatest bank in the world, is in this street.

Smithfield Market spreads itself over ground which will

long be remembered as a place of executions for religious differences of opinion during the reigns of the queens, Mary and Elizabeth. Smithfield is still a market place, but in very early days it was a *smooth field* where tournaments were held, just outside the city wall above New Gate.

Knightrider Street, a short street south of St. Paul's Cathedral, is all that is left of an old thoroughfare which in times long past was a direct way from the Tower to Smithfield. It got its name from the processions of knights in armor who used to ride clattering through it on their way to tournaments at Smithfield.

Giltspur Street was a continuation to the north of Knightrider Street, and it took its name in the same way from the gilded spurs worn by the knights who rode along its way to gay tournaments at the Smooth Field. Golden spurs were a knight's special badge of honor, and were forbidden to all of lesser rank.

Bunhill Fields, a cemetery now disused, was, at the time of the Great Plague in 1665, a field outside the city wall and one of the chief burial places for the victims of the plague. Its name was originally *Bone Hill Fields*, a name rather too definitely describing the purpose of the mortuary fields. John Bunyan, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, are both buried in Bunhill Fields. Neither of them, however, died at the time of the Great Plague. Bunyan died in 1688, and Defoe not until 1731.

In 1666 the Great Fire of London, following closely on the heels of the Plague, broke out in *Pudding Lane* in the eastern part of London, down near the Thames, and burned its destroying course all the way across the City to *Pie*

Corner, Smithfield. On the wall of a house near Pie Corner can be seen the carved figure of a child, erected where the fire was extinguished. The carving is to-day in a badly battered condition, and the inscription beneath the figure is now obliterated, but originally it read :

This boy is in memory put up
Of the Fire of London,
Occasioned by the sin
Of Gluttony, 1666.

Just what the inscription meant is uncertain, but perhaps it called attention, humorously, to the fact that Pudding Lane, where the fire started, and Pie Corner, where it stopped, were suggestive of the Londoners' too great fondness for good things to eat.

Lombard Street, the street of the bankers for ages past, took its name from the Lombard money lenders, who came from Lombardy in Italy and settled here before the reign of Edward II. These Lombard men were famous bankers. They left their mark on history in the signs for English coinage — £ (from the Latin word *libra*, meaning the Roman pound) becoming the symbol for English pounds sterling; s. (from *scellini*) the sign for shillings, and d. (from the Latin *denarii*) the sign for pence. These are still the symbols for English currency.

The street called *Old Jewry* was the place where the original synagogue of the Jews was built. It was their headquarters until they were driven out in 1291. *Jewin Street*, also, was formerly the Jews' Garden and the only place where they were allowed to bury their dead before the time of Henry II.

Nightingale Lane has no reference to the sweet-singing

bird of summer nights, but takes its name from the *Knights'*, or *Knighthen, Guild* founded by King Edgar in the days when London and England were in the hands of the Danes.

Mincing Lane is named from some old houses in this street which used to belong to the *Minchuns*, or nuns of St. Helen, and the street of *Crutched Friars* takes its name from the ancient monastery of *Crossed*, or *Crouched, Friars* founded away back in 1298. Every friar of this order wore upon the back of his frock a cross of red cloth, and carried in his hands a cross of iron.

The church of *St. Andrew Undershaft* came by its strange name from a long shaft, or Maypole, which was set up every May Day in big rings of iron fastened on the outside wall of the church. The church steeple was not so high as the tall shaft of the Maypole close beside it, and the church took its name from this circumstance. The Puritans in the time of Edward VI, however, declared the inoffensive Maypole to be an idol, inasmuch as the church had been named from it *under the shaft*. So the people brought axes and chopped the Maypole into pieces, and then burned it — “the goodliest Maypole that the world had ever seen.”

Just north of St. Paul's Cathedral is a short street called *Paternoster Row*. Here at one time lived the men who made rosaries and prayerbooks. Paternoster Row became, in time, a place where other books besides prayerbooks were made, and the street still is the booksellers' paradise, with every window at the sides of the narrow, busy pavement filled with Bibles, prayerbooks, and other books.

Not far from Paternoster Row are *Ave Maria Lane* and *Amen Court*, where the church officials of St. Paul's have their houses. *Creed Lane*, *Sermon Lane*, and *Godliman Street* are all appropriate names for streets adjoining the property of the great cathedral.

In almost the center of London rises the church of *St. Mary le Bow*, so called because it was the first church in London to be built on arches of stone, or *bows*, as they were called when this church was built. The sound of Bow bells reached as far as the city walls, and any person born within sound of the pealing of these bells was, and still is, called a *cockney*, which means a real Londoner. We think of a cockney as a rather rough and uneducated resident of London, and, indeed, it is mainly the poorer classes who now have their dwellings within the City. But originally a cockney meant simply a Londoner.

It was the sound of Bow bells, if we are to believe the popular tradition, that rang out a message of hope and courage to the ears of little Dick Whittington when he was running away from London and his hardships as a kitchen boy, and lured him back to fame and fortune :

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London !

Ay, that was what it seemed, your grace,
The Bow bells said to me,
As from the City dark below
They chimed out merrily.
And from the quiet evening sky
The stars looked one by one,
As kind as 'twere my mother's eyes,
On poor Dick Whittington.

So up I rose, and sought again
That fearful London town,
And there at Hugh Fitzwarren's door
I trembling laid me down.

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!

The picture of old London will be clearer, and the strange names upon the map of the city more easily understood, if we think of all the trades that were carried on within the city walls, and if we also let ourselves imagine the noises and the smells which resulted from the carrying on of all these various activities. For every manufactured thing the London people needed, in very early times, was made within the small space bounded by the old Roman wall. There were mills to grind corn, breweries for making beer, and bakeries for baking bread. There was melting of tallow for candles, crushing of bones, and extracting of glue. There were butcher shops and slaughter houses. Linen was spun and woven; woolen cloth was made, and leather dressed; brass pots, tin pots, wooden bowls and platters, all were made here. Armor was hammered out and fashioned in the city streets. Pikes and halberds, swords and spears and knives and other sharp weapons, were made and ground in the city. The city streets resounded with the din of various trades, and the atmosphere was heavy with smells that came from many of them. For even those trades which offended the esthetic senses were not debarred from the London of medieval times. The Londoners of those days, it is true, were not so sensitive to such things as we are to-day, but at any rate they noticed the offending odors sufficiently

to give the streets where the worst filth accumulated such names as *Stinking Lane*, *Seething Lane*, and *Offal* (refuse) *Court*.

The smell of melting lard and tallow, the odor of slaughtered meat, and the refuse of the butchers' stalls, the decaying of garbage, the filth and refuse of all kinds, which was thrown out into the gutter running down the middle of every street, must have created a combined essence of evil smells enough to overwhelm a person of to-day. We know that in the reign of Edward I the worst smelling of the trades had to leave Cheapside and find a location in some less fashionable street, but, even so, they doubtless succeeded in tempering the atmosphere, especially when the weather was warm and the air humid.

And the noises! Nowadays, even with all its great crowds and its enormous traffic, mighty London is a quiet place compared to the little city of the days of Whittington. At that time there was no noisier city in the world. From busy lanes and streets rang out the clang of hammer and anvil, the whine of carpenters' saws, the pounding of nails, and the banging of coopers hooping their casks, the harsh grating of foundry, and the clattering of tin and brass kettles. Heavy carts with broad wheels groaned and jolted along the rough roads; apprentices shouted and bawled their masters' wares from in front of their shops; noisy brawls and street fights were continually occurring; dogs barked, and church bells rang at any and every time of the day and even in the night.

But there is another side to the picture. Every here and there, turning from the squalid streets and filthy lanes

into a wider street, you would come upon some wealthy lord's great house rising from among the homes of the common people. These stately houses, with their wide gateways, square courts, and lofty halls, were the town houses or palaces of the great nobles, and each of them was large enough to accommodate a baron's whole retinue, numbering sometimes several hundred people. Whenever a nobleman rode through the streets of London to his town house, followed by three or four hundred retainers and men-at-arms wearing their lord's livery, the people of London realized that their City meant more than just a city of tradespeople, and they glowed with pride, and with loyalty to their nobles and to their country.

And when the picturesque and splendid pageants were held, on the occasion of a visit of the king to the City or on his return from a glorious victory on the field of war, or at the marriage of a sovereign or at the birth of a prince, or at any time when it was possible to have a pageant, then the streets down which the great processions passed would be gay with colored silken banners, the houses would be hung with scarlet cloth and tapestries and drapes of fair linen on which roses and other flowers were thickly fastened; the people would be dressed in their bravest attire, music would be played at the street corners, bells would peal and clash, heralds in gay embroidered coats, riding on horses as gayly attired as their riders, would shout forth their tidings; the king, or Prince, or Lord Mayor, or nobles would ride forth clad in rich velvets and purple or scarlet silks, with great gold chains around their necks, and caps embroidered in pearls and precious stones, accompanied by ladies gorgeous in velvet and ermine and

gems — and then the people of London would go quite mad with joy.

For they loved their great city, noise and smells and all. Yes, the true Londoner actually liked the odors of the dirty streets, because these smells meant London to him, and London meant England, and England to an Englishman meant the greatest country in the whole world!

On the south side of the Thames River, across from the City, is the district of *Southwark*, called by the Saxons *South Verke*, or the *south work*. It was here, just at the south end of London Bridge, that Chaucer's pilgrims in *The Canterbury Tales* rested at the *Tabard Inn*. The ancient Tabard Inn was destroyed not so very many years ago after having stood here for centuries (though several times rebuilt). It took its name from a *tabard*, that short, sleeveless outer coat gayly embroidered in gold and colors with the royal arms, which was at one time the official garment of a herald.

The district of Westminster was, in early days, as we have learned, a separate city, about a mile west of London. It was connected with the City by *Fleet Street* and the *Strand*. Fleet Street took its name from the Fleet River, which flowed down from the north into the Thames, and which the street crossed a little to the west of Lud Gate. Its swift current gave the river the name of *Fleet*. It was so rapid that it was always muddy-looking, and so wide that ships could sail up it as far as the place where Holborn Viaduct is to-day. The Fleet, greatly reduced in size, still flows into the Thames, but no one would know it because it is arched over and used as a main sewer running under the present Farringdon Street.

The continuation of Fleet Street to the west is called the *Strand*. The Strand is probably one of the best-known streets in the world to-day. This busy street lies along the shore of the river Thames, and it was once a real strand, or shore road. From being a shore of the river, it became a royal road outlining the water side, and uniting the great City of London with the small royal city of Westminster.

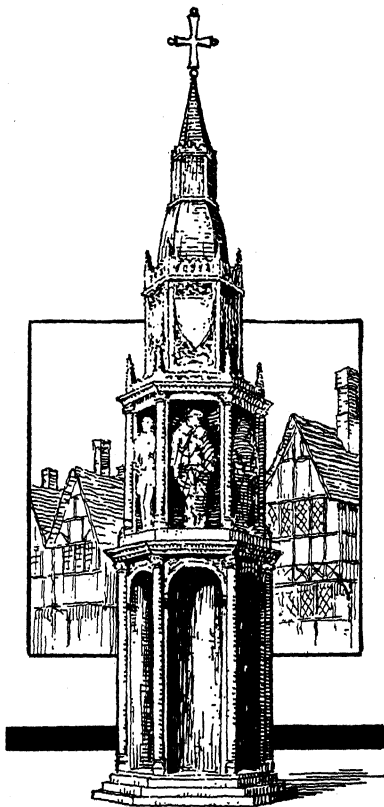
In the time of Elizabeth there were a number of stately country palaces between the Strand and the Thames River. These palaces had large and pleasant gardens sloping down to the river, giving to the north shore of the river a picturesque and park-like aspect.

Just before the Strand reaches Westminster there is a bend in the road and in the river. This is the site of famous *Charing Cross*. Originally this was the little village of *Cherringe* (probably from the Saxon word *charan*, to turn), denoting the turn of the river. Here Edward I erected the last of the crosses which marked the successive resting places of the body of his beloved queen, Eleanor, on the sad journey when he brought her from Lincoln to Westminster for burial. This last cross was the most magnificent of all the crosses and gave its name to the district of London now called Charing Cross. The cross was pulled down by the Puritans, but a reproduction of it has been placed in the Charing Cross Railway Station near at hand.

The church of St. Martin in the Fields, which is now in one of the busiest parts of London, was once, as its name indicates, really in the fields. It was a very old church at the time of Henry VIII, greatly out of repair and out of

use. Now, it happened that many funerals from the City to the neighboring church of St. Margaret's in Westminster passed close by the palace in Westminster where Henry spent much of his time. The king was much annoyed at having these funerals pass his palace windows. He did not wish to be reminded that he was not going to live indefinitely, and so he had old St. Martin in the Fields rebuilt, so that the funerals could go in another direction and not offend his royal eyes.

Scotland Yard, now the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, belonged at one time to the kings of Scotland. When the Scottish kings came to London to do homage for their kingdom and for certain lands which they held under the dominion of England, they lived in



CHARING CROSS

The successive stages of the funeral procession that bore the body of Queen Eleanor from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey were each marked by a beautiful memorial cross. The last of the crosses and the most magnificent was this one.

a palace of their own which stood in a large garden on this spot.

As time went on, London grew and spread outside the City walls. One of the first streets to be developed was *Holborn*, leading west from Newgate, a little north of Fleet Street and the Strand. *Burn* means a brook, and Holborn took its name from the *Old Burn* which flowed into the Fleet River at this place. The streamlet has entirely disappeared, but it has left its name to Holborn and to High Holborn, farther west. Till the end of the sixteenth century High Holborn was almost in the open country; it led to Tyburn and Tyburn gallows — a dreadful place, known only too well to London criminals.

Tyburn took its name from a streamlet also — the *Eye Burn*, which the road crossed at this dismal place. Although Tyburn was on the high road to Oxford, it was, in early days, so far outside London that it was chosen for the execution of criminals, the condemned prisoner being brought here in a cart from Newgate Prison. The name of Tyburn is no longer used for this place of dreadful memories, but close to the place where the gallows used to stand now stands the well-known Marble Arch, at the northeast corner of Hyde Park.

Between Holborn and the Strand runs *Fetter Lane*, named from the professed beggars, called *faitours* or *feuters*, who were allowed to beg in this street.

Farther west is *Soho Square*, where the Duke of Monmouth once lived. In the Duke's time the district around his house was open country, and the hunters chasing their game through the fields used to call out, "So Hoe!" whenever they started a fox or hare. The unfortunate

Duke took "Soho" for his battle cry at Sedgemoor, and from this circumstance came the name of the square around his home.

Covent Garden was, as early as 1222, the *convent garden* of the monks of Westminster. Covent Garden is still the principal vegetable, fruit, and flower market of London. It is much smaller than the original monkish garden, but through all the changes of time and place this locality has remained sacred to the fruits and flowers of its early existence. And even though nothing grows here now, the place has retained its old name of garden. The name of Covent Garden is known all over the world to-day on account of the Covent Garden Theater, the great opera house where the most famous opera singers make their appearance.

The Haymarket, a wide and busy street, bears in its name a reminder of the market for hay and straw which was held here in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and even up to the year 1830.

Piccadilly, one of London's finest thoroughfares, is known around the world. People have wondered where this strange name came from, but the generally accepted story is that the street received its name during the reign of Elizabeth, when a tailor named Higgins lived on this road, which was then on the outskirts of the town. Higgins was the first man in England to import from Spain the large, circular, pleated collars called ruffs, which quickly became so popular at court. The ruffs were called originally *piccadils*, or *piccadilla*, the diminutive of *picca*, the Spanish word for *pike*, because they stuck out so stiffly. And the street was named from the ruffs which were made there.

The streets north of Piccadilly lead to the district of *Mayfair*, nowadays one of the most fashionable sections of the fashionable West End of London. The name of Mayfair is not in the directory, but it is the well-known section adjoining Hyde Park and Green Park, where the wealth and aristocracy of London lives. In early days London was noted for its fairs, and this district was the place where a fair in honor of St. James was held every year, beginning on the first of May and lasting for six days. The fair with its somewhat unrestrained activities was suppressed in the eighteenth century, but it has left its name to mark this region where the fashionable society of London settled when the nobles moved westward to make their homes in the Mayfair district, leaving the crowded City to business.

In the days of Charles II there was on the north side of St. James' Park a broad open space, bordered on one side with lime trees and on the other side with elms. This open space was called *Pall Mall* from the favorite game of Charles II, known as *Paille-Maille*, which he played here. The game came from Italy and was played by striking a ball (*palla*) with a mallet (*maglio*), sending it through an iron hoop suspended from a high pole, and letting it roll as far as it would down a straight walk strewn with powdered cockleshells. The prince's game became very fashionable, and for many years the Mall was the most exclusive and aristocratic of London promenades.

Beau Brummel used to spend a great deal of his time on the Mall, where his friends could admire the latest cut of his fashionable clothes. Pall Mall is now a city street, but one of the finest and most exclusive in London.

The inelegant name of *Rotten Row* is a corruption of the French term *Route du Roi* (road of the king). Rotten Row is part of the old royal route from the palace of Westminster to the royal hunting forests. It was built for the exclusive use of royalty, the only other person who was



THE GAME OF PAILLE-MAILLE

The game was played by striking a ball with a mallet so that it would go through an iron hoop suspended from a pole. The well-known street of Pall Mall takes its name from the fact that it marks the place where this game was played.

allowed to use it being, on account of his office, the Grand Falconer of England. It is now the exclusive road for horseback riders, but the Duke of St. Albans, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, keeps up his rights by driving an equipage of some sort once every year down Rotten Row.

Birdcage Walk is another section of this same royal route. It takes its name from an aviary which was here in the time of the Stuart kings. A continuous line of bird cages bordered the Walk when Charles II was king,

and the Keeper of the King's Birds was an important official.

There are many other streets in London with names as strange as the ones mentioned here, and there are King Streets, and Queen Streets, and Prince Streets, and Duke Streets, and so on indefinitely. Perhaps the most interesting among these names of the nobility is a group of four streets and a little lane, or alley, near Charing Cross. The four streets and the alley are all named after George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Each word of the name is a separate street. When the Duke sold his property on this site, he made it a condition of the sale that he should be commemorated in the names of the streets to be cut through it, and this memorial of him still remains in *George Street*, *Villiers Street*, *Duke Street*, and *Buckingham Street*, with little *Of Alley* (now commonly called *York Place*) hiding between Duke Street and Buckingham Street. The name of this alley would be something of a puzzle to anyone who did not know its origin.

The whole British Peerage is pretty well represented on the map of London. But the streets that interest us most are the ones that tell us by their names what was going on in the different parts of London at the time these streets were named. To know them all would be to know a great part of the history of England.

CHAPTER II

HOW PEOPLE LIVED IN THESE OLD STREETS AND LANES

*As I came down the Highgate Hill
I met the sun's bravado;
I saw below me, fold on fold,
Grey to pearl and pearl to gold,
This London like a land of old,
The land of Eldorado.*

— HENRY BASHFORD

WITHIN these streets of old London the life of the city ebbed and flowed, much as the water in the city's great river Thames ebbed and flowed with the rising and falling of the ocean tide at its outlet. Indeed, it would be scarcely a misnomer to call the Thames itself one of London's streets, since for so many years it formed the principal highway between Westminster and the City.

The life of the common people, in earlier times, was lived very largely in the streets. For the houses were so dark and poorly ventilated and ill heated that, to as great an extent as possible, everyone carried on his activities outside the house, or on the threshold of the building. London was, until the latter part of the seventeenth century, small enough to retain some village characteristics. People knew their neighbors, and life was so leisurely that they could, and did, take plenty of time to do a good deal of visiting and loitering in the streets.

A map of London in the sixteenth century would show the walled City of London, about a mile long and half a mile wide, connected with the much smaller city of Westminster, a little to the west, by the Strand, a river road bordered by beautiful and aristocratic mansions. At an earlier time the "City within the walls" comprised the whole of London; afterwards was added the "city without the walls," meaning the suburbs, or liberties, as the surrounding outskirts of the City were called because they enjoyed certain immunities from the City laws. Then the city and liberties of Westminster became a part of London, and later still was added the borough of Southwark, on the southern side of the Thames. The royal court and the chief courts of justice were at Westminster.

In Shakespeare's day, although London had expanded outside its ancient boundary, the wall still remained and surrounded the old City of London, and the great gates of the wall were closed every night at ten o'clock. After that time no one was allowed to enter or depart unless with special permission granted for some urgent reason.

If we wish to get a living picture of what was going on in the England of Shakespeare's day, or in the periods leading up to and following this great age, we must direct our attention not so much to the political history as to the people and their daily life. We must see how they lived and looked and acted. We must be with them as they go their daily rounds in the streets; we must hear the talk and din and clatter in the streets; we must see the gay pageants when royalty passed by, and the dismal processions when a criminal made his last grim journey from the jail to Tyburn gallows. We must admire the

sweetly flowing, clear river, and we must be aware — indeed, we cannot help but be most actively aware — of the unsavory smells of these old streets. In fact, we must transport ourselves backwards three hundred years and more and live in the accustomed surroundings of these picturesque periods.

In Shakespeare's day the world had only recently emerged from the long years of medieval darkness. To the eyes of the people of his age the world is expanding into a great and wonderful place, full of marvels of discovery, of learning, and of invention. The people of his day, credulous, full of imagination,

and stimulated by tales of these new wonders, reflect the life around them. All of Shakespeare's characters, whether set in an English scene, or in Rome, or in Troy, are essentially of his own time and country. His plays teem with local color and pictures of the court and of the streets. It is not the history plays alone which refer to London. The serving lads in *Romeo and Juliet*, though the play is laid in Verona, are own brothers to the



A CITY GATE

This old gateway is still standing in York, but the gate is no longer closed at night.

London apprentices who rally at the call of "Clubs!" Shakespeare knew his country, court, and city, and pictured them all.

London, three hundred years and more ago, was even more relatively important to the rest of England than it is



A HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE

The heavy timbers form the skeleton of the building. The spaces between the timbers are filled in with plaster on oak laths. This is a style formerly very much in use in England.

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The river was clear and shining: "silver streaming," Spenser called it, and on its sparkling waters swam gracefully so many snow-white swans that travelers to London continually remarked about them. Innumerable small

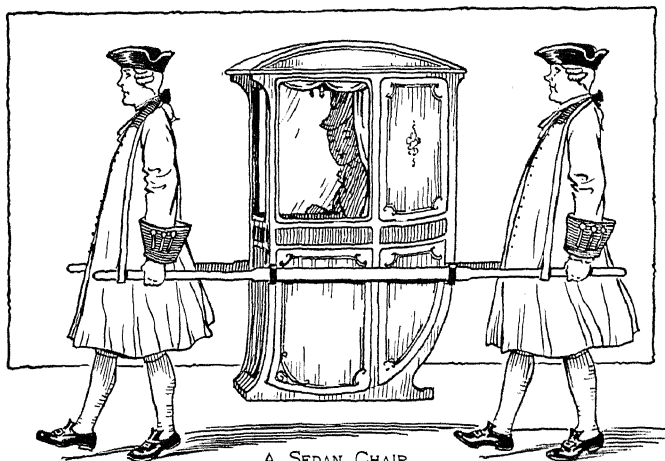
to-day. London was the heart of the kingdom; it set the manners and furnished the news for the whole of England. The appearance of the city was as different as could well be from what it is to-day. London fogs were presumably to be met with, then as now, but coal and gas being not yet burned in the city the air was free from the smoke and soot and grime of to-day, and the fogs, in consequence, were prob-

boats plied for hire up and down the river. If anyone wished to travel in this most popular way, all he had to do was go to the nearest landing place and hail a boat from the shore with the cry of "Eastward Ho!" or "Westward Ho!" according to the direction in which he wished to go.

As we have seen, the Thames was London's supreme highway. The streets were sadly neglected. There were a few broad thoroughfares, but for the most part the streets were narrow, crooked, and filthy. They were unmade until as late as the seventeenth century. At the end of the sixteenth century some ineffectual attempts were made to better the dreadful condition of the streets, but it was not until late in the eighteenth century that there was any great improvement.

They were full of ruts and holes. In wet weather they were miry with mud, and full of puddles, which were plentifully fed by streams of water gushing from the roofs of the houses. Down the center of the streets ran a gutter, or kennel, which was used as a common drain. Into this was flung refuse of every kind. Slops and dirty scrub water were flung out recklessly from the windows in the overhanging houses into this gutter, to the imminent danger of any passer-by. Garbage and refuse from fruit stalls and butchers' shops were flung into the gutter to lie in the stagnant water and putrefy until some heavy rainstorm would swell the sewer-like drains to black rivulets, and sweep the unsavory refuse towards the river. Sometimes an exceptionally offensive accumulation of filth would cause the citizens so much annoyance that they would try to do a little cleaning up by flushing the gutters with a number of buckets of water.

It is not to be wondered at that the plague was a frequent scourge, nor that there were laws requiring every householder to build a fire opposite his house at stated intervals to purge the atmosphere.

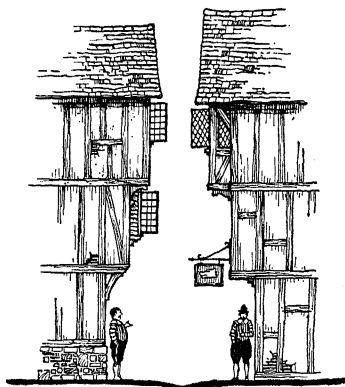


A SEDAN CHAIR

Fashionable people rode in these chairs, which were often richly upholstered and ornamented.

There were no specially prepared sidewalks, and the going was so bad that a fashionable gentleman never walked anywhere in the streets, for fear of ruining his brilliant shoes. When he wished to reach his destination without unthinkably soiling his boots by treading the filth of the streets, he had to take a boat upon the Thames, or possibly ride in a coach. Even in the eighteenth century Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, used the streets so seldom that he makes a special note of it in his diary when he had to walk through any of the streets, instead of riding in his coach or going by water.

When the streets first began to be improved and paved, the sedan chairmen were not pleased. They feared that if walking should be made better, there would be less employment for them to carry the wealth and fashion of the city to its various engagements. The chair carriers consequently retaliated by a mean trick. Every here and there in the pavement they would loosen one of the flat paving stones, under which water could lodge in rainy weather. Then when a "beau" set out to walk instead of ride, he would be apt to step on this "beau-trap," as it was popularly called, and the water squirting up from underneath the loosened stone would do great damage to his light-colored clothes and his clean stockings.



CROSS-SECTION OF AN OLD-TIME STREET

In narrow streets the gables of the houses nearly met overhead. "Keeping the wall" gave protection in bad weather. Notice the depression in the middle of the street where the gutter, or kennel, ran.

The streets were not only narrow, some scarcely more than ten or twelve feet wide, but they were also darkened by the houses which were built with each story projecting over the one beneath, leaving at the top only a narrow opening for the light of day. In some cases the top stories of the houses came so close together across the narrow street that it was possible for a person reaching out from the upper story of a house on one side of the street to

grasp the hand of anyone stretching out his hand from the upper floor of a house on the opposite side. There was, however, one advantage in this way of building, for although the overhanging houses darkened the streets, they did shelter the sides of the street from rain. There was no custom of keeping to the right or left in passing others, and when it was raining, pedestrians protected themselves from the falling rain by walking close to the walls of the houses. Even in fine weather the wall was the coveted place, and passers-by kept as close to it as possible in order to avoid being spattered by mud from passing vehicles, or being run down by horsemen or by cattle which were driven through the streets. The mild and timid gave the wall, the bold and strong-muscled took it, — whenever they could, — and the result when two roisterers met was quarreling and brawling. John Gay, the English poet, in his much-quoted poem of *Trivia* gives good advice on how to act in walking the streets of London :

Let due civilities be strictly paid ;
The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
Nor let the sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age.

But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnished lace,
Yield not the way ; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side.

In such houses as belonged to tradesmen or shopkeepers it was the universal custom to give up the whole of the lower front floor to the shop. The upper part of the house

sufficed for living quarters. Outside, against the front of the building, the shopkeeper would have a booth or stall for the display of his wares, thus encroaching still farther upon the narrow street. A large part of the stock in trade was displayed upon these stalls, and that was, perhaps, just as well for the customer, because the houses receiving, at best, scant light from the street were not infrequently, if the tradesman was unscrupulous, still further darkened by shutters at the windows so that goods could not be too closely inspected.

To attract the attention of passers-by to the goods exposed for sale upon the booths, it was the duty of the lads apprenticed to the merchant to stand at the shop door and keep up a shrill cry of "What do ye lack? What d'ye lack? Buy! Buy! Buy!"

Sir Walter Scott, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, gives us one of the best possible pictures of the general activities of a street in London and the customs of London apprentices in the time of James I. David Ramsay, referred to in the following selection, was a maker of watches, clocks, and spectacles, which he sold in his shop along with other commodities :

The shop of a London tradesman at that time, as it may be supposed, was something very different from those we now see in the same locality. The goods were exposed to sale in cases, only defended from the weather by a covering of canvas, and the whole resembled the stalls and booths now erected for the temporary accommodation of dealers at a country fair, rather than the established emporium of a respectable citizen. But most of the shopkeepers of note, and David Ramsay amongst others, had their booth connected with a small apartment which opened backward from it . . . and to this, Master Ramsay was often accustomed to retreat

to the labor of his abstruse calculations. . . . When thus engaged, he left the outer posts of his commercial establishment to be maintained by two stout-bodied and strong-voiced apprentices who kept up the cry of: "What d'ye lack? — what d'ye lack?" accompanied with the appropriate recommendations of the articles in which they dealt. This direct and personal application for custom to those who chanced to pass by . . . served, instead of all our present newspaper puffs and advertisements, to solicit the attention of the public in general, and of friends in particular, to the unrivalled excellence of the goods which they offered for sale. . . .

The verbal proclaimers of the excellence of their commodities had this advantage over those who, in the present day, use the public papers for the same purpose, that they could in many cases adapt their address to the particular appearance and apparent taste of the passengers.

Here follows a description of the two apprentices who are calling the attention of the people in the street to the wares of their master:

In this species of service . . . Jenkin Vincent left his more reserved and bashful comrade far in the background. . . . "What d'ye lack, Noble Sir? What d'ye lack, Beauteous Madam?" he said, in a tone at once bold and soothing, which often was so applied as both to gratify the persons addressed and to excite a smile from other hearers. "God bless your reverence," to a benediced clergyman; "the Greek and Hebrew have harmed your reverence's eyes. Buy a pair of David Ramsay's barnacles [spectacles]. The King — God bless his sacred Majesty! — never reads Hebrew or Greek without them." . . . "What d'ye lack?" he cried resuming his solicitations. "Mirrors for your toilette, my pretty Madam: your head-gear is something awry — pity, since it is so well fancied." The woman stopped and bought a mirror . . .

A young Scotchman is seen approaching. He is evidently a stranger, for he is gazing curiously into every shop "as if he would swallow the wares." Jenkin notices the

youth and turns on him the good-natured raillery of his ready tongue. The Scotchman answers nothing, but passes on down the street greeted by the banter of other apprentices, until after a number of rather pointed pleasantries at his expense the Scot's temper is aroused and a disturbance ensues :

"Hark," says Jenkin. "They are rising."

Accordingly, the well known cry of "Prentices — prentices ! Clubs — clubs !" now rang along Fleet Street ; and Jenkin snatching up his weapon . . . leaped over the hatch door, which protected the outer shop, and ran as fast as he could towards the affray, echoing the cry as he ran, and elbowing or shoving aside whoever stood in his way. His comrade, first calling to his master to give an eye to the shop, followed Jenkin's example and ran after him as fast as he could . . . while old David Ramsay, with hands and eyes uplifted . . . came forth to look after the safety of his goods and chattels, knowing by old experience that when the cry of "Clubs" once arose he would have little aid on the part of his apprentices.

The cry of "Clubs !" with which apprentices rallied each other, and the turmoil which accompanied the summons, added to the din of the city streets. The noises were bedlam, for besides the bawling of apprentices and shopmen, and the frequent disturbances of these same hot-blooded apprentices, there were brawls of quarrelsome serving men, and clashes between angry carters disputing their right of way in the narrow street with curses and vituperative tongues and cracking whips and even fist fights, when other arguments failed. And through all the busy jostling traffic moved the itinerant street vendors crying their wares.

This calling of their goods was the principal manner of advertising for most of the London retailers, who were

literally peddlers. Practically every small commodity, in early times, was peddled through the streets. Competition was a very rude thing, and the loudest voice in this vociferous demand for trade did the most in getting customers. The cries of London have been very largely featured in books, ballads, and old pictures. The subject was a popular one, even as far back as the sixteenth century—witness the following adaptation from an old ballad :

Hark ! how the cries in every street
Make lanes and alleys ring ;
With their goods and ware, both nice and rare,
All in a pleasant, lofty strain.
Come buy my shrimps, my fine new shrimps !
Come buy my ropes of onions, ho !
Come buy my brooms to sweep your rooms !
Two bunches a penny, turnips, ho !
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the tinker's pan,
With a merry, cheerful sound.

Let none despise the merry, merry cries
Of famous London town.

Of the particular cries that went to make up this great hubbub, among the loudest were those of fishwives, orange women, chimney sweepers, broom sellers, and costermongers. The costermonger was originally an apple seller, hence his name, from *coster*, or *costard*, meaning apple, and *monger*, meaning trader. The costermonger still exists as a traveling vendor of vegetables and other goods, in regions somewhat removed from the great markets of London. He still is noisy, clamoring so loudly that he has to put his hand behind his ear to deaden the sound which he inflicts on his own eardrum. The costermonger appears on bank holidays and other sufficiently important

occasions dressed in an entirely original style of dress decorated with many white buttons, and riding in his cart behind his demure but very clever small donkey.

The fishwives were notoriously noisy in their calls :

Oy! oy! oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! All large and no small!—Hullo! hullo! Here! Beautiful lobsters, good and cheap! Fine cock crabs, all alive, oh!—Had—had—had—had—had—dock! All fresh and good!—Hi! Hi-i! O ho! O ho! This way—this way—this way! Fish all alive! Muscles and scallops, alive! alive, oh!

To buy one's fish alive was to guarantee freshness—a considerable recommendation in the days before refrigeration.

Chimney sweeps were usually small boys employed by master sweeps to clean

out sooty chimneys, for a small boy could climb farther up a chimney than a man, who might easily become stuck in a narrow flue. These grimy little urchins went along the streets like little black demons, crying out in shrill voices :

Maids, shall I sweep your chimneys high?
I sweep your chimneys clean, O!



A LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP
AND HIS MASTER

Chimney sweeps were always boys small enough to climb up and down the narrow flues of the chimneys, where they worked like grimy little gnomes. In this picture master and boy are both carrying large sacks in which to collect the soot swept from the chimneys.

Among other voices which went to swell this constant chorus in the streets was that of the muffin man with his singsong call :

Muffins, oh ! Crumpets, oh !
Come buy, come buy of me.
Muffins and crumpets, muffins,
For breakfast or for tea.

The muffin man carried a little bell which he rang continually. The ringing of this bell was prohibited by parliament, but the prohibition was mostly inoperative. The tinkling of the muffin bell carried with it pleasant anticipations.

Another pleasant cry was that of the street pie-man with his cry of "Pies all hot ! hot !! hot !!! — Penny pies, all hot ! hot ! — Fruit, eel, beef, veal, or kidney pies ! Nice new, nice new pies, all hot — hot — hot !" This was one of the oldest of street callings, and well known to London boys of every degree.

The time-honored cry of "One-a-penny, two-a-penny, Hot Cross Buns !" was always heard very early in the morning on Good Friday. Sometimes it was sung to these words :

Hot Cross Buns !
Hot Cross Buns !
One-a-penny, two-a-penny, Hot Cross Buns !
If you have no daughters, if you have no daughters,
If you have no daughters, then give them to your sons.

The "tink, terry, tink" of the tinkers' cry was a familiar sound in both town and country. John Bunyan, before he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, was a tinker droning through the streets of Bedford : "Kettles to mend ? Any pots to mend ?"

The broom girls could be heard singing :

Buy a broom, buy a broom !
I've a large one for the lady,
And a small one for the baby.
Come buy ye, Pretty Lady,
Come buy ye a broom !

Of a somewhat later date was the vendor of butchers' scraps for cats and dogs. She explains her calling in the following catch sung in a high nasal voice :

Who'll buy ? who'll buy of Catsmeat Nan ?

Old Maids, your custom I invites,
Fork out and don't be shabby,
And don't begrudge a bit of lights
Or liver for your Tabby.

Here's famous meat — all lean, no fat —
No better in Great Britain ;
Come buy a penn'orth for your cat —
A ha'p'orth for your kitten.

Ca'me-e-et ! — Dogs' me-yet ! Ca' or do-args' — me-a-yet, me-yett !!!

There were innumerable other cries sounding forth in every note of the scale from the shrillest high pitch to the deepest bass. As late as the time of Dryden and Addison the streets resounded with the cries of those seeking custom. Dryden describes them as —

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspired with iron lungs.

And Addison, in the *Spectator*, says :

There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and frightens a country squire than the cries of London. My good friend, Sir Roger, often declares that he can not get them out of his head, or go to sleep for the first week that he is in town. . . . We appear a dis-

tracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries.

Among the earliest of the cries of London, though it differed in character from the cries of shopkeepers and hawkers, was the cry of the city watchmen. The cry of the watch was quite as potent as any of the others to disturb the quiet—more so, in fact, as the watchman's cry came at night when the other cries had finished for the day. The *Statutes of the Streets* in the time of Elizabeth were careful enough of the preservation of silence in some things. They prescribed that "no man shall blow any horn in the night, or whistle after the hour of nine o'clock in the night, under pain of imprisonment." The statutes also forbade a man to make any "sudden outcry in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wife." And yet the city watch was allowed—indeed, ordered—to go around all night long calling the hour and giving news of the weather, and waking people up to tell them what time of night it was.

The watchmen were generally old men, for it was the habit of parish officers to select the poor and old for this service in order to keep them out of the poorhouse. A watchman carried a staff and a lantern, which had sides made of thin sheets of translucent horn to let the light through—some of the light, at least, for the lanterns did not give a very brilliant illumination. The watchman was also often accompanied by a dog, and in the reign of Queen Mary some worthy mayor provided a bell for each member of the watch which he could ring to emphasize his requests and demands.

The first call the watchman made was in the early eve-

ning as he wandered the streets on his first round. "Hang out your lights," he could be heard droning. "Lanterns! and a whole candle! Hang out your lights! Hear!!!" His demand tells us plainly that London was a city without lights. Every citizen was expected to hang out a horn lantern with a whole candle. A little candle end or a stub would not do. It must be a whole candle, long enough to burn about three hours. After that time no respectable man was supposed to be walking the streets.

For three centuries this method of lighting the streets continued; constantly evaded, no doubt, through the avarice or poverty of individuals, but still the custom of London up to the time of Queen Anne.

Sometimes the watchman addressed himself to the maid-servants of the house and told them what was expected of them :

A light here, Maids, hang out your light,
And see your horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six to nine;
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong.

The honest men would have been able to see little or nothing by this illumination, for the light given by these horn lanterns must have been so inadequate as to seem like dim specks in the all-surrounding blackness.

All through the dark of the long night the watchman's cry could be heard at intervals. He told the hours of the night, and gave news of the weather, such as: "Past eleven, and a starlight night!" or "One o'clock, and a windy morning!"

The city watchmen were about as useless as they were picturesque, but they were the best protection that the city could give in the way of police, and anyone who stirred abroad after night had fallen wore his sword and took his life in his hands.

Boys carrying torches at night could be had to accompany a person who wished to go anywhere after dark. The boys were known as *linkboys*, and their service was a recognized necessity for generations. Until the introduction of street lighting with gas, in quite recent times, a gentleman returning home at night through the pitchy black or dimly lighted streets was very glad of the aid of a linkboy to light him on his way. When they reached their destination, the boy would extinguish the blazing torch in the metal, trumpet-shaped ornament which one can see, even now, beside the doors of certain ancient houses of the better grade — a characteristic relic of old London.

In connection with the streets of London, the water supply of the city should be mentioned, since so great a part of it was drawn from the public conduits, or fountains, in the streets. Until the thirteenth century London depended for its water supply upon the Thames and the neighboring brooks and springs. When this source became inadequate, the citizens were given permission to convey the water from Tyburn in pipes across the fields, and by way of the Strand and Fleet Street to Cheapside, where it fell into a great lead-lined cistern which had been built to receive it. This was in 1285, and it was a notable piece of engineering, the first work of its kind in England of which we have any knowledge.

In appearance the "conduit" was a high, battlemented structure. It inclosed the cistern, from which the water fell into a square stone basin. It was known as the Great Conduit in Cheap. There was also the Little Conduit, and there were various other conduits throughout the city, which were served by the many springs and wells in and about London.

Thus the water supply of London was mainly drawn from the public fountains. Water carriers would gather in crowds and wait their turns at the conduit, whence they would set out in every direction, peddling water from one place to another. And one of the regular duties of an indentured apprentice was to fetch water from the conduit for the household.

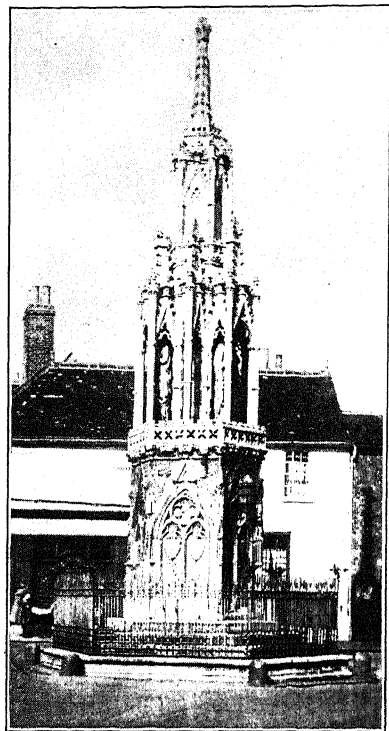
Not long before Shakespeare came to London there was achieved what was a triumph of engineering for those days. The great rush of water through the narrow arches under old London Bridge, so dangerous to navigation, was turned to useful account. A big water wheel was set to work at the riverside. This wheel was turned by the force of the current and in its turn forced the water through pipes to the fountains where people went to get their water supply. For even after water was forced up to the city by the creaking waterworks under London Bridge it was not piped to houses.

In contrast to the dark and narrow streets and lanes, Cheapside, with its fine houses, was the grand thoroughfare from east to west, and the main avenue of London. It was a broad, open street decorated with fountains and statues and with its beautiful Cheapside cross, which, like the cross at Charing, was one of the twelve erected by

Edward I to Queen Eleanor. Cheapside was the real business center of the city. Almost from time im-

memorial there was a market here where articles of every sort were sold.

Cheapside, however, was important not only for its market, but also because it was the place of public shows and civic parades. In fact, to mention a city pageant is to mention Cheapside. Then as now, on Lord Mayor's Day, the Lord Mayor always made his progress along gayly decorated Cheapside; and all the royal progresses passed down Cheapside when they went to Westminster, on the day of a coronation. On these great occasions the street was cleared by an



QUEEN ELEANOR'S CROSS

One of the three remaining crosses which marked Queen Eleanor's funeral procession in 1291. This one is at Northampton. The cross in Cheapside was similar in design.

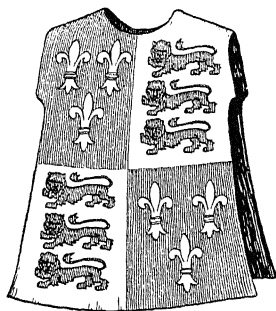
officer called a *whiffler* (see Shakespeare's *Henry V*), and over its surface was spread fresh gravel. The custom was

necessary then, because the condition of the thoroughfare was so bad that it was unfit to be trodden by the horse of mayor or monarch, but to this day the custom of spreading gravel for the procession on Lord Mayor's Day is religiously carried out. Of course it is no longer necessary, yet this sentimental adherence to an old custom upon Lord Mayor's Day is one of the pleasantest features of the festivity.

It is an interesting piece of civic pomp to see the Lord Mayor set forth from the Guildhall on one of these spectacular ridings. To-day, as then, he drives in a gilded chariot (reserved for these occasions alone) drawn by four splendid horses, with two footmen standing behind, and an imposing officer, carrying a sword and wearing a cocked hat, riding in front. Mounted policemen serve as an escort. The Lord Mayor, in robes and furs and golden chain of medieval splendor, looks more like a gay, elderly reveler going to a masquerade ball than a city official discharging his civic duties. The accompanying mace bearer, carrying the great staff of authority with its bauble head, looks like another masquerader. The ancient Cinderella coach, with its huge, looped-out springs, looks like something in a dream. It swings and sways as these august medievalists take their places inside. The powdered footmen, as they leap to their stations at the back of the coach, carry out the illusion. The coachman cracks his long whip, the pageant passes on, and our eyes see again the prosaic sight of the city as we know it — peopled with modern business men and women going about their everyday affairs in plain, dark clothes.

There was always plenty of life and entertainment in

the streets of old London. Nobody minded the noise; people liked the goings-on. The ridings and pageants were a never-failing joy to them. So often did these gay processions pass along that they seemed almost like parts



A TABARD

A herald usually wore a coat of this fashion emblazoned with the arms of his sovereign.

of a continuous performance arranged for the enjoyment of the citizens. Sometimes the monarch rode in splendor through the City streets, with silken banners, music, pomp, and pageantry. Sometimes at the street crossings two or three court trumpeters would pause, and with loud trumpet calls announce an ornamental court herald. And the herald (in his rich striped tabard, looking like the Jack of hearts or diamonds)

would shout forth a royal proclamation to the gaping, cheering crowds. Sometimes, indeed often, a malefactor might be seen riding by to Tyburn on his last earthly journey, followed by excited mobs of the populace. Or there might be the interesting sight of a cheating fishmonger wearing a necklace of his own spoiled fish around his neck, and seated in the Cheapside stocks to meditate upon his misdemeanor.

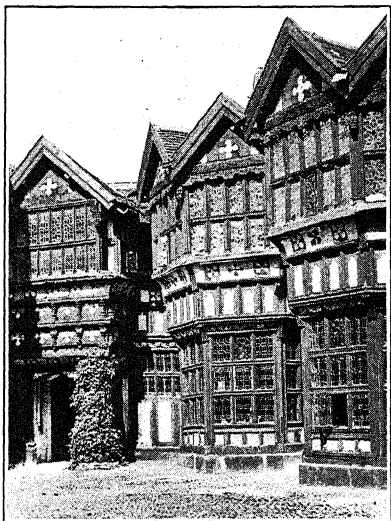
The streets were full of soldiers returning from Flanders or from Ireland, and after the arrival of a storm-tossed ship, there could be seen adventurers with bronzed and bearded faces who had come back from the great, new world across the ocean. Nobles and great men with their

companies of retainers dressed in bright liveries passed back and forth, as well as gravely clad lawyers, black-robed physicians, French pages in the latest dapper outfits, flat-capped apprentices, City dames, and noble ladies — all distinguished from each other by their dress and their demeanor, all adding to the life and color in the streets.

Until the late seventeenth century a large majority of the houses which lined these London streets were built in a quite distinctive style. They were constructed with a massive timber framework and high-pitched gable roofs.

The spaces between the timbers were filled in with lath and plaster. Each story thrust itself out two or three feet over the one below, and the wooden timbers in the front of the houses were often grotesquely carved and painted. Small-paned windows took up the front of the lower stories.

After the great London fire in 1666, when London was in a great measure rebuilt, the style for the newer houses was changed. But some of these old half-timbered houses can

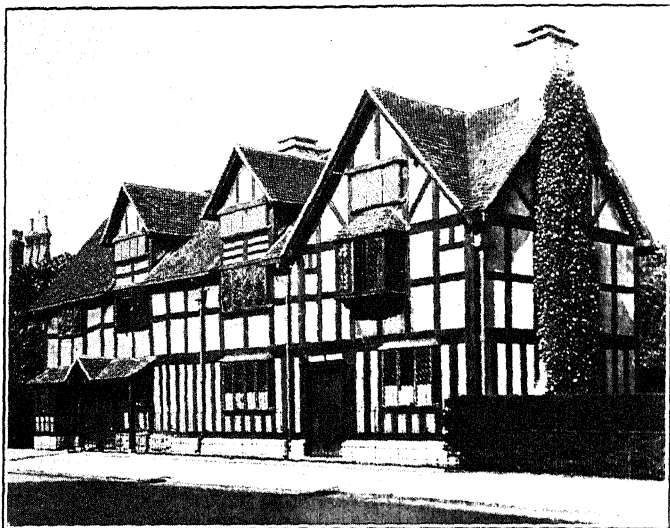


PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES

These fine old half-timbered houses can still be seen at Chester. They are typical of the better-class Tudor houses.

still be seen in London and elsewhere. Shakespeare's birthplace in Stratford-on-Avon is a good example of this style.

The roofs were for the most part of red tiles. Thatched roofs, which were much cheaper, could be used in the country if the builder wished, but thatched roofs were far too



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

This house is an excellent example of the usual timber and plaster work of the 16th century. It has been carefully repaired.

great a fire risk for the cities. Viewed from the tower of St. Paul's, or any other high place, London, until the late seventeenth century, was a red-roofed city. And indeed, many of the Elizabethan towns from a distance had a generally red appearance, owing to their roofs, which added greatly to their picturesqueness. The churches were of stone, as were also the large public buildings,

the great private mansions in the City, and the palaces dotted along the Strand like beads upon a string.

Except in the most insignificant houses, where the expense made it impossible, the windows were generally made of many small panes of glass embedded in lead and



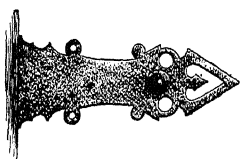
A STRAW-THATCHED HOUSE

Cottages in the country were generally thatched with straw because thatched roofs were cheap and easily renewed.

opened outward, casement-wise. In the poorer houses open lattices were used at the windows, and when bad weather caused the open lattices to be inadequate, closed board shutters were utilized for greater protection. The older use of translucent horn in windows had practically ceased by the late sixteenth century, but the manufacture of glass for windows was still in its infancy, and the secret of making large pieces quite unknown. The tiny,

round panes of rather greenish and often wrinkled glass leaded together were the windows seen in most of the houses and were characteristic of the Elizabethan age.

A great deal of heavy iron and brass was used upon these houses, often wrought in ponderous proportions, but sometimes elaborate and delicate in design. There were ornamental brass knockers, knobs, and bells. Iron locks were huge, and so were the keys. Hinges and large ornamental



A WROUGHT-IRON HINGE
PLATE

Hinge plates were often elaborate in design and very large, sometimes reaching entirely across the door.

hinge plates were bolted solidly to the weighty doors. These hinge plates were often of such wide and elaborate design that they covered most of the door. Hooks for hanging articles outside the windows, and hooks beneath the eaves of the overhanging stories for the purpose of supporting hangings at times of street decoration, were important items

in building construction. So were also the iron extinguishers by the sides of the front doors into which the linkboy thrust his blazing torch to quench its flame, and the highly ornate iron brackets from which street signs were suspended.

The houses were not numbered. Indeed, there would have been little advantage in numbering them, for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and other common people only a small proportion could read. Therefore each shop and inn and all the trades and professions were indicated by a distinctive sign which even the most ignorant could understand. Sometimes the sign was painted on the house

front, but more commonly it projected out over the street and was suspended from elaborate wrought-iron brackets. Originally a sign had some indication of an individual shop-keeper's trade, but just as the number of a house remains to-day unchanged with the change of occupants, so the old signs remained generally unaltered, even though with a new tenant and a new business the sign might be quite incongruous.

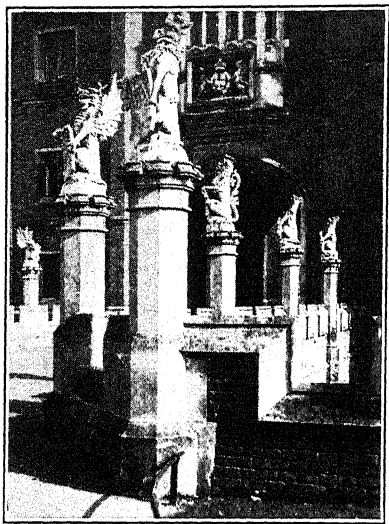
Addison, in the *Spectator*, ridicules these incongruous signs.

"A cook," says he, "should not live at 'The Boot' nor a shoemaker at 'The Roasted Pig,' and yet . . . I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head before a sword cutter's."

These signs added color to the picturesque streets, and the people loved color and show. They loved it in their clothes, too, and made themselves as fine as their pockets and the law would allow. But they were not allowed unlimited freedom in the selection of their garments, and a man had to be worth a stated amount of money or have a sufficiently exalted station in life before he was allowed to wear the richness of certain furs or velvets or satins. Still they managed to make a brave showing in spite of the law, and London in the days of Good Queen Bess and the early Stuarts presented a scene of color and animation scarcely realizable in these duller, practical times.

The mansions of the rich were magnificent, inside and out. Viewed from the outside they were spacious and imposing buildings of stone or brick. Inside they were equally imposing. The great halls had high, richly decorated ceilings; the rooms were adorned with wonderfully

carved panels and other woodwork. Rich and beautiful tapestry embroidered with scenes from the Scriptures or the classics hung from the walls, but hangings were used



ENTRANCE TO HAMPTON COURT PALACE

The approach to palaces and to houses of the nobles was usually magnificent in appearance.

from the wall. This frame device was to protect the tapestry (often called *arras*) from mildew, but the intervening space was a most convenient place for hiding, and in stories and history the space "behind the arras" has been used again and again for many purposes. Polonius was eavesdropping behind the arras when he met his death, and it was here that Falstaff hid when the sheriff came hunting for him.

more from necessity than for beauty, for the great rooms were drafty and cold, and the wall hangings served in some measure to keep out the cold winds. These pictorial hangings were of costly material, made by hand, and on account of the dampness of the climate the precious tapestries were not hung close to the sides of the room, but were suspended loosely from light wooden frames about a foot away

Poorer people had painted cloths to keep out the cold, or they had no hangings, and were cold as a matter of course. Everyone lived in comparative discomfort according to modern ideas. The standard of what we call comfort was much lower in most respects than at present. Even the poorest mechanic of to-day has comforts at which the wealthiest noble of Elizabeth's time would marvel. Grandeur, display, and primitiveness were seen together in the finest dwellings of those early days. There was no heating of the house except by scattered fireplaces; no light but that of torches and candles. There was no plumbing of any kind, and no proper disposal of waste and garbage.

Yet the people were happy. They never missed what they had never seen. They considered England a model of liberty and advanced ideas, and comparing themselves with other nations they thought they were the most favored and the happiest people in the world.



A RICHLY CARVED STAIRWAY

Elaborate staircases were a feature of great houses. In this picture the fine oak paneling on the walls, the ornate carving on the newel posts and balusters, and the highly decorated ceiling all show how greatly the Elizabethan builders delighted in beautiful woodwork.

CHAPTER III

HOLIDAYS AND MERRY-MAKINGS — GAMES AND SPORTS

For now I am in a holiday humor.

— SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*

ALTHOUGH these people of the past undoubtedly had much hard work to do, and although their hours of work were long and tiresome, yet they played hard, too, whenever there was any chance to play — and opportunities were not infrequent.

The end of the sixteenth century was the high-water mark of sports and pleasure-giving customs. London and all England had experienced the thrills of new discoveries; the people had fed upon adventure and the excitement of rapid changes. They had become prosperous, care-free, buoyant in spirit, and eager to enjoy life to its fullest extent. And this state of mind expressed itself in many joyous demonstrations and festival occasions.

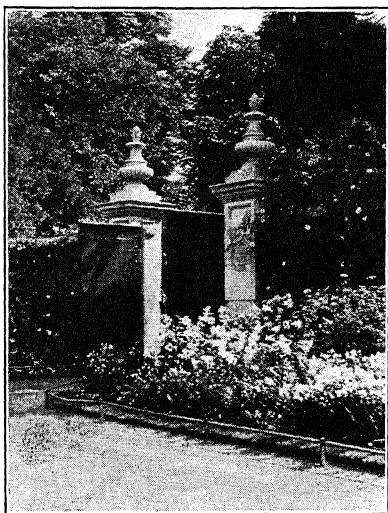
There were many holidays. Indeed, the number of holidays that managed to squeeze themselves into the space of one short year is most surprising. Some of these were strictly religious or Church holy days set apart for pious observance at a time when England was entirely a Roman Catholic country, yet even the most solemn of these days was celebrated in a cheerful and pleasurable manner.

The Protestants of Elizabeth's day observed many of the Roman Catholic celebrations of the Middle Ages. England has always clung to her traditions of the past, and the Elizabethans, seizing upon the carnival element of many of these holy days, made of them holidays and festival occasions, even after the significance of the days had been forgotten.

Along with these Church holidays from the Middle Ages there were also certain celebrations from still older, pagan festivals which had become identified with some of the earliest Christian feast days, due to

the fact that Christian and pagan celebrations frequently happened to occur at about the same date. All these days, each with its special games and customs, formed so large a part of the social life of England that literature is full of allusions to them.

It would be impossible in one chapter to tell about all the holidays that were celebrated during the year, or to describe all the customs peculiar to the sports and festivals of Merry England. A few of the most colorful feast



GATE TO HAMPTON COURT GARDENS

Within these gates many high revels have been held.

days are here described as typical of English holidays in general, and a more complete list of notable days will be found in the appendix.

The first holiday of the year was New Year's Day. Many people sat up all the night before to watch the old year out. At midnight they flung wide the doors to welcome in the new year with shouts and revelry. Presents were given on New Year's Day, as they are now given at Christmas. The expression of good wishes and the frequent drinking of health and happiness among friends was a universal custom, and feasting was the order of the day. All quarrels were put aside on New Year's Day, and for a week afterwards no one was required to pay any of his debts :

And good beginning of the year they wish and wish again,
According to the ancient guise of heathen people vain.
These eight days no man doth require his debts of any man ;
Their tables they do furnish forth with all the meat they can.

The celebration of Christmas and New Year's Day did not stop when these days were over. The merry-making continued right along until the twelfth night after Christmas, when the climax of the holiday season was reached. On Twelfth Night, sport and revelry were at their height ; it was one of the jolliest times of the whole year. Shakespeare's comedy of *Twelfth Night* was written for this gay time. Its bright and merry spirit reflects the general feeling of fun and festivity which was characteristic of Twelfthtide.

Another interesting and characteristic English holiday was Shrove Tuesday, or Pancake Day. It was the day before the beginning of Lent when, in early times, every-

body was expected to confess his sins and be shriven, or pardoned. *To shrive* is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to confess and receive absolution. After the Reformation, Shrove Tuesday was no longer of such importance as a time for shriving and general confession of sins, but it remained a great day, nevertheless, especially for schoolboys and apprentices. The eating of many pancakes is one of the main features of Shrove Tuesday. This custom probably came about because it was necessary for every household to use up all the eggs and grease and drippings that might happen to be on hand before the beginning of Lent, as during the time of Lenten fasting all these foods were forbidden articles of diet.

"Tossing the Pancake" is a ceremony still annually observed in certain English schools. At the ringing of a bell, known as *pancake bell*, a large pancake is tossed to a group of boys, and a scramble called the *greeze* ensues. The time allowed is one minute, and at the end of that time the boy who has managed to secure the largest fragment of the cake is rewarded with a guinea from the dean.

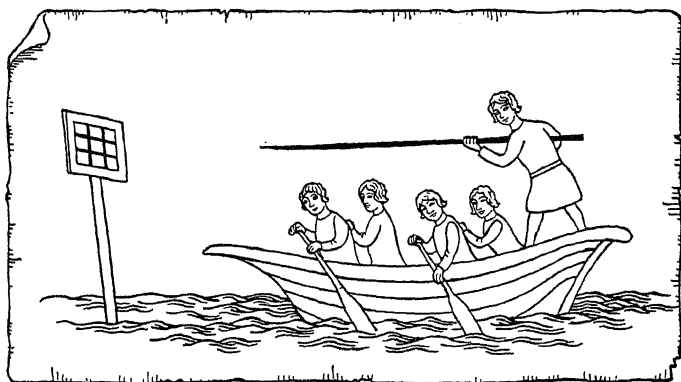
Another custom of the day used to be cock-fighting, a most popular and cruel sport. On Shrove Tuesday the schoolboys would bring a pair of gamecocks to school and set them to fighting each other. During all the morning the boys would enjoy themselves watching and betting on this bloodthirsty combat, each boy cheering on his favorite cock during the duel, until the birds, by vicious use of sharp beak and sharper spurs were either blind, or faint, or one of them was dead. The sport was not confined to schoolboys; it was a great favorite with the apprentice lads and with the people generally.

At Kingston, an old Saxon town just a few miles outside London, Shrovetide was celebrated for hundreds of years in a very curious fashion. The manner of the celebration had nothing to do with the significance of Shrove Tuesday, but it was an accepted institution of the day. From eleven in the morning until late in the afternoon an indiscriminate sort of helter-skelter football match was held in the streets of the town. Up one street and down another would go a crowd of boys and young men, cheering and shouting and scrambling to get the ball, scuffling and fighting, while the more sober citizens would scamper for their very lives to get out of the way. The origin of this custom is very ancient, dating back to the defeat of the Danes by the Britons in a battle which took place at Kingston about this time of the year. After the battle was over, the head of one of the Danish chiefs was cut off and kicked about the town by the inhabitants, in a barbaric riot of exultation over their defeated enemies. This riotous old custom was kept up, year after year, until as late as 1867, when, on account of the scope it gave to rowdyism, the town authorities were forced to put a stop to it.

Easter time was another period of merry-making. Lenten fastings were over and everyone rejoiced and celebrated the Resurrection Sunday with many customs. The people were so happy that they thought all nature, and even the sun and stars, shared in their feelings. At one time it was quite generally believed that the sun actually danced in the heavens with joy on the morning of Easter Sunday. Crowds of young people used to get up very early on Easter morning and go out to watch the sun rise and see this strange phenomenon. And no doubt

if anyone could keep his eyes unwaveringly fastened on the glowing, newly risen sun it would seem to his dazzled vision to be quivering or dancing in the sky.

New clothes, then as now, were considered necessary for Easter. Shakespeare alludes to this custom in *Romeo and Juliet*, when Mercutio asks Benvolio whether he did not "fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter."

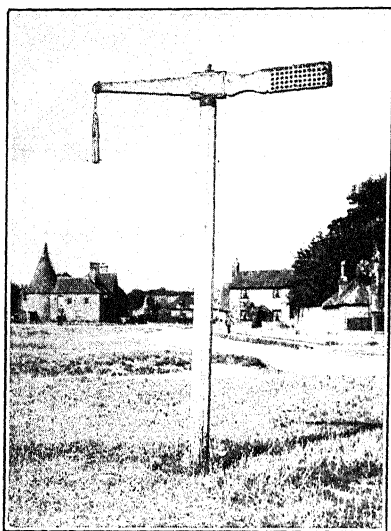


WATER QUINTAIN

The man standing in the boat hopes to break his lance against the target.
This picture is taken from an old print.

The week after Easter was a great time for water sports, and of these sports the most popular was water quintain, an old and time-honored amusement which was performed in the following manner: A shield or target was hung upon a pole which had been fixed in the middle of the river. At some distance farther up the river a small boat rowed with oars was launched, to be carried toward the shield by the force of the current and the power of the rowers. In

the boat stood a young man holding his lance ready to charge upon this mark. If the youth could keep his balance and break his lance against the shield without falling into the water, he was greeted with loud cheers and



LAND QUINTAIN

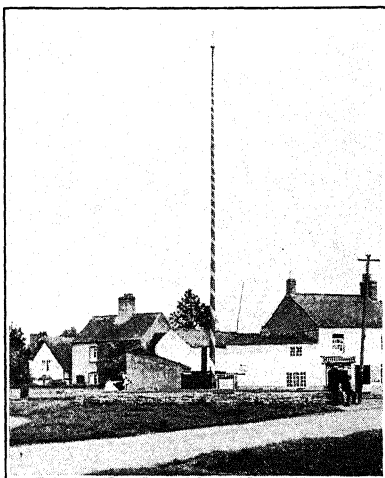
A bag of sand was hung on the end of the revolving crossbar where the piece of wood now hangs, as shown in this picture. A man on horseback would dash forward thrusting with his lance at the broad end of the bar—his object being to pass by so quickly that he would escape being hit by the sandbag as the bar whirled around.

for on each side of the pole was stationed a boat with men who were ready to pull the defeated sportsman out of the water.

May Day was the most beautiful time of the English

applause from the crowds of people gathered on the bridge, and on the wharves, and on the houses by the riverside to watch the exhibition. If the unfortunate young man failed to break his lance against the shield, he was almost certain to be thrown into the water by the violent impact of the boat against the pole. This accident always caused much merriment among the spectators, who wasted little sympathy upon the fallen hero. But he suffered nothing more than a wetting,

year. Winter was over and spring had come! Imagine what spring must have meant in the days when people could have had no real comfort during the cold of winter; when the homes, except for the houses of the very wealthy and the great lords, were small and dark, and when even the great houses, as well as the homes of the poor, were heated by nothing more than open fires, and lighted by candles, or by a few rush lights, which were a substitute for candles, made by dipping the pith of certain rushes in grease. For these people there was almost no fresh meat in winter and no vegetables or fresh fruit.



A MAYPOLE

In many English villages children still dance around the Maypole. This gaily striped pole is at Welford.

But with spring a new order of things began. Shutters and doors could be thrown wide open to the warm air and sunshine; fresh food and fruits and flowers could be had again, and people could be comfortable once more. And so they all rejoiced, and on May Day went "a-maying" into the fresh meadows and green woods, bringing back with them green boughs and flowers to decorate the houses. A tall Maypole, gay with garlands and with long

streaming colored ribbons, was raised in every parish. A queen of the May was chosen and crowned with flowers, and everyone danced and sang around the gayly decorated Maypole. It was the prettiest festival in all the world.

And on May Day there was always Morris dancing, with men and boys dressed up to represent Robin Hood, that popular outlaw, and his companions, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and others. Robin Hood figured in the Morris dances, probably because May Day was supposed to be the anniversary of his death.

In addition to these characters there was also a delightful, prancing hobbyhorse among the Morris dancers. This hobbyhorse was a man who wore a light wooden framework, representing a horse, placed around his waist in such a way that the man seemed to be riding on the animal's back. The hobbyhorse was covered with trappings which reached to the ground and prevented the man's feet from being seen, and a pair of artificial legs attached at the man's waist, so that they seemed to bestride the horse as it pranced and curveted around, heightened the effect of horseback riding. If the person who took the part of the hobbyhorse did his part well, he appeared to be an expert rider, but it took considerable skill and a good deal of practice to manage a hobbyhorse successfully.

Music for the dance was furnished by a bagpipe and tabor, by other small reed pipes, and by various little bells of different sizes and tones which were fastened to the wrists and ankles of the dancers, adding a pleasant jingling and tinkling to the general harmony.

Often a dragon, who went around hissing and flapping his wings, was added to the entertainment; and to finish

up the May Day frolic there was usually a trial of skill by archers, who competed for a prize of some small value. Altogether, May Day was a time of mirth and fun and rejoicing in the bright spring weather.



MORRIS DANCERS

Observe the man's feet beneath the drapery over the hobbyhorse. The legs which seem to bestride the horse are only artificial, giving the man an appearance of riding on the animal's back. Notice the small bells on the costume of the foremost dancer.

The Morris dance still survives in a country dance of that name in the north of England.

But of all the holidays of the year there was no time like Christmas! In feasting and merrymaking no other season could compare with the twelve days beginning on Christmas Eve and ending on Twelfth Night. It was the one time of the year when there was practically no distinction of class; when lord and lady and servant and rustic met

in the same hall and played the same games as if they were social equals. The ideal of peace on earth and good will to men made this a season when friends and retainers might gather informally at the manor house, when hospitality was free to all, and everyone was gay and happy.

The houses were all decorated with Christmas greens, holly and mistletoe, bay and laurel and ivy. On Christmas Eve, candles of extra size were lighted, and the great Yule log was brought in with much rejoicing. It was rolled first into the center of the hall, and while it rested there each member of the household in turn would come forward, seat himself upon the log, sing a Yule song, and drink to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Then with cheers and songs the great log was rolled to the fireplace and carefully lighted with a brand which had been purposely saved from last year's log.

In the homes of the great and wealthy, after the Yule log was lighted, there would be all sorts of gay masqueradings and mummings under the direction of a Lord of Misrule, a fun-making master of ceremonies, who was appointed to take charge of the holiday revels and jocularities during the Yuletide season.

The following is a description of a typical old Christmas mumming :

When the Christmas fun is at its height, the door opens and in comes a little boy dressed to look like Robin Redbreast, with a dark coat and a bright red waistcoat. He looks around at the merry-makers, showing himself for just a moment. Then he flings back the hall door to let in an old man with a wig of perfectly white hair and a white

beard that reaches down to his waist. ' This is Father Christmas. On his head is a crown of yew and ivy and in his hand he carries a staff topped with holly berries. His long gown is of brown cloth and on it are sewed little scraps of white cloth to represent snow. After making a low bow to the lord of the house, Father Christmas sings in a queer little cracked voice :

Oh! here come I, old Father Christmas, welcome or not.

I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot.

Make room, room, I say,

That I may lead Mince Pye this way.

Upon hearing this, Robin Redbreast opens the door again and lets in another figure, this time dressed like a woman in a dark purple gown bordered with light brownish yellow. On her head is fastened a large apple, and at her ears are big bunches of raisins for earrings. She has a necklace made of pieces of citron strung together, and her bracelets are of cloves and allspice and cinnamon. She is followed by St. George, singing in a loud voice :

Oh! in come I, St. George, the man of courage bold.

With my sword and buckler I have won three crowns of gold ;

I fought the fiery Dragon, and brought him to the slaughter,

I saved a beauteous Queen and a King of England's daughter.

If thy mind is high, my mind is bold ;

If thy blood is hot, I will make it cold.

St. George is made up to look like the patron saint of England. He has a huge pasteboard helmet on his head, from which streams a long peacock feather ; in his hand is a wooden sword, and on his arm a tin-covered shield on which are nailed clusters of holly berries in the figure of a cross. He fights with Mince Pye and overcomes her

so that she falls to the ground, appearing to be wounded so seriously that a doctor must be had at once.

Father Christmas sees this dreadful situation, and, stepping forward, calls anxiously :

Is there no Doctor to be found

To cure Mince Pye who lies bleeding on the ground?

In answer to his request the door opens and in comes a queer-looking man, obviously the doctor, in an old black robe, with a black cap on his head, and a black patch over one eye. He has a long, projecting chin made of pasteboard, and a long pasteboard nose painted red. In his hand is a capacious basket full of bottles. After a considerable amount of bargaining over his fee, which is an enormous one, the doctor's services are accepted, and he proceeds immediately to cure Mince Pye by pouring on her some imaginary remedy from one of his bottles. She jumps up completely restored and they all dance around together. At this moment the door opens for the last of the performers, who comes in wearing a tall red cap on his head and carrying on his back a deep basket full of dolls. He sings:

Oh! in come I, little saucy Jack,
With all my family at my back;
Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.
Roast beef, plum pudding, and mince pie!
Who likes that any better than I?

Christmas makes us dance and sing;
Money in the purse is a very fine thing.

Ladies and Gentlemen, give us what you please.

The ladies and gentlemen reward them all liberally, and the mummers then go out and pass on to another rich house.

On Christmas morning, at the very earliest dawning of the day, wandering musicians, called *waits*, used to go from house to house singing Christmas carols underneath the windows, to welcome in this day of delight.

The great feature of the day was the Christmas dinner. It was a mighty feast. A huge, roasted boar's head was the main and indispensable dish. It was served — tusks and all — with much dignity and ceremony on a great gold or silver platter, decorated with Christmas greens. No proper Christmas dinner was complete without this toothsome delicacy. Another spectacular dish at the banquet was a peacock, roasted and put back into its



BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD

This was one of the main dishes served at the Christmas dinner.

own beautiful feathers, with its bill gilded and its tail wide-spread to show the grandeur of its rich colorings. Then followed goose, roast beef, chicken, and mutton, frumenty, mince pie, plum porridge, and anything else that the cooks

and stewards of those hearty old times could think of or procure. The wassail bowl went from hand to hand around the table and healths were drunk with great gusto, while the hall resounded to the music of minstrels playing on their stringed instruments and singing Christmas carols.

No one could give a better picture of old Christmas customs in England and Scotland than Sir Walter Scott in his introduction to the sixth canto of *Marmion*:

On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;

.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;

.

All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man ;

Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked, hard by
 Plum-porridge stood and Christmas pie;

Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note and strong.

England was merry England when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

But apart from these regularly appointed holidays, with their special games and celebrations, there were games and sports for any time, and amusements suitable to any season. Summer was a great time for outdoor games. *Barley-break* is a game we hear frequently mentioned. For many years it was a very popular game with English girls and boys. It was played in the fields, which accounts for its name, and it was a game not unlike our modern Prisoner's Base. *Nine Men's Morris* (another name for *Fox and Geese*), *Tenpins*, *Quoits*, and *More Sacks to the Mill* were all favorite amusements.

Whipping tops were very popular with boys, who often became extraordinarily expert in making them spin by lashing them with a long whip. And it was not boys only

who spun tops. In every village a huge top was kept to be whipped in frosty weather by the unemployed, so that they could be kept warm by the exercise and, also, out of mischief when they could not work. This was known as the "Parish top" and is often alluded to in the literature of the time. Blustering Sir Toby, in Shakespeare's play, *Twelfth Night*, says that any man is "a coward and a coystril (mean fellow) that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top."

There was great sport in winter time for London youths when the moor or fen north of the City was frozen over and they could go out to play and slide upon the ice. "Some of them," says Fitz-Stephen, "tie bones to their feet and under their heels, and shoving themselves by a little piked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flieth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow." The young men of the City were very much addicted to sports of all kinds; they were turbulent, courageous, and independent youths, proud of their freedom and of their city with its wealth and power.

The English were, take it all together, a happy people, especially in the days of Queen Elizabeth. They had passed through dark days, and there were dark days to follow, but the English were always a stout-hearted people, who recovered bravely from their hard times and who took pleasure whenever it offered itself.

During the reign of Elizabeth sports and entertainments were at their greatest height. And all through the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries masques and pageants, tilt-yard meets and royal progresses, played a very great part in the life of the nation — a far greater

part than anything that now corresponds to them. The social life of a nation is distinctly affected by the personality of even a weak sovereign. Elizabeth was by no means a weak sovereign, and her personality was reflected in the society of the nation of her age, for she and the nation were thoroughly at one. She used to say continually that she had no husband because she was wedded to her people. In politics and religion she was before all things practical, and her age was practical, too. Elizabeth had enough of her father's disposition to be hail-fellow-well-met with her subjects. She was a spectacular monarch — she loved pleasure, display, and good spirits. Her zest and enjoyment of life made gayety and wit the rule at her court. A clever epigram, a deftly turned compliment, or a bit of witty repartee meant a sure advance in royal favor.

But she was also an astute monarch in everything that had to do with the good of England. She realized the psychological effect on her people of playtime, of gorgeous pageants, in which noble and commoner alike took part, and of *progresses* through town and country which brought the court and the people into closer and more friendly contact.

A *progress* was merely a journey made to visit the country estate of some favored nobleman. The visit was carefully planned for in advance, and most lavish preparations were made for the Queen's entertainment. When the time came for the visit, the Queen with all her court, with cartloads of baggage, and with a regular army of servants and retainers would set out on a progress through the land to her destination. At each stopping place along

the road of her journey she would be welcomed with a pageant or masque, generally embodying stories of ancient gods and goddesses, and always eulogistic in character. It was a tremendous honor to entertain the Queen, but it was not an absolutely unmixed joy, for this entertainment cost so much that some of her hosts found themselves nearly ruined after a royal visit.

However, this mingling of the Queen with her subjects added enormously to her popularity, and to the contentment of the people.

The Elizabethan age was an intensely live time. The people put as much energy into their games as they did into their work. When Sir Francis Drake was waiting with his ships at Plymouth for the Spanish Armada to appear, he put in his time playing at bowls with Hawkins and Frobisher and some of the other famous sea fighters. The sturdy and unruffled Drake would have liked to finish the game, but he was interrupted by the news that the Armada had been sighted in the English Channel.

Bowling was played upon a green. It was a very popular sport.

Tennis was also a favorite game. When it was played outdoors, it was called tennis; when it was played inside, in a hall or walled court, it was called racket. Tennis, or racket, was a game for noblemen and princes, as well as for the common people.

Bull-baiting and bear-baiting were cruel sports greatly enjoyed by the common people — and also, it must be added, by the aristocracy. Even royalty showed an interest in this revolting entertainment. It is said that once when Queen Elizabeth went to hear a sermon at a

church, which was near a bear ring, she was followed by two white bears in a cart — the bears to be baited as soon as the church service was over. Bear-baiting was one of her favorite amusements, neither she nor the other Londoners of her time being what one might call “squeamish.”

The bear- and the bull-baitings took place in a special inclosure on the Bankside, the south side of the river Thames, for baitings were not allowed within the City proper. The bear to be baited was fastened by a short rope or chain to a stake in the center of the inclosure, and several great English bull-dogs, incredibly fierce and savage, were set loose to worry it. The danger of the sport was divided between the bear and the dogs, for the dogs were often torn or killed by their furious victim. Sometimes when the inclosure was fenced in to protect the audience, the bear would be left free to chase its tormentors. The dogs were not often allowed to kill the bear, for bears that fought fiercely won the applause of the crowds and became popular favorites known to everyone by name. So the dogs were pulled off by the tail, or their jaws were pried loose from the bear before he was seriously injured.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene — the circular bear rings with rough board seats; the intent and breathless rabble of men inside the inclosure, and the throng outside pressing to get in; the tumult of shouts from the audience to encourage the angry, struggling bear, or the ferocious dogs; the roaring, and barking, and growling; the sight of blood and foaming jaws. To us it seems wanton cruelty, but the crowds loved it. Listen to this description of a baiting written in 1575:

It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear, with his pink eyes leering after his enemies . . . (to see) the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage; and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid his assaults. If he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free . . . by what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing, and trembling, he would wind himself from them.

Shakespeare must have been well acquainted with bear gardens. On various occasions he mentions them in his plays. He speaks of a baited bear crushing the heads of foolish curs like rotten apples, frightening the dogs by the very shaking of his chains, or standing at bay among a circle of mastiffs.

But it must be said, in fairness to the crowds, that they did not go to these entertainments for brutality alone. The brutality, it is true, troubled them little, but what they went really to see was the trial of strength and skill as at a game or contest.

Puritans tried to suppress this form of amusement, not only on account of the cruelty of the sport, but because Sunday was the day on which the baitings most frequently took place. However, in spite of the opposition to it, baitings continued until the middle of the seventeenth century and even later, though popular taste had by that time changed, and Pepys, in his *Diary*, speaks of bear-baiting as "a very rude and nasty pleasure."

Falconry, or hawking, was the sport of hunting birds with hawks. It was a most fashionable and popular sport for the aristocracy, especially the country aristocracy, and women enjoyed the sport as well as men. Members of the nobility when they were riding around in the country

were seldom seen without their hawks hooded and perched upon their wrists.

It was an expensive pastime. Indeed, so valuable was a well-trained hawk that it was considered a fit present for a king to give or to receive. The hawks, of which only the females were used in hunting, had to be caught wild when young and most carefully trained for a long time before they were ready for the field. No hawk reared in captivity was considered suitable for hunting. There were many kinds of hawks; the falcon, a higher order of hawk, gave the name of falconry to the art of hawking.

A young hawk which was taken from the nest was called an *eyas*. A *haggard* was a hawk caught after it was full grown. Haggards were difficult to train, but they usually made the best hunters. Often they were trained by being kept awake until through sheer fatigue they became submissive. This is the training Desdemona intends to apply to Othello when she says: "My lord shall never rest; I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience."

The training of young hawks was severe in the extreme. The treatment seems cruel, but it was considered necessary in order to make the hawk a good hunter. The trainer, called a falconer, needed to have both judgment and patience. His duties were exacting and endless. He had to study the disposition of his birds as if they were children, for there was a great difference in hawks, and some were much more easily tamed than others. Night and day the falconer had to watch his hawks; he had to see that they were properly fed and bathed, and he had to keep them from fighting each other. He had to care for them when they were ill, or when wounded in a hunting conflict; he

had to punish them when they refused to come to his call, and he had to reward and encourage them when they obeyed his directions.

In some of the old manor houses the office of falconer descended from one generation to another in the same family of servants. The master falconer was a busy and an important man, and the boys who helped him had no idle time of it, for the training and practicing and educating of the hawks was unceasing work.

When a wild hawk was caught, her eyes were *seeled* or closed in this manner: A needle with a fine thread was passed through the thin, tough skin of one lower eyelid, which was insensible to pain. The thread was passed over the head of the hawk and through the lower eyelid of the other eye. By drawing up the ends of the thread and tying them loosely the eyes were kept nearly closed. Then, little by little, as the training progressed, the thread was loosened to give more light until the hawk was sufficiently tamed and educated to have the restraining thread finally removed. The term *seeling* is repeatedly used in the literature of hawking days, both in a literal and in a figurative sense.

But even a fully trained hawk or falcon was not allowed the free use of her eyes. When not following the game, her head was kept covered with a hood which completely blinded her. This headdress was made of silk, or of leather, and was often very richly ornamented. The hawk was carried to the field wearing her hood, and perched upon the falconer's wrist, to which she was closely bound by a cord or leash fastened to a leather strap around her leg. These straps were called *jesses* and were always worn

by the hawk. A pair of tiny bells was also fastened on each of her legs to aid in tracking her if she strayed or hunted out of sight.

When the game appeared close at hand, the hood was quickly removed from the head of the hawk and she was released to go after the bird which flew before her opened eyes. She would soar to a high *pitch* above her prey and then swoop suddenly down upon it. The falconer, who kept near to rescue the bird from the hawk before she had torn it to pieces, would generally reward her with the head of her prey. Then he would rehood her and wait until more game had been aroused by the dogs, who always started it out of cover.

The *mew* was the yard or cage where hawks were kept. We hear the word now principally in connection with the *Royal Mews* in London, where the king's horses are stabled.

This change in the use of the word came about from the fact that the Royal Stables happened to be built on the site where the mews for the royal falcons used to stand.

It is necessary to understand a few of the technical terms of falconry, because all English people during the days when falconry was popular used these terms quite freely both in their speech and in their literature. In Shake-



A HOODED FALCON

The hood was worn to keep the falcon from seeing her prey until she was released to go after it.

spere's play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, the plot is based on the customs used in taming a wild hawk. The character of Katharine is pictured throughout the play as a human embodiment of the spirit of a hawk. She is tamed much as hawks are tamed, and the change that takes place in her disposition from that of a scolding shrew to a gentle, docile character is like the change in the nature of a well-trained hawk who has been subjected to similar treatment. The terms of falconry were so well known in Shakespeare's day that no one could miss the significance of the apt comparisons he drew, or fail to understand the technical allusions that he made in this play.

To an even greater extent than hawking did that supreme English sport, hunting, introduce its special terms to the general vocabulary and literature of the country. The chase has been for centuries the most continuously popular of all English sports. Wild boar, wolf, fox, hare, and deer were hunted with great enthusiasm. But of all hunting there was no sport so royal as the great stag hunt. Edward, Duke of York, a grandson of Edward III, wrote a book early in the fifteenth century called *The Master of Game*, which describes quite graphically how eagerly the English hunting-man delighted in the hunt.

The *Master of Game* tells of a delightful stag hunt. He begins by saying :

Now shall I prove how hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men, for when the hunter riseth in the morning, and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small fowls . . . this is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart.

Then follows a detailed description of the hunt and the deer and the hounds, the description rising to a climax with the capture of the game and the reward of hounds and hunters. The account ends by telling how the hunter goes home and orders well his supper with portions of the deer and good wine and ale, and how he then goes to bed to sleep and dream of hunting . . . "stedfastly without any evil thoughts of any sins, wherefore I say that hunters go into Paradise when they die, and live in this world more joyfully than any other men."

The hunts were made occasions of great festivity both before and after the actual hunting. As early as the first daybreak the hunters of the day would be up and doing. Lords and ladies dressed (to our modern ideas most inappropriately) in rich satins and velvets would ride forth and meet together at some place under the dewy branches of the great forest oaks. The hunt usually began with a sort of picnic in a place chosen far enough away from the cover of the deer so that no sounds of revelry could reach his ears and frighten him before the chase began.

Wild deer roamed abroad only at night or in the very early morning, and their hiding places were not easy to find. And so on the night before a hunt, a forester would go out to discover a stag while it was feeding and as silently as possible he would follow the unsuspecting animal to its daytime hiding place. A forester needed to know the habits of the deer, and to understand woodcraft pretty thoroughly. He needed also to be familiar with the topography of the surrounding country in order to follow the animal more easily in the chase, and foresee to a certain extent where it would run. The game was pursued with

packs of hounds specially trained for this purpose, and the hunters followed the hounds on horseback.

The hounds used in hunting were most carefully chosen not only for their swiftness and the keenness of their scent, but also for the sound of their baying. The technical term for a pack of hounds was a *cry*, and the hounds were chosen so that they cried a chord of music, or as it would have been then called, "a complete consort." Gervase Markham, a voluminous writer on miscellaneous subjects, who lived in Shakespeare's time, gives the following recommendation for choosing a good cry of hounds :

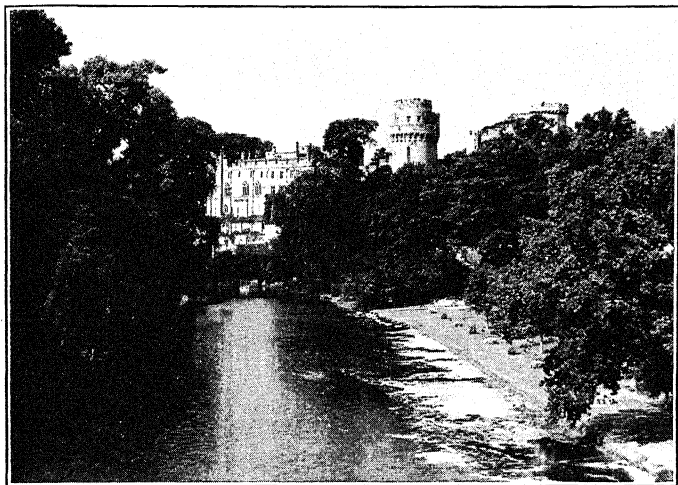
If you would have your kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs that have deep, solemn mouths, and are swift in spending, which must, as it were, bear the bass in the consort; then a double number of roaring and loud-ringing mouths, which must bear the counter-tenor; then some plain, sweet mouths which must bear the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of music you shall make your cry perfect; . . . Amongst these you may cast in a couple or two small beagles, which as small trebles may warble amongst them; the cry will be a great deal the more sweet.

Markham did not intend this selection to be a humorous piece of writing. In Shakespeare's day the greatest attention was paid to the musical quality of the cry. It was one of the requirements in the formation of a pack of hounds that their baying should have not only musical fullness and strength, but that the tones should be harmonized in different parts like a chorus of articulate voices or a chime of bells. When Duke Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is describing his hounds he says :

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloed to, nor cheered with horn.

When the assembled hunters were ready to set out, the hounds were loosed and the hunt started on its way with an uproar of clamor and commotion. Dogs were baying,



VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE RIVER

This part of England has often echoed to the pealing of the hunters' horns and to the deep-mouthed baying of eager hounds in many royal stag hunts.

horses' hoofs were trampling the earth, horns were pealing, and all the hunters shouting eagerly, "The hunt is up! The hunt is up!"

Shakespeare is familiar with this expression of the hunt, and uses it on several occasions. For instance here, in *Titus Andronicus*:

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.

In fact, Shakespeare is familiar with, and keenly interested in, every phase of hunting, and makes frequent allusions to the sport in many of his works.

The minute the stag broke cover the whole pack was hard at his heels.

Yelled on the view the opening pack ;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;

.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout ;
With hark, and whoop, and wild halloo.

— SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*

The foremost hunters followed close behind the hounds, encouraging them and trying to help them turn the course of the stag toward some rougher country where he could be tired out and more easily brought to bay. This is where a knowledge of the topography of the surrounding country was a help in directing the hunt. Sometimes the hunts were over wild and rugged country, and the stag would make it extremely difficult for the dogs to follow him. Sometimes an exceptionally strong or wily animal would make his escape, but the chances were pretty strong against him. When the stag was brought to bay or cornered, he was always dangerous. He would fight fiercely, and often tear the hounds badly with his antlers ; but usually there was a hunter near enough to dash in from behind and save the dogs, by stabbing the desperate stag with a dagger or a short sword.

A story is told of a celebrated huntsman, John Selwyn, who, on one occasion when Queen Elizabeth was hunting,

pursued the stag so closely in the heat of the chase that he leaped bare-headed, and with spurs, on to the swiftly running animal and, keeping his seat gracefully, guided the poor brute with his drawn sword toward her Majesty, and stabbed it dead at her feet. This daring exhibition so pleased the queen that she gave the huntsman a coat of arms bearing a bugle horn as its distinguishing characteristic.

If it was a royal hunt, the next thing in order, after the stag had been killed, was the ceremony known as the breaking up of the deer. This was an observance of great importance. The huntsman who was present at the fall of the stag immediately blew on his horn a special call known as the *mort*. This call was to summon the hunters and the hounds together and to let them know that the hunt was over.

As soon as he heard it, the chief huntsman came hurrying to the spot for the concluding ceremonies of the chase. Green boughs were cut and the stag was laid upon them on its back with its feet up in the air. Then, to the blowing of horns, the king or the chief noble present came forward, and while the huntsman, kneeling, held the stag by one of its feet, the king or the noble took his hunting knife and cut a slit from the throat down along the brisket (breast) to see the depth of the fat. Next, the hunters were rewarded with a bowl of wine, and then they fell to work to cut up the deer. The wine was a necessary part of the performance, for it was a tradition among all hunters that if a forester broke up a deer before he had taken a draft of wine, the venison would not keep. The choicest pieces of the game were reserved for the king, and the rest was por-

tioned out among the hunters, not forgetting the good hounds who were rewarded with their own share of the stag.

Such was the noble art of hunting in the days when deer still roamed wild in the king's forests. Hunting of this character was primarily a sport for the rich. Large tracts of land were set aside for the king to hunt in when he wished. No one else was allowed to kill any game in that territory. Game and forest laws were very severe, and poaching, or stealing game in the forests of the king, was punished with harsh penalties. Anyone caught poaching was subject to an enormous fine, imprisonment, exile, or even death. Nevertheless, in spite of the danger incurred, there was always a good deal of poaching. Hunting, legally or illegally, seems to have been the sport more dearly loved than any other by these sports-loving Englishmen. Perhaps the Master of Game was more nearly right than we realize when he said of his countrymen that "hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men."

CHAPTER IV

BEGGARS, ROGUES, AND RASCALS, AND THEIR FATE

*All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty shall appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;
And when St Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.*

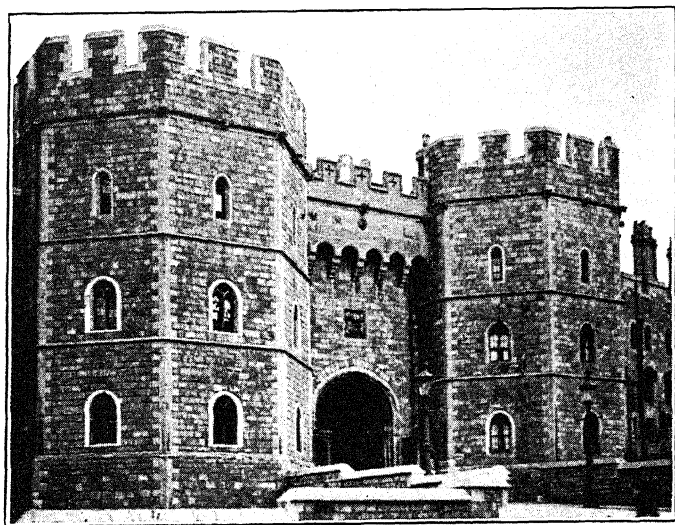
(According to an old custom carried on for many years, these verses, accompanied by the ringing of a bell, were recited by the clerk of St. Sepulchre's Church under the window of the cell of the condemned on the night before his execution.)

WE COME now to a chapter of a rather grim character. The picturesque customs and the merry games and sports of Old England represent only a part of the life of this sturdy country in past days. There was also a darker side to existence. The hand of the law was heavy, swift, and ruthless. Politics, religion, and even the common acts of everyday life were all subjected to a stern supervision. Punishments were harsh and merciless to offenders, not only such offenders as murderers and traitors, but to the petty thief, as well, and to every sort of transgressor between these two extremes.

Independent ideas about the government of the country, or about the acts of the sovereign, or about most estab-

lished customs were decidedly dangerous things to have — if one expressed them.

Judges did not feel the need of judicious carefulness or wisdom or conclusive evidence in order to pass sentence on a person suspected of misdeeds. A little circumstantial



HENRY VIII'S GATEWAY, WINDSOR CASTLE

A portcullis used to bar the entrance, and in old times the room above the gateway was used as a prison.

evidence was enough to convict with lightning speed anyone accused of crime. Life was cheap and the penalty of death was exacted for the most trivial offenses.

Hanging was the common punishment for felony, and the hangings were so frequent that an execution was considered quite an everyday occurrence, attracting little notice unless the "criminal" to suffer was some famous or

notorious character. In such a case, however, or if, for some reason, any interest out of the ordinary was connected with an execution, the people went in crowds to see the sentence carried out, as if the terrible performance were an entertainment or an exciting exhibition. Felony covered a wide range of capital and petty crimes, from murder and arson, to hunting by night with masked or painted faces, or stealing goods of a few shillings in value.

Treason was considered the worst of all crimes. High treason meant an attempt to kill or dethrone the king, or a plot against the government. Indeed, even to write or to speak critically about the king or the royal family was frequently construed as treason, and the punishment for treason was brutally cruel. The traitor was bound hand and foot and placed on a hurdle, which was a kind of flat sled. On this hurdle he was drawn by a horse over the rough streets to the place of execution. He was then hanged until he was nearly dead, when he was taken down and his body cut into four quarters. After that, his heart and entrails were thrown into a fire provided for that purpose and his head was cut off and set up in some conspicuous place. The top of Temple Bar and the great gateway to London Bridge were, most of the time, horribly ornamented with a cluster of traitors' heads exhibited on pikes. The legs and arms were placed on exhibit somewhere else. If the traitor was a woman, she was burned alive and not dismembered.

Torture, in the characteristic sense of the word, was not practiced in England, though the severity of the laws and the brutality of the punishments inflicted come rather closer to torture than we of to-day should care about. But

Englishmen took their punishments with courage and stoicism, for, as Harrison, the historian, says, the people thought very little of death, but they could not abide to be tormented, being of frank and open minds. Condemned Englishmen, he says, "go cheerfully to their deaths, for our nation is free, stout, haughty, and prodigal of life and blood, and cannot in any wise digest to be used as villains and slaves."

The story of the execution of Jack Sheppard, the famous highwayman, shows this characteristic attitude of the spectators and of the criminal. It illustrates the manner in which the dreadful procession of the condemned passed along from Newgate Prison to the gallows at Tyburn, with every circumstance of publicity and excitement caused by the hanging of a widely known public character, even as late as the early eighteenth century.

Imagine a dreary, foggy morning in November, with crowds of people assembled everywhere along the line of march from the prison to old Tyburn at the corner of Hyde Park. The housetops, the windows, and the wooden balconies in front of the houses are packed with spectators, many of them ladies and beaux from fashionable life. The road beneath is swarming with a riotous mob of men and women, pushing, quarreling, and passing ribald jokes as they watch for the coming of the grim procession.

There is a long wait, during which the crowd entertains itself as well as it can with a great deal of clamor and boisterousness, and with playing cards and drinking by the more fortunate ones near a tavern. At last the sound of shouts is heard, distant at first, then growing nearer and nearer. The cry is raised, "He's coming! He's com-

ing!" and the pushing and swaying and scrambling of the expectant mob grows fiercer as, with oaths and fighting, everyone in the road endeavors to secure a good place to see. Then, out of the gloomy fog, with a clatter of horses' hoofs and the tramp of heavy feet, there is seen advancing a guard of soldiers clearing a way through the howling crowds for the passage of the Tyburn cart.

In an open cart with a coffin of black boards in front of him sits a young man with a dare-devil face. He is carrying a big bouquet of flowers, presented to him as he passed by St. Sepulchre's Church, just at the beginning of this dreadful ride, and beside him is a clergyman reading aloud from a great prayerbook. Mounted troopers ride beside and behind the cart, and the rear is protected by a force of constables and javelin men.

As the procession passes along, it is greeted with cheers and shouts from the assembled crowd. In front of the Bowl, an ancient tavern at St. Giles, a halt is called, and in accordance with a long-established custom, the doomed man is given his last drink. Out comes the smiling landlord with a bowl of ale. He hands it to the prisoner, who raises it and drinks to the health of a group of ladies watching from a small balcony over the tavern door, their masks and velvet cloaks proclaiming them to be people of quality. They respond by waving their hands or their handkerchiefs; two or three of them sob hysterically. Then the highwayman turns to the mob and calls out: "Here's to your health, my pals, and when your turn comes may you all die as game as I shall!" A mighty roar answers this toast; everybody who can get a drink is hobnobbing with his neighbor. One might suppose it

an occasion of pleasure, except for that ghastly coffin of black boards.

But at last the word to advance is given ; the officers of the guard fall into their places at the front, the sides, and the rear, and the procession once more moves slowly forward, followed by the shouting mob, until it reaches the place of execution with its hideous apparatus of death. The cart is driven underneath the gallows, the prisoner is made to stand — there is a dreadful pause while the noose is being adjusted, and then the cart is driven quickly away by the hangman, leaving the body suspended from the horrible gallows tree.

At one time there were open galleries, something like the grandstand at a race course, erected around the gibbet, where places were let to persons wishing to see the execution. An old woman, Mammy Douglas, kept the key to the entrance ; she was known as the “Tyburn Pew-opener.”

But there were other forms of execution quite as dreadful as those already mentioned. For poisoning her husband, a woman was burned alive ; a man poisoning another man, in Tudor days and earlier, was boiled to death in a huge cauldron of water, or it might even be oil. Pirates were hanged on the seashore and left there till three tides had washed over them ; rogues and vagabonds often had one or both of their ears cut off. The idea of such cruel punishments fills us with abhorrence. One would suppose that people living where such almost savage treatment was possible must have been in constant fear and wretchedness. And yet conditions in England were more humane than they were in other countries, and

the English felt themselves to be a free and fortunate people.

The punishments were meant to inspire terror and, by the spectacle of suffering, to deter people from committing more crimes which would be punished in an equally severe way. In these days of comparative law and order we sometimes forget the severities by which men were formerly forced into at least an external form of respect for the officers and the majesty of the law.

Everywhere in the streets the machines of justice could be seen. There was always a pillory conveniently near for punishing minor offenses. A pillory was a wooden frame supported, somewhat after the manner of a sign board, upon a post. In the frame



A PILLORY

were three round holes accommodated to the size of a man's neck and wrists. The culprit's head and hands were placed in the pillory and locked there so that he could not remove them until his sentence was complete. To stand in the pillory for a certain number of hours was a punishment for slanderers, for dishonest tradesmen,

To stand in the pillory for several hours was the penalty inflicted for certain infringements of the law. The paper fastened to the upright post of this pillory declared to the public the misdeeds of the man undergoing sentence.

and for tricksters in general. For selling spoiled or tainted meat the offender was put in the pillory, and a chunk of the bad meat — dreadful addition to his sentence! — was slowly burned beneath his nose. More



TITUS OATES IN THE PILLORY

From an old print.

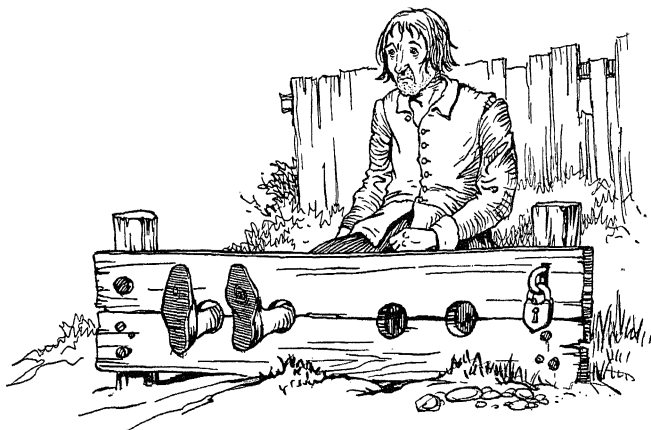
serious offenders suffered the added penalty of having an ear nailed to the pillory and cut off at their release.

The stocks were even more in evidence than the pillory, which they resembled, except that the prisoner sat with his feet instead of his head and hands confined in a wooden frame. Those who had to sit in the stocks were supposed to be public offenders, such

as drunkards, brawlers, and people who spoke disrespectfully of the mayor or of any public official. It was a form of punishment really worse than it might seem, for a fearful liberty was allowed to the malicious and ill-disposed among the onlookers, of pelting the unfortunate victim with any unsavory article which might be handy. John Gay, the poet, warns the casual traveler on the streets to keep away from the disorderly rabble which usually surrounded a pillory or the stocks:

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasped in the board the perjured head is bowed,
Betimes retreat; — here, thick as hail stones pour
Turnips and half-hatched eggs, a mingled shower.

If the people sympathized with the culprit, he escaped this ignominious bombardment, but if they looked on him with disfavor, his condition was a hard one. He would



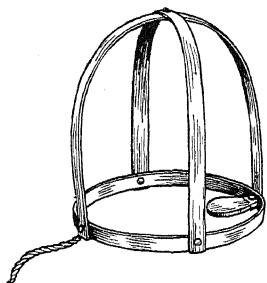
A VAGABOND IN THE STOCKS

Here the culprit had to sit until the officers of the law saw fit to let him go.

have to sit, a helpless target for any or all of the rabble who wished to amuse themselves by flinging at him addled eggs, rotten potatoes, turnips, dead cats, mud, and filth of every sort. Unpopular offenders were even killed occasionally as a result of this abuse, which was more than their punishment demanded.

To curb a scolding wife and to correct a shrew there was the brank. A brank was an iron framework which fitted around the head, something like the bridle of a horse. Its

principal feature was a triangular piece of metal projecting inward into the wearer's mouth and effectively restraining the angry tongue from wagging. An old brank which



A BRANK WITH SEPARATE
TONGUE PIECES

To correct a shrew this device was worn for a while. The brank fitted over her head, and the tongue piece was supposed to restrain her tongue from further abusive speech.

has been preserved as a curiosity in one of the museums has the date 1633 and the following inscription engraved upon it:

Chester presents Walton with a
bridle

To curb women's tongues that
talk too idle.

For common scolds there was also the ducking stool. This was a chair fastened to the end of a seesaw-like, balanced beam and set up near a convenient pond or other piece of water. The shrew, firmly fastened in the chair, was

ducked with it for a moment into the water, thus, presumably, cooling her hot temper and unruly tongue. The dipping and raising was managed by raising and lowering the opposite end of the beam. If one ducking was not considered sufficient, the unfortunate shrew would have to go splashing in once more, or it might be several times.

Flogging, either at the public whipping post, which usually stood beside the stocks, or at the tail of a cart proceeding slowly through the streets, was another common punishment inflicted impartially on men and women. It was a method frequently employed to discourage idle-

ness and vagabondage among the able-bodied poor — such sturdy men as would not work to get a living but preferred begging and traveling about in packs, lodging in barns and fields, robbing, breaking hedges, and frightening the country people, who did not dare refuse them any-



A DUCKING STOOL

For a scolding woman a plunge into a pool of water was considered the most effective means of cooling her hot words. If the officers in charge had suffered personally from her sharp tongue they might feel that a second dip was not too great a retribution.

thing. In the time of Henry VIII, a “sturdy and valiant beggar” who could work but would not was a vagrant and was, according to the law, to be whipped at the cart’s tail; in Elizabeth’s time he was to be both whipped and branded in the ear.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, beggars, gypsies, and vagabonds were as numerous as blackberries in summer-

time. They were greatly feared by people in small villages and in the country, for it was in the country that unemployment was at its worst. There is something to be said for the beggars, — for some of them, at least, — because while many of them were idle rogues and sturdy beggars who had no wish to work and not the slightest intention of so doing, there were many others who would have been glad of a chance for honest labor. These two classes of paupers were recognized by the authorities, and a considerable amount of provision was made for the unfortunate and deserving poor, in the way of poorhouses and collections of money taken for the ill and aged. Still the condition as a whole was most inadequately dealt with. One of the causes for pauperism in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries lay in the growth of England's wool trade, for with the increasing numbers of sheep much grazing land was necessary, and to meet this need large tracts of land were bought and converted from farms into pastures for sheep. This was ruinous to the yeoman farmer of small means. When he could get no land to farm, he often lost his only means of support and was unable to find any other work to do.

The government was almost wholly unable to handle the situation, and beggary in the sixteenth century became so universal that stern laws had to be made against vagabonds. When a rogue was convicted of being a tramp or vagabond, his punishment for the first and second offenses was a whipping and branding in the ear with a hot iron; the third offense meant death.

Beggars traveled in bands. They had their own lingo and cant names for various types of beggars. For in-

stance, the *dommerers* were beggars who pretended to be dumb. A dommerer would indicate by signs that his tongue had been cut out by thieves. This was his method of procedure: With a little sharp stick concealed in his hand he could easily make his tongue bleed, and then turning it up to the roof of his mouth he would show what he pretended was the wounded, bleeding stump. By moans and inarticulate sounds he could easily arouse the pity of people he met, and, if he acted his part well, he could make quite a good thing out of his feigned misfortunes. However, a seemingly miraculous cure was easily effected by a constable's whip, which usually restored the speech and voice of a dumb beggar at the first or second lash.

The *clapper-dudgeon* was known by his peculiar costume. He wore a patched cloak over a long gown that was held in by a belt or girdle around the waist, and he covered his head with a couple of greasy nightcaps, as well as with an old hat. He carried a brown, wooden dish with a clapping lid, and he cleaned the dish — occasionally — with the tassel of his girdle. In his hand he carried a *filch*, or short staff, with a hole in the top into which an iron hook could be screwed. This staff was most serviceable to him. It could beat a purse out of a traveler's hand, knock down a plump goose for dinner, or hook clothes through a window.

The clapper-dudgeon generally had a woman companion beggar who went along with him and carried a pack on her back. Sometimes she would have pins and needles and thread for sale, and often she knitted as she walked along. For a small fee she would tell fortunes to those curious

about their future, and if the opportunity presented itself, she would fish over the hedge with peas and crooked pins for a fat hen or a tender spring chicken.

The leader of the gang would marry any such beggar pair, who were not already wed, if they wished him to do so. He ended the brief ceremony with the words "till death you do part," meaning only until they should pass the dead body of any creature, when, if they wished to part, they could shake hands and go their separate ways.

These clapper-dudgeons begged by day and stole by night, marking out in daylight any window or place where clothes or linen were hung, and returning by night to filch them. Goods thus obtained were kept hidden for a while and then sold for a small price.

An *Abram man* or *Tom o' Bedlam* was supposed to be a discharged madman from *Bethlehem* (*Bedlam*) hospital in London. Tom o' Bedlam went around half naked, with long, tangled hair and wild, staring eyes, feigning madness to excite sympathy and alms. Each Abram man had his own peculiar way of playing his part, affecting idiotic gestures and crazed looks and using unmeaning words in every sentence to show a decay of mind.

A *Billy Buzman* was a pocket handkerchief stealer; an *amuser* was a thief who threw snuff or dust in the eyes of his victim before robbing him; a *finger smith* was a pickpocket. Their world of tricks and thievery was inevitably a hotbed of slang and cant terms devised primarily for hiding their meanings from outsiders.

Often a beggar could be seen sitting beside the road beseeching charity for his afflictions, and showing his leg, upon which he had created a revolting, artificial sore called

a *clime*. The sore was horrible to look upon, but it caused the so-called sufferer little inconvenience and could be readily cured. To make a *clime* the operator would mix a paste or poultice of un-slaked lime, soap, and rust of old iron. He would spread the paste upon a piece of leather and bind it tightly upon his leg. This would presently fret off the skin and make the flesh raw and angry looking. Then the beggar would rub the surrounding skin with some blood, which when dried would take on a dark, repulsive color, and finally, he would adjust a bandage of soiled rags in such a loose way that the hideous ulcer could be seen by the passer-by and — it was hoped — move him to compassion and generosity.

In the following selection from *The Prince and the Pauper*, by Mark Twain, we have a clear-cut picture of some vagabonds of the sixteenth century. The little prince, who is mistakenly supposed to be Tom Canty, has been forced to flee from London with Tom's father, John Canty. John Canty is hiding from the law on account of a murder which he has committed, and for greater security he has joined a band of traveling beggars and vagabonds, and



A BEGGAR OR VAGABOND

This man appears to be lame, but his lameness is only a pretense to arouse the sympathy of those he meets and stir them to generosity. He is probably an able-bodied beggar and a thief.

they have all sought refuge for the night in a deserted old barn in the country. The little prince, from the corner of the barn where he is lying, looks at this collection of degraded humanity.

A grim and unsightly picture met his eye. A bright fire was burning in the middle of the floor at the other end of the barn, and around it, and lit weirdly up by the red glare, lolled and sprawled the motliest company of tattered gutter-scum and ruffians of both sexes he had ever dreamed of. There were huge, stalwart men, brown with exposure, long-haired and clothed in fantastic rags; there were middle-sized youths of truculent countenance, and similarly clad; there were blind mendicants with patched or bandaged eyes; crippled ones with wooden legs and crutches; there was a villain-looking peddler with his pack; and a knife grinder, a tinker and a barber surgeon with the implements of their trades; some of the females were hardly grown girls, some were at prime, some were old and wrinkled hags, and all were loud, brazen, foul-mouthed, and all soiled and slatternly.

The beggars have just finished eating, and are beginning an orgy of drinking, passing the can of liquor from mouth to mouth around the group. They are in the mood for relaxation, and are calling on some of their members to entertain them.

"A song! a song! [they cried] from the Bat and Dick-Dot-and-Go-One!" One of the blind men got up and made ready [to sing] by casting aside the patches that sheltered his excellent eyes, and the pathetic placard which recited the cause of his calamity. Dot-and-Go-One disencumbered himself of his timber leg and took his place upon sound and healthy limbs beside his fellow rascal. Then they roared out a rollicking ditty, and were reinforced by the whole crew at the end of each stanza, in a rousing chorus.

Then they settle themselves to talk, but not in the thieves' dialect of the song, for that is used in speaking only when unfriendly ears might be listening.

The troop of vagabonds turned out at early dawn, and set forward on their march. . . . The dread in which their sort was held was apparent in the fact that everybody gave them the road, and took all their ribald insolences meekly, without venturing to talk back. They snatched linen from the hedges, occasionally, in full view of the owners, who made no protest, but only seemed grateful that they did not take the hedges, too.

A favorite device of these rascals was to pretend that they were suffering from epilepsy — the “falling sickness” was their name for this malady. With a piece of white soap concealed in the mouth they could simulate an epileptic paroxysm quite successfully by falling to the ground, apparently in convulsions, and foaming at the mouth — with soapsuds. Such a performance almost always paid them well in alms from pitying strangers.

In *The Prince and the Pauper*, again, we see the beggar band trying to teach the rebellious little prince their nefarious tricks. Hugo, one of the beggars, is instructing him.

“Here [he says] comes one with a kindly face. Now will I fall down in a fit. When the stranger runs to me, set you up a wail, and fall upon your knees . . . and say, ‘Oh, sir, it is my poor afflicted brother, and we be friendless; o’ God’s name cast through your merciful eyes one pitiful look upon a sick, forsaken, and most miserable wretch; bestow one little penny out of thy riches upon one smitten of God and ready to perish!’ . . . and mind you, keep *on* wailing till we bilk him of his penny, else shall you rue it.”

Then immediately Hugo began to moan, and groan, and roll his eyes, and reel and totter about; and when the stranger was close at hand, down he sprawled before him, with a shriek, and began to writhe and wallow in the dirt in seeming agony.

“O dear, O dear!” cried the benevolent stranger. “Oh, poor soul, poor soul, how he doth suffer! There — let me help thee up.”

"O, noble sir, forbear, and God love you for a princely gentleman — but it giveth me cruel pain to touch me when I am taken so. My brother there will tell your worship how I am racked with anguish when these fits be upon me. A penny, dear sir, a penny, to buy a little food; then leave me to my sorrows."

"A penny! thou shalt have three, thou hapless creature" . . . and [the stranger] fumbled in his pocket with nervous haste and got them out. "There, poor lad, take them and most welcome. Now come hither my boy and help me carry thy stricken brother to yon house, where . . ."

"I am not his brother," said the little king, interrupting.

"What! not his brother?"

"Oh, hear him!" groaned Hugo, then privately ground his teeth. "He denies his own brother — and he with one foot in the grave!"

"Boy, thou art indeed hard of heart, if this is not thy brother, who is he then?"

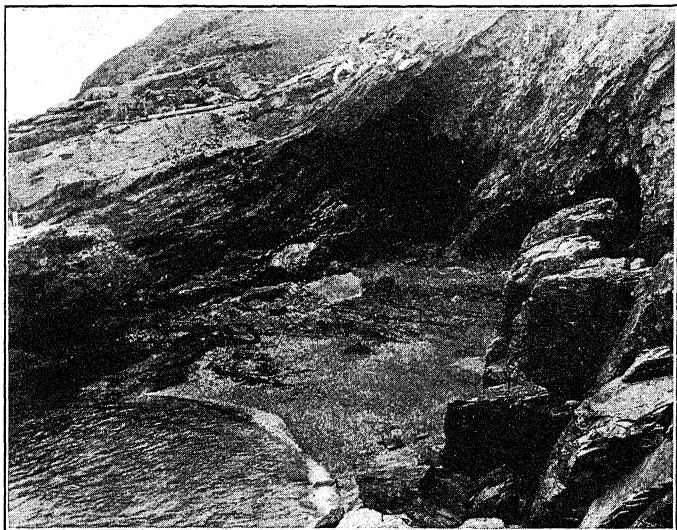
"A beggar and a thief! He has got your money and has picked your pocket likewise. An you wouldst do a healing miracle, lay thy staff over his shoulders and trust Providence for the rest."

But Hugo did not tarry for the miracle. In a moment he was up and off like the wind, the gentleman following after and raising the hue and cry lustily as he went.

The harsh laws against vagabonds and rogues, and the cruel punishments these impostors suffered if they fell into the implacable clutches of the law, only made the sturdy beggars more desperate. Of course, many escaped punishment entirely, and the rest, though often taken and punished, always hoped to escape. If they got off with a fairly light sentence, they forgot their lashings as soon as their shoulders were healed. These things were unpleasant they were well aware, but not sufficiently unpleasant to keep them from returning to their old life of roving about the country, robbing market women and

cheating strangers and generally pitting their wits against the law.

The machinery for enforcing law and order was quite unequal to the task of preventing or correcting crime. There was no organized police force to look after public



SMUGGLERS' CAVES

The coast of Cornwall is honeycombed with these caves.

safety. There was, to be sure, an inefficient organization of watchmen and constables; but they were the butt and sport of satirists from generation to generation. Shakespeare's Dogberry, who says that if an arrested vagrant will not stand on order of the watch, it is better to let him go and then "thank God you are rid of a knave," is an example of the type of loquacious, self-satisfied constable on whom the people had to depend.

It was not until the time of George IV that there was any real police protection worthy of the name in England. At that time Sir Robert Peel, an English statesman, took the matter seriously in hand and gave to London a genuine police force. To him is due the credit for the formation of the Metropolitan Police, the present guardians of the peace in London. The nicknames of *Bobby* and *Peeler*, by which London policemen are commonly known, came from the name of their founder.

But with all the severity of punishment in earlier times there was one peculiar and recognized refuge for everyone—provided he could manage to reach it before he was caught by those pursuing him. This refuge was called a *sanctuary*. In very early days the Church tried to aid the oppressed by establishing sanctuaries, or holy places, usually certain specified churches, in which it was forbidden to shed blood. In the stormy days of the early Middle Ages retribution was very largely a personal affair and a swift and sanguinary one as well. If a man was supposed to have wronged another, that other would immediately start after him with sword in hand and vengeance in his heart. But if the fugitive could take refuge in one of these churches, he was safe, for the clergy would protect him until some terms could be made between the two. This protection was called the right of sanctuary. It was an excellent thing as long as there was little real authority in the land. But after the law had become established, and an accused man could be brought to a fair trial, then this right often became an occasion of wrong. If a man who had fled to a sanctuary refused to confess, the law was helpless, for the clergy would allow no interference

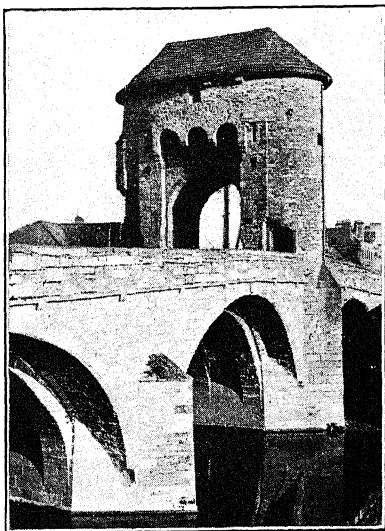
with this right of giving shelter and protection. By the time of the Tudors it was universally recognized that this was an abused privilege, for a shrewd man could, and frequently did, plan a murder within easy reach of a sanctuary and thus escape punishment. Nevertheless, the right of sanctuary was not entirely abolished in England until the eighteenth century.

These shelters from the power of the law became, as time went on, places of refuge for every malefactor who could hide within their precincts. It is strange that public nuisances of this character should have been left unmolested through so many ages, especially after the power of the Church and the monasteries had passed away. But this continuance of established customs is characteristic of all English institutions, both good and bad.

In the time of Henry VIII the privilege of sanctuary was curtailed, but it was not abolished. Lesser criminals within the protecting gates were still safe, but greater criminals, such as men wanted for treason and murder, could be taken from sanctuary by order of the Lord Chief Justice.

One of the streets leading south from Fleet Street still bears the name of *Whitefriars*, commemorating the days when this property was the home of the Carmelite Brothers, who, on account of their white robes, were known as White Friars. Here in the Middle Ages stood a Carmelite convent which possessed the right of sanctuary. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries this convent was done away with, but the place where it had stood continued to preserve the privileges of sanctuary long after the church and monastery had disappeared. In the reign of James I

this place had fallen into disrepute. It was known by the cant name of *Alsatia*, and had become the nest of a horde of ruffians and bad characters of every description.



A NORMAN DEFENSE GATE

This 13th-century fortified gateway is still standing on old Monnow Bridge.

Sir Walter Scott has done much to spread the fame of *Alsatia* by a description of this notorious and picturesque rookery in his novel, *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

The hero of the story, Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch, is a young Scottish nobleman who, by losing his temper most inopportunely, has got himself into very serious trouble with the court, and is forced to flee from the king's officers. He resolves

to seek refuge and concealment in the disreputable sanctuary of *Alsatia*, and Scott describes the adventure as follows :

Whitefriars, adjacent to the Temple, then well known by the cant name of *Alsatia*, had at this time [James I], and for nearly a century afterwards, the privilege of a sanctuary, unless against the writ of the Lord Chief Justice or the Lords of the Privy-Council. Indeed, as the place abounded with desperadoes of every description

—bankrupt citizens, ruined gamesters, irreclaimable prodigals, desperate duellists, braves, homicides, and debauched profligates of every description, all leagued together to maintain the immunities of their asylum — it was both difficult and unsafe for the officers of the law to execute warrants emanating even from the highest authority, amongst men whose safety was inconsistent with warrants or authority of any kind. This, Lord Glenvarloch well knew; and odious as the place of refuge was, it seemed the only one where, for a space at least, he might be concealed and secure from the immediate grasp of the law.

As Nigel is hurrying towards the sanctuary of Whitefriars he meets a shrewd young law student of his acquaintance, Reginald Lowestoffe, who is well acquainted with all the questionable haunts of London. Lowestoffe offers to go with Nigel to introduce him into Alsatia and to Duke Hildebrod, the grand protector of the community, so that the refugee may be admitted to the immunities of the place, pay his garnish (fee), and register his name in the Duke's entry-book. Nigel accepts his offer and the two friends proceed together towards Whitefriars.

The ancient sanctuary at Whitefriars lay considerably lower than the elevated terraces and gardens of the Temple, and was therefore generally involved in the damps and fogs arising from the Thames. The brick buildings by which it was occupied crowded closely on each other, for in a place so rarely privileged every foot of ground was valuable. . . . The wailing of children, the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linens hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed in the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses.

Entering one of the dilapidated taverns, the two strangers find Duke Hildebrod surrounded by his well-beloved counselors in a room where the feeble rays of the sun are almost eclipsed by the volume of tobacco smoke which comes rolling from the pipes of the company. The Duke is a monstrously fat old man with only one eye, and a nose which bears evidence to the frequency, strength, and depth of his potations. He wears a murrey-colored plush jerkin stained with the overflowings of the tankard, and much the worse for wear. His companions are battered old rascals of various callings, who have nothing left of their professions except the roguery; they are all lolling around in old and broken chairs, drinking ale and singing an old chant —

Old Sir Simon the King,
And old Sir Simon the King,
With his malmsey nose,
And his ale-dropped hose,
And sing hey ding-a-ding-ding.

In order to create as favorable an opening for his business as possible, Lowestoffe orders a gallon of Rhenish wine to treat the assemblage, and under the mellowing influence of this liquor — far superior to their usual clammy ale — he asks for the admission of his friend to the benefit of the sanctuary and other immunities of Alsatia, in the character of a grand compounder, for such was the term given to those who paid a double fee at registration, in order to avoid explaining the peculiar circumstances which compelled them to take refuge there.

Duke Hildebrod hears this proposition with glee, which glitters in his single eye, as it was an exceptionally rare occurrence to have a refugee willing or able to pay a double

garnish. He allows Nigel protection in the sanctuary for the sum of two nobles, and bids him claim privilege by reciting the following doggerel verses which the duke dictates to him :

Your suppliant, by name
 Nigel Grahame, [assumed name]
 In fear of mishap
 From a shoulder-tap,
 And dreading a claw
 From the talons of law,
 That are sharper than briers,
 His freedom to sue,
 And rescue by you,
 Through weapon and writ,
 From warrant and writ,
 From bailiff's hand,
 From tipstaff's wand,
 Is come hither to Whitefriars.

The ducal register is then produced — a huge book, with brass clasps and filthy leaves stained with wine and tobacco juice, and perhaps even more deeply stained with the names of some of the rogues and rascals there inscribed. To this list is added the name of Nigel Grahame, — a name Lord Glenvarloch has assumed to conceal his real identity, — and, the inscription being completed, the oath is administered to the newcomer by the worthy doge. Duke Hildebrod then concludes the ceremony by allowing Nigel the privilege of sanctuary in the following doggerel :

From the touch of the tip,
 From the blight of the warrant,
 From the watchmen who skip
 On the Harman Beck's ¹ errand ;

¹ A Harman Beck is a constable.

Thy freedom's complete
 As a Blade of the Huff,
 To be cheated and cheat,
 To be cuffed and to cuff;
 To stride, swear, and swagger,
 To drink till you stagger,
 To stare and to stab,
 And to brandish your dagger
 In the cause of your drab;
 To walk wool-ward in winter,
 Drink brandy, and smoke,
 And go fresco in summer
 For want of a cloak;

 To live by your shifts,
 And to swear by your honor,
 Are the freedom and gifts
 Of which I am the donor.

To such a state had the sanctuaries for the oppressed degenerated in the early seventeenth century.

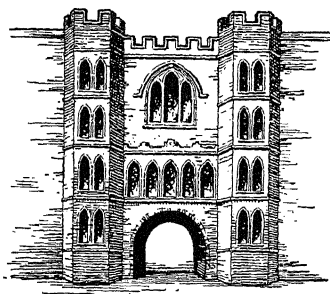
Imprisonment, two or three hundred years ago, was a very different matter from what it is to-day. To put a person in prison was not considered a real punishment. A man or woman was sent to prison to await trial, or execution, or until he could pay his debts. It did not occur to the rulers that mere detention was a sufficient punishment for crime. Something more extreme was needed to strike terror into the hearts of malefactors. The primary object sought in imprisonment was to secure the person of the accused until his trial, and, after conviction, to keep him until his punishment. But consignment to prison for lengthened periods was, as a penalty in itself, of more recent introduction.

And yet imprisonment was a calamity to be avoided at all costs, for a man could be left in prison a long time awaiting trial; and the prisons were dreadful places, schools for every crime, and hotbeds of disease. A writer of the sixteenth century declares that prisoners were "lodged like hogs and fed like dogs."

A prisoner who had committed a crime had some hope — sooner or later he would be tried and would receive his punishment; in any case, he would be released from the misery of prison life. But a prisoner who had committed no crime, but was in prison for debt, had often no hope at all. If his relatives or friends did not pay his debts, he might have to endure years of miserable prison life, unless he happened to die in one of the epidemics which were continually raging in the prisons. Otherwise his only hope of escape was to sell himself as a servant in the colonies for a term of years.

As has been said, the prisons were dreadful places. They were not supported by the government, but were maintained by fees wrung from the unhappy inmates. There was no lodging at the city's expense; everything had to be paid for, and the poor wretch who had nothing was in a bad way. The jailers were almost always coarse and brutal men, who were full of schemes to extort money from their prisoners. The more prisoners there were the better pleased was the jailer, for he depended for his wages on what he could get from his victims, an extortion, which in prison language was called *garnish*. He demanded a fee at every turn, and if the prisoner was not able to pay, he would throw him into a dark room to sleep on the board floor with a motley gang of ruffians. Sometimes a jailer

would fetter his prisoners in order to make them pay a fee for their release, or he would deprive them of the miserable light of the dirty window unless a window tax should be forthcoming. If a jailer ever did show kindness to a pris-



NEW GATE

The rooms above the gate were used for a prison. This was the beginning of the later famous Newgate Prison.

oner, it was almost always in order to obtain money from his friends.

The prisoners were allowed to beg for food from a barred gate, or from an open grating in the wall adjoining the street. The old gatehouse over New Gate was the origin of the later famous Newgate Prison, and from one of the barred windows in the gatehouse the miserable prisoners used to

call out to the passer-by: "Pray remember the poor prisoners! Bread and meat, for the tender mercy of God, to the poor prisoners of Newgate!" But in spite of these appeals for charity and compassion many expired of want who were not relieved by their fellow prisoners.

All prisoners were herded together in one room with little light or air, and locked up there unless they could pay for a separate room. Criminals of the most hardened character, lads who had committed only some trifling offense, such as the theft of a loaf of bread, debtors who had committed no crime at all, except that of being unable to pay their bills, gamblers, highwaymen, murderers, felons, all were packed into these cramped quarters.

Many died from "jail fever," a malignant typhus, the natural result of crowding together a horde of human creatures with every accompaniment of squalor, sickness, drunkenness, and misery imaginable, and all under the most filthy and insanitary conditions. Thousands of wretches perished every year from this fever, and the infection sometimes spread from prisoners who were being tried to others in the courtroom. Magistrates at a trial were supplied with bunches of herbs to smell "against the fever," the herbs being considered a precaution against the jail air brought in by the prisoners.

In the eighteenth century the prisons of England were notorious. The condition of a debtor was especially deplorable, for though he could have a separate room, at an exorbitant price, he might be held for years or even for life if he was unable to pay the debt for which he was imprisoned — a debt which, as time went on, was considerably increased by prison costs. The debtors' prison plays a large part in the literature of Georgian London. Charles Dickens gave to the Marshalsea Prison a widespread notoriety by using it as a background for his novel *Little Dorrit*. It was not until the nineteenth century that the national government was induced to take over the prisons and put the inmates under more humane conditions.

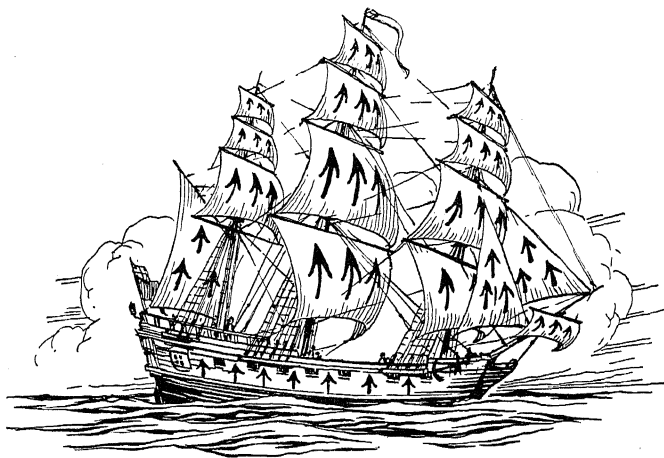
When it was possible for the law to put to death a hungry person who stole a loaf of bread from a baker's shop, and when there were over one hundred and forty-five offenses for which the decreed penalty was death, the number of death penalties grew to be so great that finally the juries began to revolt against imposing such wholesale capital sentences. Frequently they got around their duty by

declaring the amount of the article stolen to be less than the amount needed to make the crime a capital offense under the law. In their wish to avoid sending so many to death judges fell back upon the alternative of transporting criminals as slaves to distant lands. Transportation was for fourteen years or for life. Sometimes when the crime was exceptionally trivial — that is, trivial in the light of the present day — the sentence was only seven years, which was the minimum for a transported convict.

As early as the days of Charles II the system of transportation was invented and employed for getting lesser criminals quickly out of sight and out of mind. England's new colonies offered most convenient places into which to dump this human rubbish. At one period a large number of criminals — men and women — were sent to Virginia or some other of the American colonies. But the American colonies raised an outcry against this method of populating their land. They did not wish Moll Flanders or any of her pals and comrades to settle on their soil. They insisted that places like Virginia were made for better purposes than to become the outlying prison grounds for the scum of the criminal population. In due course of time the War of Independence and the establishment of the United States settled the question, as far as that part of the world was concerned.

However, there were other colonies to fall back upon, in Australia and on certain islands in the Pacific. Slaves were urgently needed on the plantations of these southern lands, and the convicts transported there were treated as slaves. Order was maintained by the lash; the men worked in chains; they were roused from their sleep at

daylight, sent to the fields to work in their fetters, and driven back to their dens at night. The unhappy creatures under such treatment (if they survived) sank almost to the level of brutes. Frequently, however, they did not live to serve out their sentences.



A CONVICT SHIP

These ships were always marked with the design of a broad arrow, the mark of everything connected with English prisons.

The ships carrying the convicts were called "Ocean Hells," and they well deserved the name. A convict ship was easily recognizable even at a distance, for the sails were plainly marked with the design of a broad arrow placed at regular intervals on the canvas. The broad arrow is the distinctive mark of everything connected with English prisons. The convict dress was plainly marked with these broad arrows, and the design was sometimes even branded with a red-hot iron on the palms of

convicts' hands. On their ankles they wore heavy chains, and these leg shackles were not removed even when they had to go to a hospital or to their graves.

Many of the convicts undoubtedly were callous and irreclaimable, — more like wild beasts than men, — but the treatment they received aboard these felon transports and the torturing punishments for refractory behavior that many of these unfortunates had to endure were enough to drive any man to desperation and despair. From close confinement under hatches, ill-nourishment, foul water, and brutal treatment, the human cargoes on these convict ships died off like sheep. For bringing insubordinates to terms there were lashings with the nine-stranded "cat-o'-nine-tails," made of rawhide with every strand tipped with pellets of lead and bound with brass wire; there was imprisonment in the "black hole," where prisoners were chained in total darkness in so cramped a space that they could neither lie down nor stand upright, and there were other brutalities too distressing to mention. The wonder is that these unhappy beings could exist at all.

The question of how to reform criminals is as yet an unsolved one, but through education, philanthropy, and religion we have come many degrees nearer to its solution than in the centuries gone by.

Out of the material in this chapter it is quite possible to make a very brutal picture of England in its various past ages; and the picture can be made by telling nothing that is not true. But this is only a part of the truth, only one side of the picture. The people in the days of which we have been talking were callous to much that would distress us nowadays to see and hear. They were quick to

draw the sword, and indifferent to the sight of blood ; they were accustomed to the gruesome spectacle of mutilated convicts and corpses dangling in the gallows chains, and to moldering heads upon the city gates. But there is a good deal to be said for people who were more or less at the mercy of every sharper, dare-devil highwayman, and bullying rogue, in days when there was no security in police protection and no stability of law. The English were a God-fearing people, chivalrous to their women, hospitable, kind to strangers, true to their convictions, and willing to die for their country. Take the nation through and through in its history, and a feeling of honor and loyalty pervades it high and low. In order to understand these people as they were, we must see not only crooks and beggars and the harsh treatment given them when they fell into the clutches of a ruthless law, but we must see, as well, the sturdy virtues and the wholesome character of the men and women who went to make up the nation as a whole.

CHAPTER V

THREE OLD LANDMARKS — THE TOWER, LONDON BRIDGE, AND TEMPLE BAR

*I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this city.*

— SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*

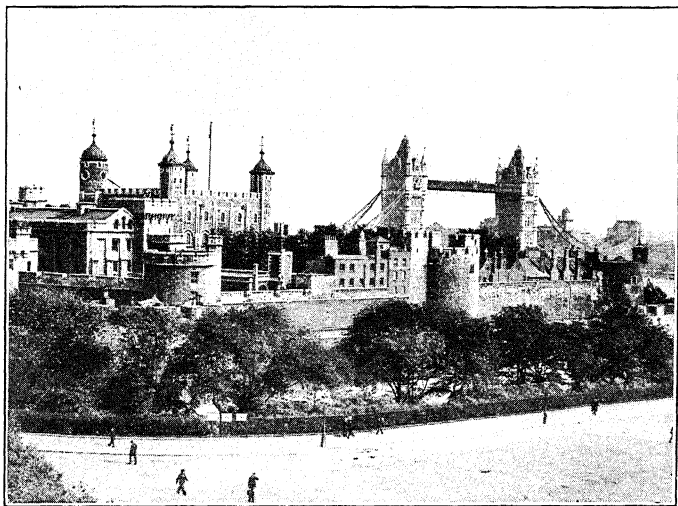
THE TOWER

UNTIL comparatively modern times there were in London three old landmarks which were known all over the civilized world. They were: *The Tower of London, London Bridge, and Temple Bar*. Just to speak the names of these historic places is to call up pictures of the past: gloomy or brilliant, busy with crowding throngs, gay with pageantry, or dreadful with scenes of violent death.

Temple Bar and the old London Bridge have disappeared, but the Tower still stands where it has stood for centuries — a history of England done in stone.

The Tower of London is the most ancient fortress in all England, and by far the most interesting. The central keep, or great White Tower, is the oldest of the mass of buildings grouped together under the name of the Tower of London. It was built by William the Conqueror in 1078 at the southeast corner of the City wall on the probable site of an earlier Roman fortress, and was called the White Tower from its having been originally whitewashed.

The great White Tower is a heavy, square building with a turret at each one of its four corners. The walls are of enormous thickness, — fifteen feet thick at the base and about thirteen at the uppermost or “state” floor, — and the venerable stronghold is divided into four stories including



THE TOWER OF LONDON

The Tower is made up of a group of buildings surrounded by a wall and a moat (now dry). The great White Tower with four corner turrets is the building shown in the left-center of the picture. The two turrets seen on the right belong to the modern Tower Bridge over the Thames River.

the vaults. The walls are pierced with deep, narrow, round-arched windows to let in light and air.

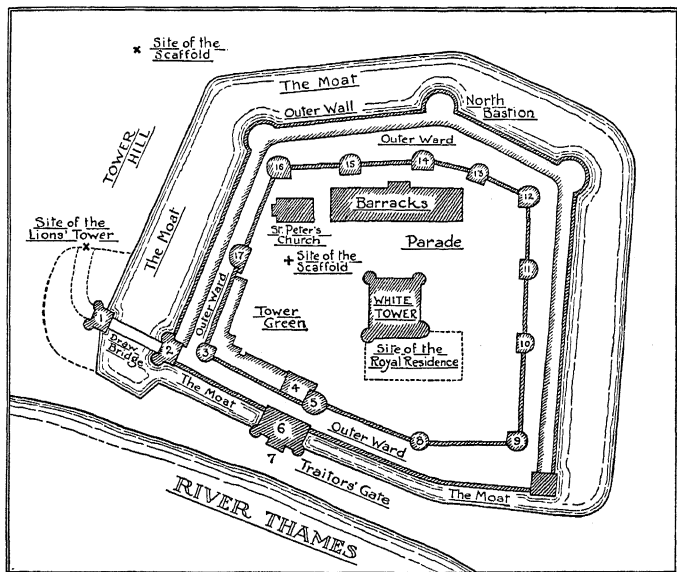
Below the Tower are numerous dungeons — horrible, foul-smelling dens almost devoid of light and air. Into these dungeons wretched captives used to be thrust — to perish, not infrequently, by famine or by more expeditious

means. Here is also what was once the torture chamber, and here are many subterranean and secret passages and stairways, many of them built within the solid masonry of the great walls, and leading up and down and branching off in various directions.

The top of the White Tower is reached by a spiral flight of stairs in the northwest turret, lighted by loopholes pierced through the immense thickness of the turret walls. From the roof can be seen the twelve or thirteen acres of inclosed area and the entire group of buildings which make up the Tower of London, all surrounded by an embattled stone wall about forty feet high and twelve feet wide. On the top of the wall is a path that was used, in the days when this gloomy pile was an armed fortress, as a footway for the guard.

Connected by this surrounding wall are a number of heavy, circular towers formerly used as prisons. In one or another of these towers have been imprisoned, at various times, many famous persons. Some were held for only a short time, a greater number were immured for many years, and some of the most illustrious victims were released only to meet their death upon the scaffold. The little princes, sons of Edward IV; Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated queen of Henry VIII; Lady Jane Grey, the victim of her family's ambition; the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favorite; Sir Walter Raleigh, at one time the most gayly dressed of all the nobles at Elizabeth's gay court, but dingy enough during the long years he spent in prison writing his *History of the World*, and hoping in vain for James I to give him freedom — all these and many more are the names associated with this gloomy fortress. The cold, gray-stone walls of the dreary prison rooms are deeply

graved with prisoners' names and with inscriptions carved by weary captives to while away the tedious days of their imprisonment.

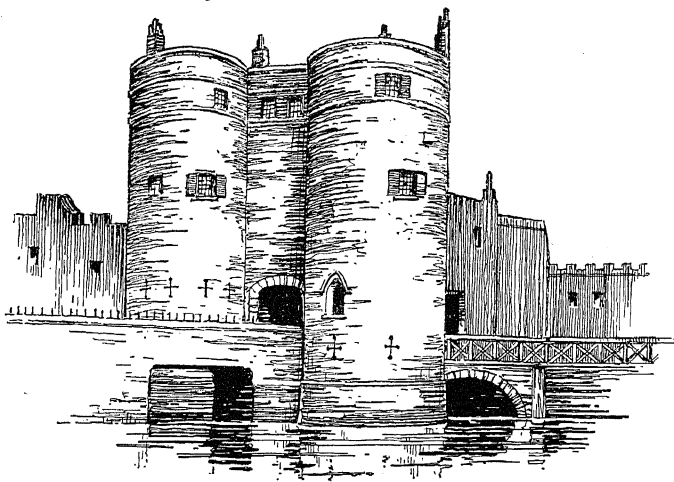


GROUND PLAN OF THE TOWER

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Middle Tower | 9. Salt Tower (i.e. <i>Assault</i> Tower) |
| 2. Byward Tower (i.e. the <i>Pass-word</i> Tower) | 10. Broad Arrow Tower |
| 3. Bell Tower | 11. Constable Tower |
| 4. Bloody Tower | 12. Martin Tower |
| 5. Wakefield Tower (Crown Jewels kept here) | 13. Brick Tower |
| 6. St. Thomas Tower | 14. Bowyer Tower |
| 7. Traitors' Gate | 15. Flint Tower |
| 8. Lanthorn Tower | 16. Devereux Tower |
| | 17. Beauchamp Tower |

The towers are now used as armories and as museums. The most important exhibit shown is that of the magnificent crown jewels, or Regalia.

On the outside of the great wall, whose massive gates are clamped with iron and bristling with the strong iron teeth of the portcullis, was, and is, a wide moat once filled with water but now dry.



BYWARD TOWER

This is where the password, or by-word, had to be given by anyone who wished to enter the outer ward.

The main entrance to the Tower precincts is by the Middle Gate and tower, at the southwest corner of the wall and moat. Outside the Middle Gate was the Lions' Tower (no longer existing) and a semicircular area where the kings of England formerly kept their wild beasts. In the reign of Henry III the Emperor Frederick presented to the English king three leopards, as a graceful allusion to the royal coat of arms. Not long afterwards there was added a white bear from Norway, for which the sheriffs of London were ordered to provide hastily "one muzzle

and one strong iron chain" to hold him when he was out of the water, and one long and strong cord to hold him when he was "fishing in the Thames." In the same reign an elephant was added to the growing menagerie, and an order is still preserved directing "that ye cause without delay to be built at our Tower of London one house forty feet long and twenty feet deep for our elephant."

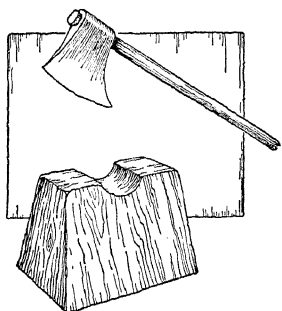
The royal menagerie was greatly increased in succeeding reigns, for the kings and queens loved to come here to watch their wild beasts. In fact, until quite modern times the animals at the Tower constituted one of the most popular sights of London. The savage roaring and growling and howling of the beasts was sometimes terrific, and the dreadful din must have been anything but a cheering sound to any of the prisoners in the towers or dungeons near enough to hear them. Not until 1834 were the animals removed. Then they were taken to form the nucleus for the Zoölogical Gardens collection.

Common criminals were not lodged in the Tower. Only men and women of high degree, and such who had offended against the sovereign or the kingdom, were kept here. These state prisoners, attended by an armed guard, were brought to the Tower by river, entering through the gloomy Traitors' Gate, a wide archway on the southern side, where the water formerly reached to the landing stairs within the arch. From this same gateway they were taken to their trial preceded by a strong guard and by a "gentleman jailor," who carried the ax of office with its edge turned *from* the prisoner as was the custom. The warders of the Tower, as they watched the prisoner return from the trial, could tell, before he landed at the gate, whether he had

been condemned to death or not, because if a fatal sentence had been passed, the ax would then be carried with the edge turned significantly *towards* the prisoner.

Prisoners were executed usually on Tower Hill, the rise of ground outside the walls on the west side of the Tower, where for many years a permanent scaffold stood, and

where the ground was again and again soaked with the blood of the highest in the land.



THE FATAL BLOCK AND AX
OF EXECUTION

It was really something of an honor to be beheaded, — hanging was the death of the ordinary criminal, — and it was an especial honor to be beheaded within the Tower walls. On the green by St. Peter's chapel was the place of execution reserved for the comparatively

private beheadings. And in those days when great crowds came to watch all executions, this so-to-speak private execution was a great concession made only to exalted rank. The queens, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, and a few other illustrious personages, among whom was Lady Jane Grey, are the only ones who were executed here. To-day a stone marks the spot where the block stood on "the Green within the Tower," now a graveled space where, it is said, grass has never consented to grow since the executions.

Anne Boleyn, the first queen and the first woman to be beheaded in England, was not put to death by the regular executioner, nor was she beheaded with an ax. She requested that if she must die, it might be by the sword,

and that in the hand of one skilled in such use of it, as, for instance, an executioner from France. Accordingly a headsman was fetched from Calais. In the Record Office there can still be seen a bill for his costume, made for this occasion, and for his "reward" of twenty pounds. But the ax was the usual instrument of death for beheadings.

In W. H. Ainsworth's novel *The Tower of London*, we have a fictitious account, but perhaps a fairly illustrative picture, of a headsman in the time of Queen Mary. His name is Mauger, and he has executed many noble prisoners. Mauger is described as "a savage-looking person, with red, bloodshot eyes and a cadaverous countenance." We see him on the evening before the execution of Lady Jane Grey, sharpening his heavy ax on a grindstone in preparation for its use upon the morrow. As he grinds he sings hoarsely the following gruesome ditty :

The ax was sharp, and heavy as lead,
As it touched her neck, off went her head!
whir — whir — whir — whir !

The screeching of the grindstone forms an appropriate accompaniment to the song.

Queen Catherine Howard gave me a fee —
A chain of gold — to die easily :
And her costly present she did not rue,
For I touched her head, and away it flew !
whir — whir — whir — whir !

Salisbury's Countess, she would not die
As a proud dame should — decorously.
Lifting my ax, I split her skull,
And the edge since then has been notched and dull.
whir — whir — whir — whir !

"Poor Lady Jane won't give me so much trouble, I'll be sworn," remarks the headsman, "she'll die like a lamb."

Mauger discourses somewhat about the technicalities of his ghastly profession. He evidently takes great pride in his skill with the ax. "If you wish to see a head cleanly taken off, get as near the scaffold as you can," he says, inviting his friends to the execution set for the next day. "She's sure of a speedy death with me."

But the Tower is not all horrors. Although it is best known in history as a prison, it was at first a royal palace and stronghold. Kings held their courts here, pageants flaunted their splendors in these gray walls, gorgeous coronations took place here, or started from this point on triumphant processions to Westminster. For six centuries following the Norman Conquest practically every event of importance in English history had some connection with the Tower. The whole place breathes adventure, mystery, and stirring deeds.

Viewed from the summit of the White Tower the fortress still presents a striking picture. But in the middle of the sixteenth century, when its outer ramparts were strongly fortified — when banners and pennons fluttered in the breeze from the vanes on every turret top and from the great pole on the roof of the White Tower — when cannon bristled from the battlements, and armed men marched from post to post along the walls — when the sound of martial music filled the air — when soldiers' pikes, steel caps, and corselets glittered in the sunshine, and the gleam of pike and corselet was reflected in the dark waters of the moat — when within the heavy towers state prisoners were immured — when drawbridges were raised and gates

were closed — when the soil around the scaffold on Tower Hill was dyed red with blood, and a sovereign lodged within the palace — *then*, indeed, the Tower presented a striking picture both to the eye and to the mind.



BEEFEATERS

The Warders of the Tower are generally known as *Beefeaters*. They still wear the traditional Tudor costume — bright red for state occasions. Notice their ruffs, the rosettes on their shoes, and the long halberds they are carrying.

The quaintly dressed Warders of the Tower, in their traditional and picturesque costume which dates back to the time of Henry VIII, are called *Beefeaters*, i.e., *buffetiers*, attendants at the royal table or buffet, although their official name is *Yeomen of the Guard*. Their state dress consists of a surcoat and knee breeches of fine red cloth ornamented with gold thread and black velvet. On the tunic is conspicuously embroidered the badge of England.

A small white ruff and a black velvet hat of Tudor shape and fashion complete the outfit. This costume of the Beefeaters in the Tower shows as much as anything else in London the reverence of England for her past.

The Yeomen of the Guard are all old soldiers who have been given this position for meritorious service. Originally they kept watch over the prisoners, but now they act as guides and figureheads.

The ancient and curious ceremony of locking up the Tower at night is still continued. Every night at eleven o'clock the Head Warder, carrying a large bunch of keys, and escorted by a guard of five or six men with a lantern, proceeds to lock up the Tower Gates.

On his way to the outer gate the Warder is challenged by each sentry as he passes, and after the gates are carefully locked and barred the procession returns, challenged again by each sentry as before. When the Warder reaches the main guard house, the sentry on duty stamps with his foot upon the ground and asks: "Who goes there?" The Warder answers: "The Keys." "Whose keys?" "King George's keys." (Always the name of the reigning monarch.) "Advance King George's keys, and all's well!"

The Warder, lifting his hat, exclaims: "God preserve King George!" to which the guard responds: "Amen!" The officer on guard gives the order: "Present arms!" The firearms rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort disperses, and the Head Warder marches alone across the parade ground to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. After this ceremony no one can go out from or in to the Tower, or even from one part to another without giving the countersign.

LONDON BRIDGE

London Bridge, renowned in song and story; London Bridge, the triumph of medieval engineering; London Bridge, the pride of every English heart for more than six hundred long years, exists no more. The present London Bridge is little more than a hundred years old and is only one of several bridges crossing the river Thames at London, but *The Bridge* of which the children still sing in their game of London Bridge has become a part of history.

London Bridge was for so long considered the glory of London, and was so much a part of the life of the city, that it demands a special share of attention.

It is possible that Caesar's engineers built a wooden bridge over the Thames at London. The Romans were great bridge builders, and though no foundations of a Roman bridge have ever been discovered, yet, when the river was being dredged to deepen the channel after the removal of the famous old London Bridge, a number of Roman coins of varying dates, together with some Roman pottery and bronze statuettes, were discovered buried deep in the gravel at the bottom of the river. We know that the Romans always celebrated the throwing open of a work of public utility by a religious ceremony and dedication, and an important part of such a ceremony, in the case of a bridge, was throwing into the water a votive offering in the form of newly minted money. This same offering was repeated whenever repairs were made upon the bridge. From the coins discovered in the gravel it seems pretty certain that a wooden bridge of some kind spanned the river in very early times.

The later Saxons had a bridge of wood across the river, which bridge was on different occasions either swept away by storm and flood or destroyed by fire. But these are not the bridges that we refer to when we talk about old London Bridge. The pride of medieval London was its old stone bridge. THE BRIDGE, the people called it, and they believed it to be one of the wonders of the world.

In 1176 when everybody was tired of continually patching up and rebuilding the old wooden bridge, Peter, the chaplain of the church of St. Mary Colechurch, in the Poultry, started to build a mighty bridge of stone.

Peter was an architect, and in his day the building of a bridge was considered a pious act. Most of the bridge-building was under the direction of religious guilds. Traveling was a dangerous business in the twelfth century, and the rivers and streams to be crossed were great obstacles to traffic, so the importance of bridges was well recognized. To point out the religious duty, then, of assisting wayfarers, and to protect the bridge, it was usually put under the patronage of some particular saint, and a chapel was often built upon it. Toll was paid by anyone passing over the bridge, and the sum thus collected was used for repairs.

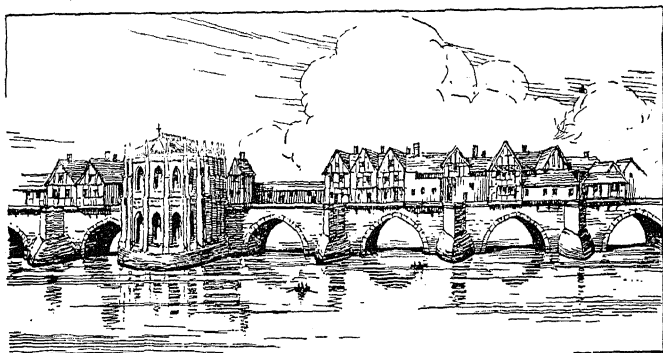
To build Peter's great stone bridge a great deal of money was needed. Offerings were asked for, and contributions were made by the king and by many citizens, not only of London but of the country at large, for all England was proud to share in helping forward this great enterprise. Henry II gave to the building fund the proceeds of a tax on wool, thus originating the popular saying that London Bridge was built upon wool-packs.

It took thirty-three years to build this great stone bridge, and Peter did not live to see it completed. He died in 1205 and the bridge was not finished until 1209. But his purpose was accomplished, and a noble bridge of stone spanned the broad river Thames. It was 926 feet long and 40 feet wide; it stood 60 feet above high water, resting on 19 pointed arches with massive piers, and it had a drawbridge which could be raised for the defense of the city or to allow ships to pass.

One curious thing about the bridge was that the arches were not of uniform span, but ranged from 10 feet to 32 feet, giving the bridge a strangely irregular appearance. Over the central and longest pier, purposely enlarged, Peter ordered a Gothic chapel to be erected and dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. This chapel was in two stories. It could be entered from the bridge, and it could also be entered from the river below by a flight of stairs built in the masonry of the pier. In the lower chapel, or crypt, was the tomb of Peter himself. The little church — indeed, the whole bridge — was a fitting monument to the man who gave so many years of his life to the building of London Bridge. The size of the chapel shows how large the pier supporting it must have been; the building was 65 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 40 feet high. The roof was supported by fourteen beautiful, clustered columns, and there were eight rich, Gothic windows.

London Bridge was peculiar in that it was built over a river that was not only broad, but a tidal river as well, in which the flood rose and ebbed with great violence twice a day. The rush of water through the arches, especially at high tide, made the navigation of them very dangerous,

for the narrowness of the bridge arches so contracted the channel of the river that a rapid current was created. This made passing under the arches, or "shooting the bridge," very hazardous. Ray's proverb that London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under shows the popular feeling about its rapids. The London watermen were extremely proud of the skill with



THE OLD BRIDGE

A section of old London Bridge, showing the chapel and some of the bridge houses. This view is taken from a very old picture.

which they shipped oars and shot the bridge rapids, but amateurs were usually unfortunate in their attempts. Prudent passengers insisted upon being landed above the bridge at the Old Swan Stairs, from where, if they wished to go farther, they walked to some wharf below the bridge and resumed their boats, the watermen, meantime, having shipped their oars and slid through under the arches.

There was a great deal of passing up and down the river, for the Thames was the principal highway between London and Westminster. The streets of London were so poorly

paved — or rather, not paved at all — and the Strand so much like a mud lane, that in going from east to west or west to east people avoided as much as possible the unsavory thoroughfares and resorted to the more popular avenue of travel — the river Thames.

John Taylor, the water poet (1580–1654), states that in his day there were as many as two thousand small boats for hire on the river at London, and that the number of watermen that earned their living by the labor of oar and scull upon the river was many times that number. Whatever the numbers were, the watermen in Shakespeare's day were very numerous and they must have made a very good thing of it, for Taylor, who was one of them, and who evidently did not live by the proceeds of his poetry alone, states :

But noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen,
I will divulge thy glory unto men ;
Thou, in the morning, when my coin is scant,
Before the evening doth supply my want.

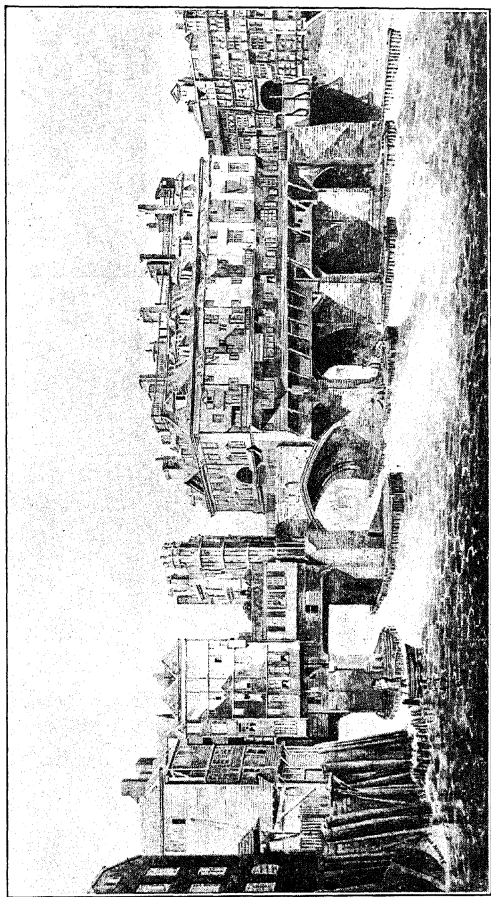
As there was only this one bridge to connect London with the Borough of Southwark, the traffic on it was frequently congested. People wishing quick transportation across the river often preferred to go over by boat, and this brought into use innumerable ferries.

Until as late as 1769 London Bridge remained the only bridge over the Thames, and as the bridge street was the continuation of the great High Street in Southwark, which from the earliest times was the principal highway leading to London from the south of England and the continent of Europe, the traffic over London Bridge was enormous. The bridge was the scene of countless pageants and pro-

cessions in the Middle Ages. Hosts of pilgrims going to the popular shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury passed along this way. Strolling players, cattle drovers with their herds, carts and coaches, foot passengers, and all the visitors and business from the continent used this route to enter London.

The Thames River was a very important part of London, and the most important thing connected with the river was its bridge. London Bridge was more than a bridge. It was not only a passageway across the river, it was a street and main avenue. In fact, it was almost a village in itself, for on each side of this noisy and populous thoroughfare was a closely packed row of houses and shops, so that the bridge appeared to the passer-by to be not a bridge at all, but a substantial street. The houses on each side projected over the water so far that in many places they hid the arches, and nothing could be seen beneath them but the rude piers. At intervals along the way, arches of strong timbers crossed the street from the tops of the houses on one side of the bridge to those on the other, supporting the houses and making the passageway beneath them seem almost like a tunnel.

There were three *vacancies* or open stretches where no houses were built and where one could look out and view the river both up and down, and realize that the bridge was a bridge and not a narrow street. These vacancies were protected by stone walls and iron rails, and were convenient places for foot passengers to step aside out of the way of carts and coaches, as the narrow passage was widened at these places. There was no separate way for foot passengers, and anyone venturing to cross the bridge



ANOTHER VIEW OF LONDON BRIDGE

This famous bridge of old London stood for more than six hundred years. The buildings on the bridge gave it a cumbersome but strikingly picturesque appearance.

did so at the risk of his neck. The usual and safest custom for a person crossing on foot was to take hold of the back of some vehicle that might be passing, and follow closely in its wake until he got across.

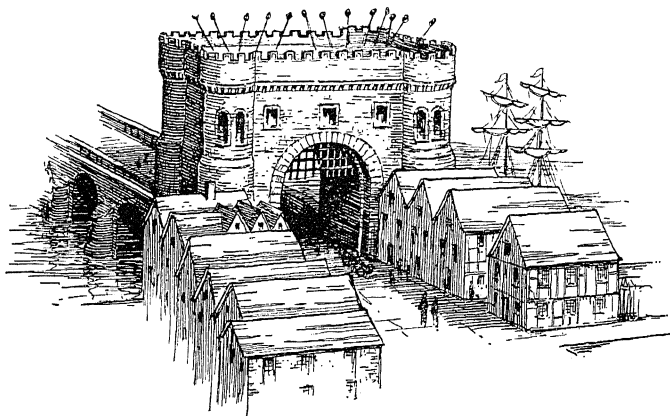
The lower floor of each of the houses lining the bridge was occupied by a shop of some kind. There were haberdashers, hatters, hosiers, glovers, booksellers, brewers, and, later on, pin and needle makers. The bridge became quite famous for its pin and needle shops, and people from all over London went there for these necessary commodities. In the houses above the shops lived the bridge inhabitants.

On top of some of the houses were platforms surrounded by railings, giving a fine prospect up and down the river and all over the city of London. Some of the houses had real roof gardens with plants and flowers and arbors.

Within and between the piers were vaults and cellars belonging to many of the houses. When the inhabitants wished for water, they let down a bucket by a long rope into the river.

The bridge had its inn, its beer houses, its bakeries, its manufactories, and even its church. It had one great show place, besides. This was the famous *Nonesuch House*, which was made in Holland entirely of wood, brought over to England in pieces, and erected on the bridge at the north side of the drawbridge. It was put together with wooden pegs only, not a single nail being used in the whole building. Nonesuch House was four stories high. It was built across the full width of the bridge, leaving an archway twenty feet wide for traffic to pass right through the center of the house. The house

extended over the parapet of the bridge for some distance on each side. An antique, carved gable towered above the building, and at each corner was a turret crowned by a short dome or Kremlin-like spire finished with a gilded vane. The whole front of Nonesuch House was elaborately carved, and furnished with many casement windows



TRAITORS' GATE

Within the arch can be seen the portcullis. Above the gate, impaled on long, iron spikes are the heads of men who have been executed for treason.

and little balconies decorated with richly sculptured wooden panels and gilded columns. Nonesuch House was one of the sights of London and the pride of all the bridge inhabitants.

The bridge had another sight as famous as this wonderful house, though famous for a far different and a very horrible reason. This was the great gatehouse at the Southwark end of the bridge called *Traitors' Gate*. It was a grisly sight, for the gate tower was garnished in a fashion

worthy of the natives of a cannibal island — with the moldering heads of those who had been executed for treason. The heads of these poor traitors, or such as were considered traitors, were impaled on long iron spikes and set up over the bridge gate to warn and terrify all beholders. The bridge furnished dreadful object lessons in English history in these livid and decaying heads of men, often men of high position in the kingdom. Sometimes as many as thirty heads could be counted on Traitors' Gate at one time. Occasionally they were taken down, but frequently they were left until the storms of winter, or some exceptionally heavy gale, blew them into the river.

Over the bridge passed many pageants, for by this route came foreign princes, royal embassies, and kings returning from victorious wars in foreign lands. At London Bridge they were welcomed to the city with great public celebrations and gorgeous pageants, for these occasions were made times of rejoicing and triumph. In welcome to the illustrious visitors, the parapets of the bridge would be hung with rich carpets, with cloths of gold and silver, and with scarlet hangings, and from the windows of the bridge houses would float silken banners and hangings of beautifully wrought tapestries. The windows themselves, and the housetops as well, would be crowded with spectators eager to see the passing of the great procession. The bridge people felt themselves to be the proprietors of all the splendor that marched across their bridge, and so, in effect, they were; and they would proudly exhibit it — for a consideration — whenever the return of a king or a hero gave to the bridge a reflected glory.

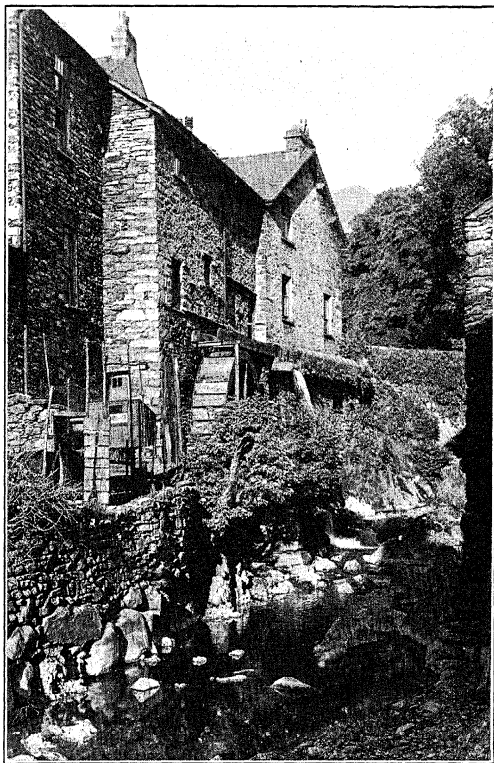
Sometimes the ceremonial procession would be a solemn and splendid funeral like that of Henry V, who died in France and was brought to England and conveyed by way of London Bridge to his final resting place in Westminster Abbey. The funeral cortege, advancing in rich and solemn procession over the bridge, was a magnificent and imposing spectacle. On a royal chariot, decorated like a bed of state with cloth of gold, was laid a figure exactly representing the late king, clothed in a robe of purple velvet lined with ermine, wearing an imperial diadem of gold and jewels on its head, and holding in its hands the regal scepter and the orb and cross. The face, fashioned of boiled leather, was painted to resemble life. On the bed lay a covering of sumptuous red silk beaten with gold. The chariot was drawn by six horses richly caparisoned and bearing heraldic designs upon their housings. Over the chariot was held a magnificent and costly canopy carried by selected, honorable attendants. It was surrounded by three hundred torchbearers clothed in white, and followed by five thousand men-at-arms on horseback clad in black armor, and holding their spears reversed. A funeral like this, the bridge people thought, was certainly worth beholding from the windows of the bridge houses, and there was no one who disputed them.

London Bridge, like a substantial and important citizen of London, owned considerable property. The expenses of maintaining the bridge, the repairs of the arches after destructive floods and storms, the rebuilding of the houses and the upper structure after the frequently recurring fires which caused great damage, the salaries of the bridge keepers and officers — all these required a great deal of

money. The tolls paid for some, and the rent from the bridge houses brought in a good deal of money. But besides these sources of income the bridge owned a large amount of property. Many charitable men on dying left lands and buildings to the bridge by their wills, endowing it with the income from buildings in the city and holdings in the country. London Bridge owned such a number of houses in one part of London that the street where they were situated was named *Bridge House Place*. The bridge possessed numerous houses, shops, granaries, and breweries in the city, and outside London it had acres of farm and meadow land. At Stratford-on-Avon, London Bridge owned some important water mills. In fact the bridge was quite an important property holder, and it needed all its income to pay for its maintenance.

The people living on the bridge gloried in its wealth and importance. They considered the bridge a sort of narrow town in itself with its inn, its shops, its homes, and even its church — until the chapel was turned into a dwelling house. The bridge looked upon its two neighbors, London and Southwark, which it linked together, as being all very well for a city and suburb, but nowhere near so important and interesting as itself.

Children were born on the bridge, reared there, grew to be old people, and finally died without having lived anywhere else, or even having wandered far from the old bridge they loved so well. To such people the noisy, disorganized procession which moved continually through its street, night and day, with its confused roar of shouts and cries, its neighings and bleatings and bellowings, and its muffled tramping, seemed the one great thing in the world.



AN OLD MILL

This is similar to the water mills owned by old London Bridge.

They were so used to the noises, not only of the passing crowds, but also of the rushing and roaring of the water underneath the arches, that they found life unendurably dull and tame without it. History tells of an old man who was born on the bridge and lived there until he was seventy-one years old, when, on account of failing health, he went to the country for a change of air. But did it help him? Not at all. He could not sleep without the roaring of the waters and the old bridge noises. The stillness was so painful, so oppressive, so disturbing that he had no rest at night but could only toss about upon his bed and fret and worry, until, worn out by the quiet, he fled back to his old home and fell asleep to the crashing and the booming of the bridge noises which he had been accustomed all his life to hear.

The bridge had its romances, too. One of the most interesting is the story of Edward Osborne, the gallant apprentice. Edward Osborne was apprenticed to a wealthy cloth worker, Sir William Hewitt, who, later on, became the Lord Mayor of London, but who at the time of this story was living with his family on the bridge. One day, Sir William's little daughter, Anne, was playing with her nurse at a window of the house, which overlooked the river, and, by chance, Anne slipped and fell from the window to what seemed certain death in the rushing river underneath.

Young Osborne, who was working close at hand, saw the accident, and like a flash he sprang after the child and caught her from the churning waters. By his strong swimming and by the timely help of some watermen in their boats the two were saved, fortunately. The story goes on to say that when the little Anne grew to be a

woman her father gave her in marriage, with a large dowry of lands, to her brave rescuer, the former apprentice lad. Anne had grown to be a beautiful young woman, and she was courted by many people of wealth and nobility, among them the Earl of Salisbury, but her heart was inclined to young Osborne. Her father, when he heard of the earl's offer, is said to have declared: "She shall not be the earl's. Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so he did. Osborne afterwards became Lord Mayor himself. He was also knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and one of his descendants founded the family of the Duke of Leeds.

But London Bridge could not last forever, and after something more than six hundred years the old bridge was pulled down. It was impossible to leave it as it was. Much valuable merchandise and many lives were lost shooting through the narrow arches underneath the bridge. Traffic was blocked by the bridge houses, which encroached upon the passageway that was scarcely wide enough even without them; and the houses themselves were falling into decay, and in constant need of repair. So the old bridge had to go, and a little farther up the river a new and modern London Bridge was built to take its place. But though the fabric of old London Bridge has disappeared, the old bridge still lives on in history and song and story. Few indeed are the English-speaking children who do not know :

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair Lady.

TEMPLE BAR

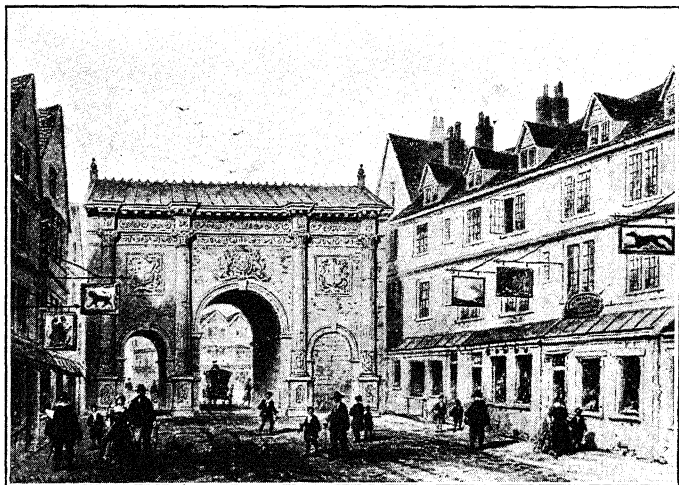
Temple Bar, the third of the old landmarks, remained in place until 1878. Until that date there had been, for centuries, a bar or gate across the road where Fleet Street merges itself into the Strand. This gate marked the boundary of the land which, though outside the City walls, was still under the control of the city authorities, — the so-called *Liberties* of the City, — and it separated the Liberties of the City from the Liberties of Westminster.

The name of Temple Bar suggests romance and mystery, and yet it is a very simple name, definitely describing the original gate. It seems fairly certain that the first form of demarcation between the property of the City and that of Westminster took the form of a bar, or perhaps a chain, hung between two posts. It was called the *Temple Bar* because it adjoined the property of the *Knights Templars*, an ancient religious and military order, founded in the days of the Crusades to protect the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem and to defend pilgrims on their way to and from the Holy Land. The members of this order were called Templars from their original designation as *Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon*. In London the Knights Templars owned a piece of ground sloping down to the Thames, a little west of the Fleet River.

No one knows exactly when the Temple Bar was first put up, but it is mentioned as early as 1301 in a grant of lands made to a certain Walter le Barbour which lay, so the document states, “extra Barram Novi Templi,” outside the Bar of the New Temple.

The first simple barrier was replaced, in time, with a

large wooden structure, half gate and half building, which spanned the street at this spot. Within the wide arch of this structure hung heavy gates which could be closed at will. It is hard to say just when this Temple Bar was built, but it is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VII, and it was certainly there during the time



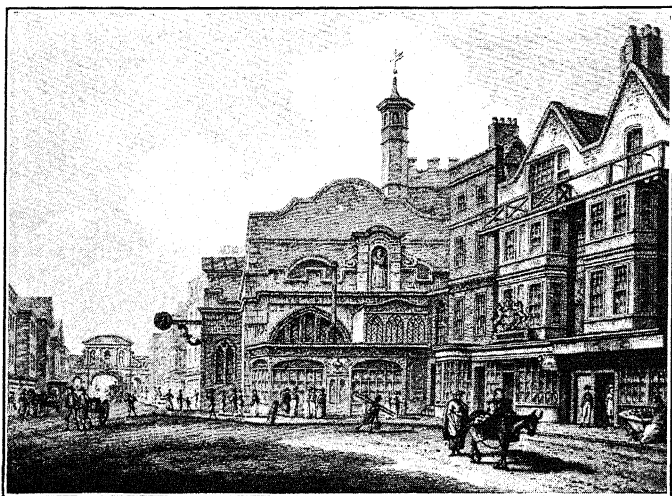
THE OLD WOODEN TEMPLE BAR

This wooden Temple Bar was replaced in 1670 by the better-known stone Temple Bar.

of Henry VIII, for Stow, the historian, tells us that when Anne Boleyn proceeded with great celebration from the Tower to Westminster for her coronation, the streets were gorgeously decorated in her honor, and the Bar at the Temple was newly painted and repaired.

The last Temple Bar — the one we usually see in pictures — was built in 1670. It was designed by Sir Christopher

Wren when London was being rebuilt after the great fire of 1666. The old wooden gate was not burned in the conflagration, but it was sadly out of repair and almost ready to fall down. Charles II promised to give, from the revenue he was receiving from the newly invented hackney



THE LAST TEMPLE BAR

At the left and in the far background of the picture can be seen the famous stone Temple Bar. It was built in 1670 and remained standing for 208 years.

coaches, a large sum of money towards the building of the new gate. The king never paid his contribution, but the gate was put up just the same.

It was a rather ugly building of stone, with a fair-sized room above the main arch, and heavy, oaken, paneled gates within the arch. Temple Bar was adorned with a great deal of carving and decoration, and with statues of

various kings and queens, but it was an unattractive structure for all that.

But though Temple Bar was architecturally insignificant, it had a tremendous significance in the history and romance of England as a sign of the City's power — a significance that clings to the spot occupied by the Bar even now, after the gate has gone. It is at this point that the sovereigns of England, on their state visits to the City, are obliged to halt, and here, according to civic etiquette, they must obtain permission from the Lord Mayor to enter the territory belonging to the City. The great gates within the Bar were invariably closed on those public occasions when the monarch approached the City. Upon the arrival of the king or queen at Temple Bar a herald would sound a trumpet, another herald would knock loudly upon the gate, and a parley would follow. Then the gates would be flung open, the Lord Mayor in his gorgeous robes of office and his regalia would appear, and, with much ceremony, present to his sovereign the great sword of the City of London, with permission to pass Temple Bar and enter the City property. The sword was always courteously returned to the Lord Mayor, and the procession could then proceed on its way.

Temple Bar is gone, and only a small monument marks the spot where it used to be, but even to-day, on great state occasions, the sovereign halts at the old place and the ancient ceremonial of obtaining permission from the Lord Mayor is still observed. The question arises: What would happen if the monarch did not ask permission? — but the question is a useless one. He always has, and,

as long as the English cling to old traditions, the chances are he always will.

Much has happened at Temple Bar. As the official approach to the City, half a mile farther east, the Bar was associated with innumerable pageants celebrating great events in the history of London. During the reign of Elizabeth, Temple Bar was frequently the scene of pageants, and after the overthrow of the Armada, when the queen went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to give formal thanks for the overwhelming victory, the Bar was wonderfully decorated with flags and streamers and coats of arms and allegorical figures, so beloved of that period, while the City minstrels, assembled on the top, burst forth into triumphant song as she stopped for a while beneath the archway.

At the restoration of Charles II it was gayly decorated with banners and with flowers; and the great oaken gates, festooned with flowers and fruits, were opened wide to welcome him, while the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, in rich attire, and all the City companies in their liveries were gathered here to give the monarch welcome to his kingdom. The gates were opened to welcome succeeding sovereigns, as well, and gaily decorated to celebrate coronations and victories.

Temple Bar participated in more solemn celebrations, also, such as the funerals of noted persons. For the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the whole gateway was hung in black.

In dreadful contrast to this ornamentation of Temple Bar was the fearful embellishment of skulls and heads displayed upon it. Just as in earlier days the entrances to

London Bridge were decorated with the heads of malefactors, so, at a later period, was Temple Bar made hideous by the horrible remains of those who had been beheaded and quartered for high treason. These revolting objects were exhibited on iron spikes specially fixed for this purpose above the pediment of the middle arch. No one could see Temple Bar without connecting it with these human remains — dried by summer heats, and beaten and occasionally hurled to the ground by winter storms. One of the heads is said to have remained there for more than thirty years. It had come to seem almost a part of the Bar itself. But it was finally blown down in a gale of wind. The poor, shriveled head was picked up and eventually sold to a student of antiquities, who preserved it as a valuable relic and directed that at his death he should be buried holding it in his right hand.

Evelyn, the diarist, writes of seeing what he calls “a dismal sight, which many pitied” after an execution. But dismal or not, many people made quite a trade of renting glasses to see these gruesome relics. Walpole, writing a letter to a friend, says: “I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying glasses at a half-penny a look.”

The last of the heads fell from its spike in 1772, but the spikes were not removed until the next century.

Johnson tells an anecdote of Goldsmith and Temple Bar. One day, the two men were together in Westminster Abbey, and as they were walking around the Poets' Corner, reading the names of the famous dead, Johnson, quoting a verse from *Ovid*, remarked to Goldsmith:

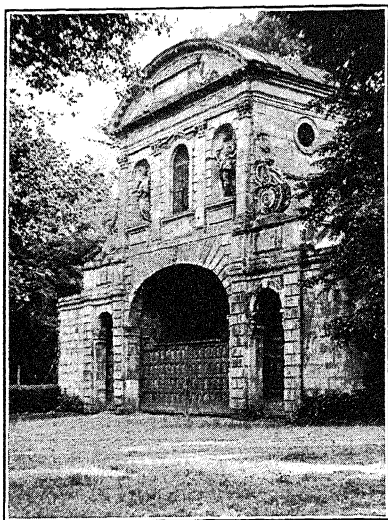
"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis," which may be translated into: "It may be that our names will be mingled with these." When they came to Temple Bar on their way home, Goldsmith's Irish wit saw a new application of the

verse. He stopped Johnson and, pointing upwards to the heads upon the gate, whispered slyly: "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

In 1878 Temple Bar was taken down after endless, heated discussions and struggles in Parliament. The heavy traffic at this point made it necessary to remove all ob-

structions to passing vehicles, and the Bar formed a permanent

obstacle to traffic on account of the narrowness of its archway, which barely allowed two vehicles to pass each other. The stones were numbered as they were taken down, and they were kept, with a view to the reërection of the gate in some more convenient situation. Some years later they were purchased by a wealthy man, — Sir Henry



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAST TEMPLE BAR

This famous Bar was taken down in 1878 to give more room for traffic, and was reërected at Waltham Cross, as shown here.

Meux, — who had the Bar reërected as one of the gateways to Theobald's Park, Waltham Cross, not far from London. And there Temple Bar stands to-day, beneath the trees, like a prosperous, elderly citizen who, after a long life among the turmoil of the city streets, retires to a quiet, country place to spend the remainder of his days in peace.

At the spot where Temple Bar once stood now stands the little Temple Bar memorial, a small column surmounted by a bronze image of the City griffin and arms, and commonly known as the "Griffin."

The removal of old Temple Bar was inevitable in the march of progress, but many people mourned the loss of the old landmark, and the Griffin has never been popular. The opinions of a number of tradition-loving Londoners were set forth in the press in verses, of which the following is a fair example :

If the Gate is pulled down, 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass, prudent, worthless, and witty.
If you league cit and lordling, as brother and brother,
You'll break order's chain, and they'll war with each other.
Like the great Wall of China, it keeps out the Tartars
From making irruptions, where industry barters.

.

They'll destroy in one sweep both the Mart and the Forum,
Which your Fathers held dear, and their Fathers before them.

CHAPTER VI

THE PART PLAYED BY THE EARLY MONASTERIES AND THE CHURCH

*With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.*

—MILTON, *Il Penseroso*

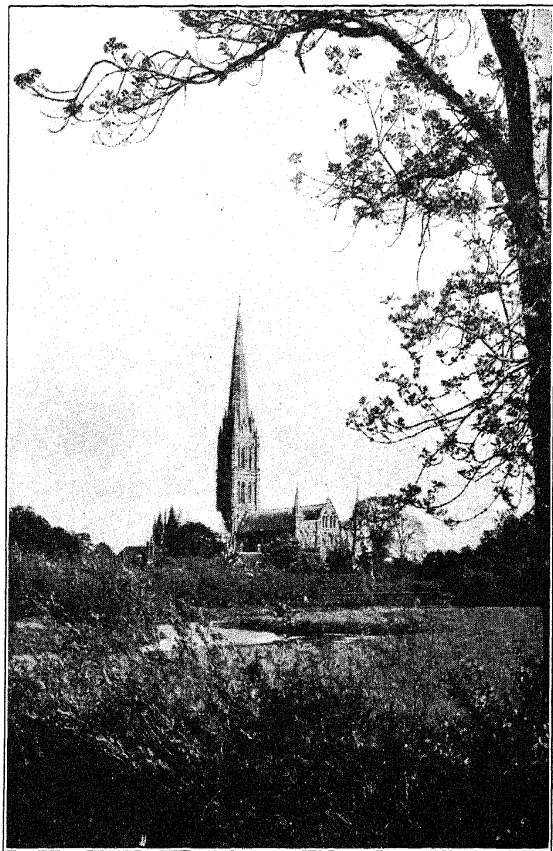
IN LOOKING at this picture of bygone days in England there is another phase of English life that we cannot ignore — a phase that shows the difference between the liberal attitude of mind in men and women of to-day and the intolerant feeling of people in earlier days. Nowadays everyone is free to live according to any doctrine or religious belief that does not work harm to the community. But in times past people were not free to worship in any manner except that prescribed by a ruling authority, and no man had any tolerance for a different opinion in his neighbor's belief.

This chapter is not in any sense a record of historical events in the religious life of England. It is merely another note of color added to the picture of former English days — a rich and striking color, showing what religion and the Church meant in the lives of English men and women.

When we are considering these early times, we can never leave out the Church (*Church* spelled with a capital C, and meaning organized Christianity). It is no exaggera-

tion to say that, in medieval days, practically every man, woman, and child believed without the shadow of a doubt in the teachings of the Church. Their faith was absolute. The parish priest knew everybody in his parish; he was consulted in every difficulty; he was to be found in any home where there was trouble; and he directed the family life of his parishioners in matters secular as well as spiritual. In the Middle Ages religion influenced every important act of life, from the cradle to the grave.

And the majestic buildings of the great cathedral churches were the marvels of the age. They were built by the people to the glory of God; their size was not limited by the size of the congregation; they were made as large as piety and wealth could build them. Contributions to the building of these great cathedrals were made by everyone, and the work upon them was considered a religious offering. They stand as monuments to the ideals of the Middle Ages — wonderful cathedrals, with lofty towers and high-vaulted ceilings, with tall pillars and long arched vistas through which could be seen the high altar at the eastern end. Richly embroidered altar cloths adorned the altar, and a host of starlike candles set in beautifully wrought gold candlesticks illuminated it. Of gold and silver, also, were the crosses and the chalices upon the altar, and often these were set with precious stones. An even greater glory was shed upon these splendors on bright days, when the warm shafts of sunlight, glowing with rich colors of rose and crimson and amethyst and blue, came streaming through the great stained-glass windows, which were the glory of the art of the Middle Ages, and which have never been surpassed.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

Salisbury has the tallest spire of any cathedral in England. A local rhyme ascribes to the building as many pillars, windows, and doors as there are hours, days, and months in the year.

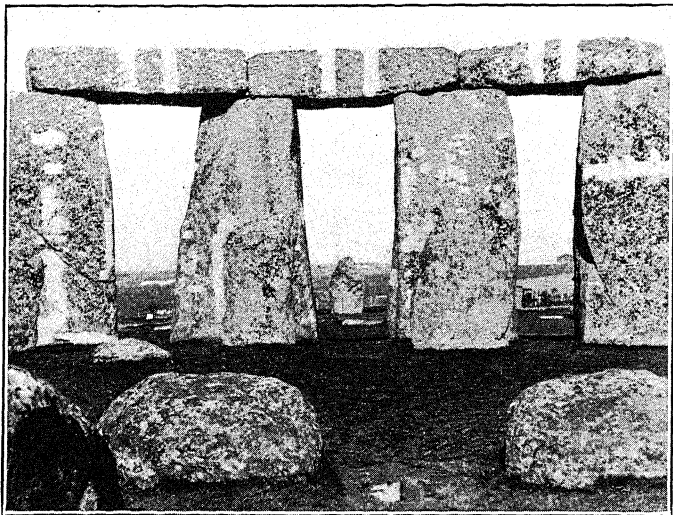
At times of special ceremonials hundreds of candles glowed upon the altar. Sometimes the royal red robes of a cardinal, sometimes the princely purple robes of bishops, gave an added richness to the impressive sight. Music and the chanting voices of the priests and choir echoed through the high-vaulted arches, and perfume from the incense of swinging censers floated out to the kneeling crowds in the great cathedral, adding a special charm to the splendor of the service and the Church. The Church, with its glories, its power, and its protection, was the best thing that the people of the Middle Ages knew in life, and even when the conditions of their life were miserable, the promises of a future happiness made this existence seem to them to be only the dark entrance hall to a bright and happy dwelling in the world to come.

When England was first converted from its old pagan beliefs to Christianity, monasteries were built for the monks and scholars who came across the channel from Europe to teach the people in England. The monasteries flourished and increased in number. A kind of rough schooling was offered by the monks; churches and other buildings were put up; new arts were introduced. Mosaic work, painting, carving, and other decorative arts came to be well known to the people, because in building the great cathedrals all these means of decoration were used to make the houses of God more beautiful.

In times of war — and in those early days when there were not wars! — the monasteries were spared. For this reason people settled as near the monasteries as they could, trusting that these sanctuaries would protect their homes.

In this way towns sprang up around the monasteries, and these towns grew and prospered.

The work done by the monasteries of the Middle Ages was of the greatest value. In agriculture alone it can hardly be too highly estimated. The monks were the



STONEHENGE

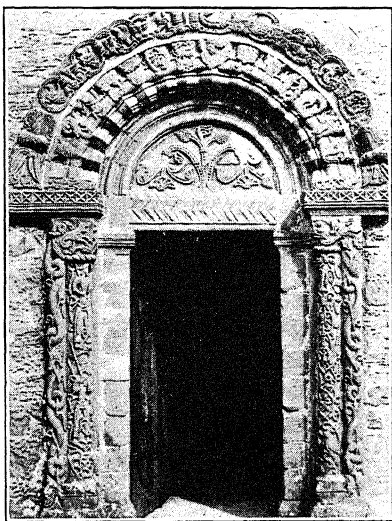
Stonehenge dates back to ages long before Christianity came to England. It is part of a mysterious and very ancient pagan monument, possibly a tomb, and it was probably connected with Druid religious rites.

most skillful farmers of the time. They built their monasteries usually in more or less wild country. To do this they cleared away forests; they drained swamps, and made waste land into fruitful fields and gardens. Then they built roads and bridges to make it easier to journey to other communities. Throughout the country

the monasteries were the only hospitals for the sick and the only almshouses for the poor. The monks carried on the only schools there were — very strange and rudimentary schools, it is true, yet of great importance to following generations because they kept alive an interest in education and learning, in an age when to use a sword and lance was considered more important than to know one's letters, and at a time when many a noble knight felt it no disgrace to be unable to read or to write his own name.

The monasteries saved classic literature from destruction, and gave us most of the history of manners and customs of the

Middle Ages, as well as records of historical events, for the various religious houses kept regular journals, or chronicles, in which the monks set down what was done in the convent from day to day, with occasional remarks on what was happening in the kingdom. The monasteries brought knowledge to the people in another way, too, because when any ecclesiastic made a journey



DOORWAY OF A CHURCH AT KILPECK

This is a good example of the carved stonework used to decorate the early churches.

to Rome, he usually took with him a large number of priests and other people. These travelers came into touch with other nations; they learned new languages; they saw strange lands and customs, historic temples, aqueducts, and amphitheaters. And when the men who made these pilgrimages came back to England, they brought back many new ideas and opened men's minds to a wider field than ever before.

Above all, in those days of lawless barons and robber outlaws, the Church stood for the best ideals of life that the people knew. And even later, when some of the monks and friars seemed to forget their principles of righteous living, the monasteries stood for a reminder, to those who cared to remember, that they had been founded by men who had devoted their lives to serving God and helping mankind.

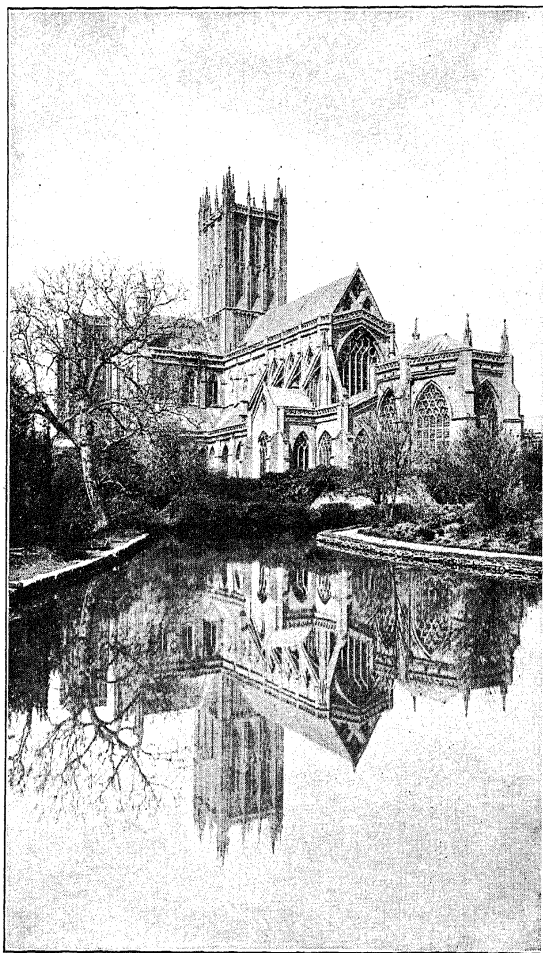
As time went on, the monasteries of England grew more and more important. They grew rich and powerful, for while it is true that no individual monk could hold property, the monastery as a whole could own unlimited wealth. A great monastery was almost a city in itself. At its head was the abbot, who was so eminent a person that he ranked among the nobility, and frequently lived in as much state as any great lord. Then there were the monks, who carried on the different affairs of the community. Perhaps there were a few anchorites, monks who at their own request were sometimes imprisoned for life in a narrow stone cell, which had one small opening through which food could be passed to them, and another through which they could see into the monastic church and hear the services. By enduring this kind of life the anchorites believed they would become very holy men.

In addition to the monks and anchorites there were the lay brothers, who wore the dress of the order and were under vows, but who had not taken holy orders; there were novices, young monks who had not yet taken the full, life vows of the order; and there were pupils in the monastery schools, and there were craftsmen of various kinds, as well as laborers, who depended on the monastery for their employment.

Besides all these, there were always transient guests, often accompanied by trains of followers, who were entertained at the monastery before the days of inns and hotels. In modern life there is no community which resembles to any extent the medieval monastery. It was at the same time an inn, a school, a hospital, a center of industry in the midst of large estates, and, above all, a place of worship and religious life.

In early times monasteries were sometimes called convents, but, as time went on, the word *convent* was more generally used for a nunnery, which was a religious establishment for women corresponding to a monastery for men. In these nunneries the nuns were under the orders of an abbess, and there they lived and worked and prayed. Their manner of life was similar to that of monks in a monastery under the direction of an abbot.

The various occupations of the monastery were carried on in the monastic buildings and on the farm or grounds belonging to the order. Of these buildings the largest and most beautiful was the church. Most of these churches were built in the form of a Latin cross, the head of the cross, where the chancel and high altar were, lying toward the east. Sometimes there were two towers at the

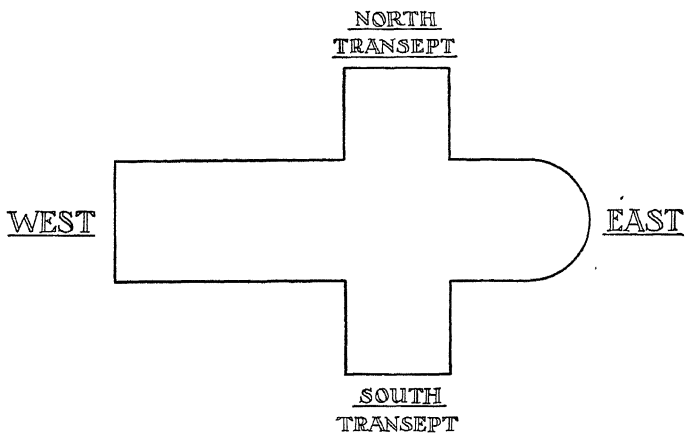


WELLS CATHEDRAL

This is a beautiful example of an English Gothic cathedral.

west end, sometimes a central tower, sometimes all three. No picture can give much idea of the impressiveness of these noble structures, but it can give an idea of their general appearance.

Adjoining the church was the cloister. This was an arched passageway surrounding an inclosed square garden,

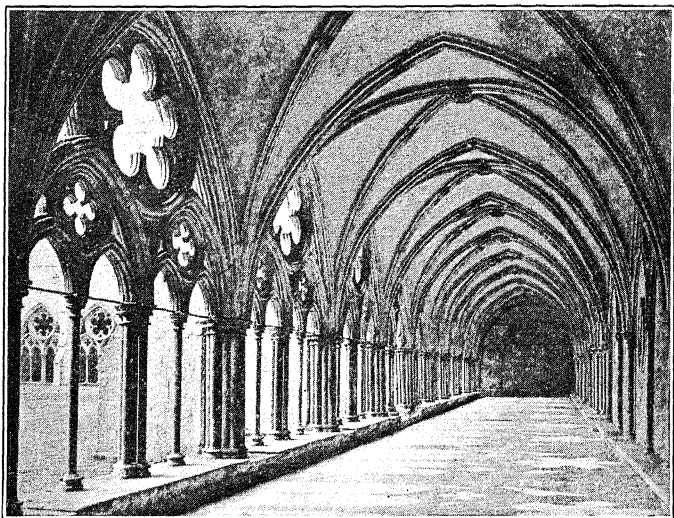


GROUND PLAN OF A CATHEDRAL

The form is a Latin cross. The head of the cross with the altar and choir always lies toward the East.

or court, formed by the groups of monastic buildings. One side of the passageway was walled by the surrounding buildings, and the other side was an open arcade or colonnade looking out on to the court. A continuous stone bench ran around the walled side of the cloister, and here and there were movable desks and wind screens forming little studies in which the brethren might read and write. Here, too, they took their daily exercise, and passed from one building to another.

Opening from the cloister was the chapter house, which was a meeting place for the monks. Close by was the refectory, where the brothers, seated around a long table, ate in silence, while a selection from some religious book was read aloud to them. To complete the establishment



A CLOISTER

Through the arches can be seen the cloister passageway continuing around the cloister garth, or courtyard.

there was an almonry, where daily help was given to the poor ; a guest house ; an infirmary for the sick ; a scriptorium, where the monks wrote their manuscripts and where, before the days of printing, they made by hand all their beautifully illuminated Church service books. There were also dormitories, kitchens, and various other buildings.

The monks wore long frocks of coarse, woolen cloth made with a hood attached, and girded around the waist with a cord. The *friars* (the word means *brothers*), who belonged to the various mendicant or begging orders, but not to any special monastery, dressed in the same manner. The mendicant friars went around the country preaching to the people and supporting themselves by whatever work they could get to do, or by begging alms. The frocks of the different orders differed in color. Thus the *Franciscan Friars* wore grayish-brown frocks, and because of this were commonly called *Gray Friars*. The *Dominican Friars* wore black frocks, and were called *Black Friars*, and the *Carmelites* wore white frocks, and were known as *White Friars*. A certain district in London where there was formerly a Dominican monastery is still known by the name of Blackfriars, and in another part of the city there is a street called Whitefriars. The names are all that are left from the times when these portions of London were the property of these religious orders.

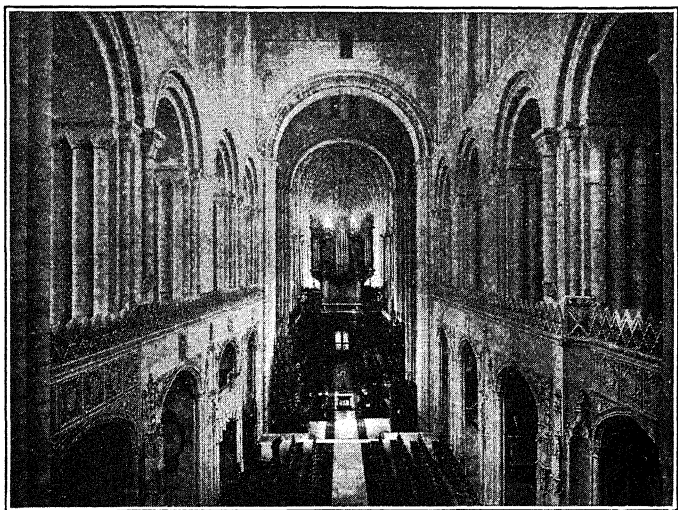
All the work of the monasteries was strictly regulated and carried out at stated hours. Everything arranged itself about the services of the church, which began with *prime*, at six o'clock in the morning, and continued at various canonical hours on and off during the whole day and part of the night. They had plenty to keep them occupied, — these monks of old, — and the monastery bell was almost continually ringing to call them to some task or devotion.

During medieval times the ringing of a church bell was a familiar sound throughout all England. From the monasteries of the countryside and from the city churches

these ringing bells could be heard at almost any hour of the day or night. When we realize that within the square mile of old London town and just outside the city walls there were, in the days of Chaucer, more than 136 parish churches, besides the great cathedral and the monastery churches, we can easily imagine what a pealing and chiming, what a striking and clanging, what a jingling and jangling, must have sounded forth from all these bells. They rang all day long; they rang from the cathedral tower of old St. Paul's, from stately monasteries, and from the little parish churches and chapels. They rang for services, and to tell the time of day; they rang for festivals and for fasts; they rang for pageants and for prayers, for births and marriages and funerals; they rang for the election of the aldermen and the Lord Mayor, for coronations and for victories; they rang for work to begin and for work to end — in fact they rang almost unceasingly. The ringing and the tolling of the bells brought many messages of joy, and sometimes sadness, to the people in the streets, who must have had strong nerves to stand this endless ding-ding-dong. But it troubled those old Londoners not a whit — they liked the pealing and the clashing of these hundreds of bells, and would have been distressed to have them stilled. The ringing church bells spoke to the people of a joyous, hearty religion, and that was the religion for which they cared most.

These countless, sounding bells tell us something of the position held by the Church in Chaucer's time. The Church was everywhere. The austere frocks of priests and monks and the somber habits of black-robed nuns were to be seen in all the crowds of the streets; they were

met with in the great houses of the rich and noble, as well as in the poor man's cottage. The monasteries owned broad acres of fertile land in the country around London and elsewhere. If we could see a map of London of the time of Chaucer and the Plantagenet kings, we should see



INTERIOR OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL

that a good fourth part of the area of the city was given over to church edifices and the religious houses of monasteries, nunneries, and church schools, with their various buildings, their courtyards, and their gardens.

The medieval Church was not only enormously wealthy, but its power and authority were equal to its wealth. With the passing of time many of the monks and mendicant friars forgot to a large extent the ideals of simplicity and discipline which had inspired the founders of their

orders, and partly on account of the ignorance and superstition of the times, partly on account of the gifts lavished upon them by the enthusiasm of noble and wealthy patrons, and partly through their own selfishness, many of these orders came to be rich and self-indulgent groups. In books dealing with this period we read a great deal about various jolly priests, and the rollicking good fellowship which they often enjoyed. Friar Tuck, the chaplain and steward of Robin Hood, is a fictitious character, but he is introduced by Sir Walter Scott into the novel of *Ivanhoe* as a fairly representative portrait of certain pleasure-loving monks and friars, who were examples of a great contrast between their practice and their profession.

Friar Tuck is pictured as a jovial, sturdy friar in hood and gown girt with a rope of rushes. He is red-cheeked and hearty, looking as if he dined more often on sirloins and haunches of venison than on the parched pease and dried pulse of a hermit's ascetic fare, and he is entertaining the Black Knight, who has sought food and shelter in the friar's hermitage in the wild forest. They are eating with gusto a fat venison pasty baked in a huge pewter dish. The fat buck which furnished the venison was one of the king's deer, and the priest had helped himself to it with the aid of a long bow and a swift and silent gray goose shaft. But for the sake of appearances the pasty is supposed to have been given to the priest by a charitable keeper of the forest. When the Black Knight's hunger has been somewhat appeased by this pasty, he glances around the hut with a good-humored smile. "Holy Clerk," he remarks, "I would gage my good horse against a zecchin that the same honest keeper to whom we are

obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty."

The hermit replies by a grin, and going to the hutch from which he had produced the pasty, he brings out a leather bottle, which contains about four quarts. He also brings forth two large drinking cups. After filling both cups and saying in the Saxon fashion, "Waes hael, Sir Knight!" he empties his own at a draft.

Then there follows an evening of drinking and singing in front of the crackling fire in the jolly hermit's cell, and as the wine in the leather bottle grows less, the songs and ballads become more uncanonical and jovial. Fast and furious grows the mirth of the two, and many a song, such as the following, is exchanged between them:

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR

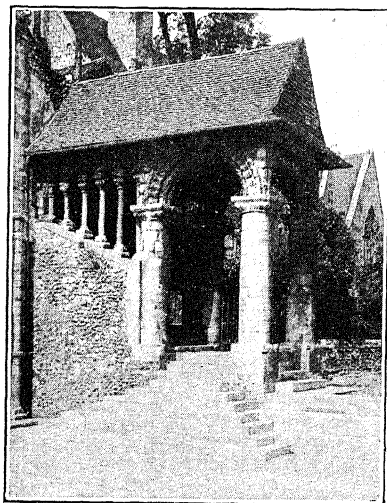
I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your monarch! Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar!

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the Devil and trust of the Pope;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Anybody who has read Chaucer must have noticed the condition into which many of these men of the Church had degenerated by the time of the fourteenth century. In Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* we have a very good picture



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL
The Norman porch and stairway.

of what the people of his day were like. Chaucer took his characters from the men and women that he saw around him. He shows us what these people wore, how they talked, and how they acted. Out of the thirty-one persons making up this representative English company who went on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, twelve belonged to the Church. The proportion of ecclesi-

astics in the group is not accidental. It shows how thoroughly the Church ruled all the life of England at the time these tales were written. Chaucer's attitude toward this group of pilgrims is discriminating. He praises those who deserve his respect, like the Town Parson, a humble and a learned man who loved his people, and gave out of his scanty means to help the poor :

This noble example to his sheep he gave,
That first he wrought, and after that he taught.

A better priest, I trow there nowhere none is,
 He waited after no pomp and reverence,

.

But Christ's lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught; and first he followed it himself.

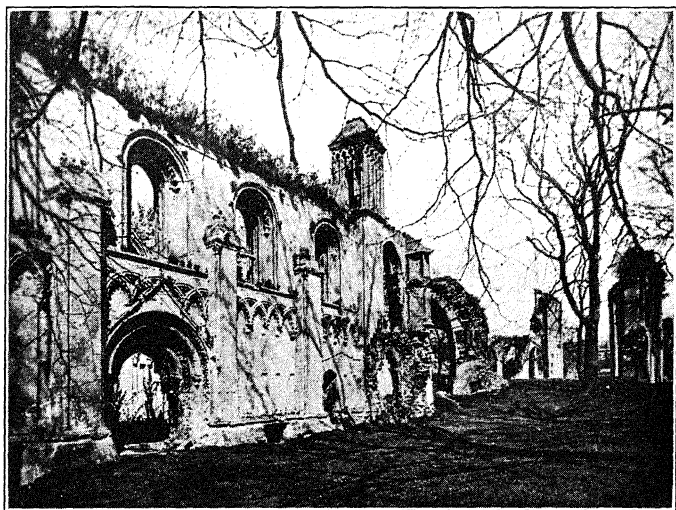
But Chaucer criticizes sharply those who deserve censure, like the Monk, who wore, instead of the habit of his order, a rich, fur-trimmed robe fastened with a pin of finely wrought gold, shaped like a true lover's knot; who was fat and loved a good dinner, and whose chief pleasure was in hunting and in the swift greyhounds and fine horses which he kept for that purpose. Especially does Chaucer criticize the Pardoner, a hypocrite who pretended to sell pardons from the Pope to absolve anyone who would buy them, from any sins which he might have committed. The Pardoner also carried with him sham relics, and sold pigs' bones as precious remains of holy saints to the poor and superstitious people who believed him. He guaranteed that if these bones were put into the well water, all the farmers using the water would have good harvests, and all the sick sheep and cattle drinking from the well would positively be healed of every ill.

Criticisms like these by Chaucer were the first rumblings of the great religious storm that broke upon England a little more than a hundred years later, when Henry VIII asked the Pope for permission to divorce his wife, a Spanish princess, who was, at the time Henry married her, the widow of his brother Arthur. The Pope for several reasons refused to grant Henry's request, and that arbitrary monarch took matters into his own hands. He declared that the Pope could no longer dictate to the

Church in England, and that he, the supreme ruler of all England, would be, also, the supreme head of the English Church. Henry wished to make no other change than to abolish the power of the Pope in England; but at the time he declared himself the head of the Anglican, or English, Church and independent of the power at Rome the nation was more or less ready for greater change. The dogged national pride in their own country, and the popular love of English speech and ways and government which have always been characteristic of this sturdy nation made the general mass of Englishmen quite willing to accept an English sovereign as head of the Church in place of a foreign power. "No foreigners," was the popular cry; "England and the English Church for English people!"

Henry and his matrimonial difficulties are not a part of this chapter; but they precipitated great changes. It was a period of change in many ways of living. The invention of printing had made possible an enormous increase in the interchange of ideas; the invention of gunpowder had changed the method of warfare. With the idea of change present in their minds people found a change in religion less startling than it might otherwise have been. Moreover, Henry had no intention of starting the enormous religious upheaval which followed his abolishing the Pope's authority in England. But the results of his act were far-reaching. By his suppression of the monasteries many schools and hospitals were done away with, and the relief of the poor, which had been the concern of the old system, was stopped. Some of the religious houses were continued as charitable establishments, like St. Bartholo-

mew's Hospital, which is still in existence; but for the most part, the old service was brought to a stand, and it was many years before organized relief took the place of the old monasteries in charitable work.



RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY

The Abbey was built on the site of the original wood and wattle church of St. Joseph of Arimathea. According to legend the original church was the first Christian church in England.

Under Edward VI more changes were instituted, and the subject of religion was stirring all men's minds.

With Queen Mary and the temporary return to the Roman Catholic Church we have another picture. We see England plunged into the horrors of religious strife — a dreadful picture of days when bitterness of feeling over doctrinal differences clouded the vision of men and women,

and violence on one side brought forth violence on the other ; when the air of Smithfield reeked with the smoke of human sacrifice as men, women, and even children were burned at the stake for "speculative error."

It was a fearful time. But frightful as was the religious oppression of this struggle, and horrible as was the suffering inflicted on those who differed in religious principles from the ruler in power during these times, we must always remember that the effect upon the nation of these persecutions was not what it would be to-day. The people of those days were used to looking on at all sorts of tortures and cruel executions. They went in crowds to see public hangings and beheadings and burnings, and they saw them frequently, for political and social offenders were executed in the same pitiless manner as religious offenders. In these days we could not endure to watch the unspeakable horrors of burning at the stake, but there is an enormous gulf between Tudor England and the humanitarian feeling of to-day. It was not a time when sentiment and emotion made themselves felt. People who were accustomed to see shocking public executions and burnings almost as often as pageants could view most events with coolness, and at that time the feeling prevailed everywhere that such methods were the only means of suppressing what men believed to be a crime against God.

When Bishop Hooper was burned, there were throngs of people on every side of the square. The windows and even the boughs of the surrounding trees were crowded with spectators, who looked on at his intolerable sufferings for three quarters of an hour before he died, because the fire was so slow in kindling and the faggots were so few

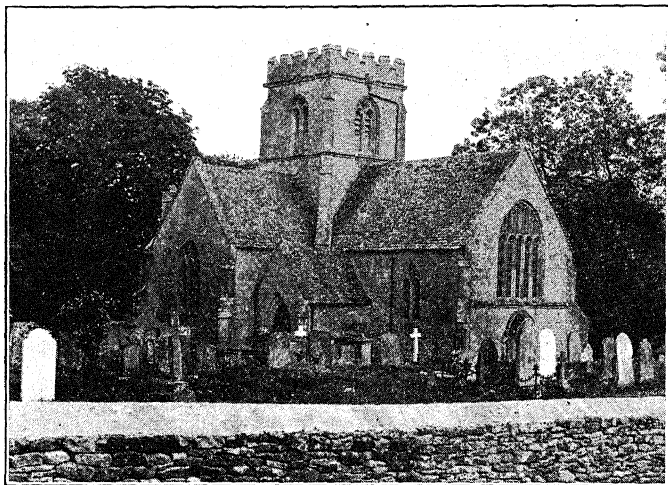
that they burned enough to torture but not to kill him. These sufferings the crowds came to watch, with reverence and sympathy for the sufferer, yet calmly and more or less coolly.

However, no great Englishman approved of the burnings. Mary, the daughter of Henry's Spanish wife, was herself half Spanish. She was a conscientious woman, learned and sincere. But she was vindictive. She had made a most unpopular marriage with Philip of Spain, and Philip, with the Spanish councilors, urged on the burnings. It was felt to be a foreigner's, especially a Spanish "job." And England not only hated but feared Spain, who at that time was all powerful upon the seas, and eager to gain ascendancy over England. The Spanish marriage added political to religious bitterness.

The Pope had allotted the newly discovered lands of North and South America with their seas and the right to trade therein to Spain and Portugal, and these two nations tried to exclude all other nations from trading in or even visiting these new portions of the world. Englishmen, after they had broken away from the authority of the Pope, laughed at this exclusion. They proposed to trade wherever they could find a market, — Spaniard or no Spaniard, — and when peaceable trade was denied them, they tightened their belts, spat upon their palms, and set about spoiling the Spaniards whenever it was possible, with diligence and energy.

In Elizabeth's day the admirals Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Raleigh, and others, with their brave and hardy English sailors, pushed their ships and their trade into every port of South America. The Spaniards,

naturally, captured, if possible, every English ship that came their way. The English, in return, captured many Spanish galleons and men-of-war, and took from them rich prizes of gold and silver that the Spaniards had taken from the new country.



AN OLD CHURCH AT BURFORD

At first the quarrel was principally a commercial one; then the Church militant took a hand. Spaniards claimed as their prey all prisoners who were taken by them on the seas. Many men were hanged as pirates, others were burned as heretics, and still others were sent as slaves to the oars of a Spanish galley. All this strife inflamed to fever heat the hatred against Spain, against its rulers, and its religion.

Then with Elizabeth's accession to the throne things changed again. Elizabeth was a Protestant, but she was

not a religious zealot. She took a middle course between the Roman Catholics and the extreme Protestants. She regarded the Church of England as her own Church, over which her personal authority was supreme. She liked order, pomp, and ceremony in religion just as she liked magnificence and formality in state observances, but she was definitely through with Papal authority. The country was tired of religious controversy and sickened with disgust over the burnings. The government under Mary had not prospered, and England was threatened by invasion from both France and Spain.

But under Elizabeth came an era of prosperity and peace. As the generation that had lived under Mary and Philip began to pass away, the old temperament of the country began to show itself again. People were happy in the days of "Good Queen Bess." Their world was widening out; new hopes, new power, new riches, made them confident and cheerful. The government was secure and prosperous, and with the glorious rout and the destruction of the Spanish Armada England shook off forever the fear of Spanish dominion.

CHAPTER VII

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE, VILLAGE CUSTOMS, AND A DAY AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S FAIR

God made the country, and man made the town.

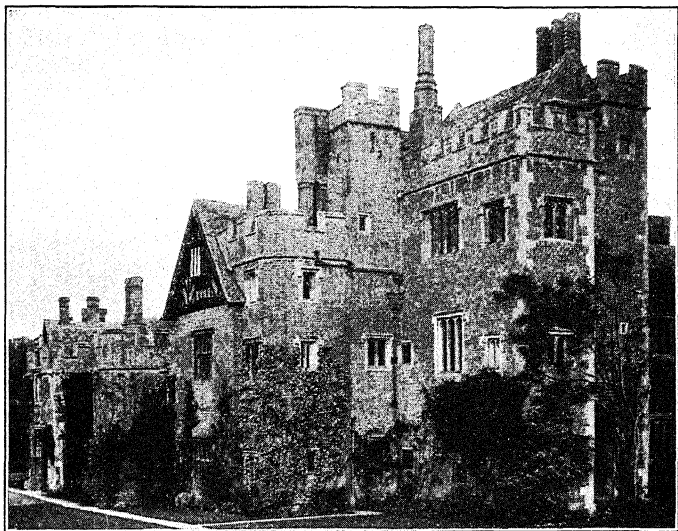
— COWPER, *The Task*

ONE morning in the early autumn of the year 1698, the clear light of a newly risen sun might have been seen shining on a pleasant English landscape. It shone on woods and on fields yellow with ripe grain. It lighted up a grove of copper beeches in the park which lay around the ancient manor house of Burton Woods, and it waked a noisy company of rooks and crows, that started cawing eagerly as they prepared to break their fasting of the night. It shone upon the old stone manor house itself, and woke an answering gleam from the shining windows in the eastern wing.

But early as the sun arose, it was not so early as the inhabitants of the house on which it shone — some of the inhabitants, at least. For the servants were already at their work — witness the thin spirals of smoke rising from the chimneys, and the doors thrown open to the morning air, telling of movements within by those busy about such preparations as were necessary to make the house ready for the activities and hospitalities of the day.

It was a fine hunting morning, the best scenting day of the autumn, so far, and there was to be a fox hunt starting

from the Hall this morning. The Squire was an expert in the field. He loved hunting; it was meat and drink to him. Not that he despised more material meat and drink — quite the contrary, in fact, as anyone could tell by looking at his sturdy frame well rounded out by good



COMPTON WYNATES

This beautiful 16th-century building is the country seat of the Marquis of Northampton.

old English beef and ale. But fox hunting was his especial joy, and such a day for hunting as this one was a gift from Heaven. Consequently when the Squire appeared, his genial, ruddy countenance was beaming in anticipation of the chase.

The horsemen who were to enjoy the sport were gathered around on the grass and on the drive, mounted on beautiful

and spirited horses. The huntsman came up with the hounds, a mob of eager, restless muscle and intelligence, with wide nostrils, large ears, and shining eyes. Men, dogs, and horses, all were eager for the breakneck ride, and all were out to enjoy the hunt in the way it had been enjoyed for generations.

When everyone was ready, the huntsman started first, leading his bunched and trotting hounds. Behind him followed the gay cavalcade until they reached the place where with shouts and cheers the dogs were loosed, restraints were cast aside, and they were off.

They had gone less than a mile when the beaters started a fox from the underbrush, and the dogs, picking up the scent, began to bay as they followed hard upon the trail.

The Squire, who was riding a short distance away, heard the cry and so did his horse. Both of them immediately pricked up their ears, and the Squire crying, "She's gone! she's gone!" clapped spurs to his mount, who scarcely needed it, being as eager as his master for the chase. Leading the whole company, horse and rider dashed across a wheatfield at a reckless speed and rode directly toward the hounds with much hallooing and whooping. The hounds ran swiftly — the hunters followed over hedge and ditch with equal speed, cheering on the hounds and sounding their horns, which echoed back from the surrounding hills and added to the pleasure and excitement of the chase.

The fox led them a wild race, and by his cunning and swiftness very nearly eluded the pursuing hounds. But the dogs outwitted him at last, and the sport ended with the death of the fox. The hunters returned in triumph to

the Hall, bearing with them the brush of the dead fox, and then they turned their attention to the next feature of the program, which was dinner bountifully served by the good Squire, as in the home of Chaucer's Franklin :

It snowed in his house of meat and drink,
Of all the dainties whereon one could think.

No gathering like this of the hunt could have been found in a city, nor in any place except where the land was loved and lived on by one family on one estate for generations.

But although it was a great day for the Squire and the fine people up at the manor house, it was an even greater day among the villagers and farmers of the parish. For the time of the golden harvest had come, and on this day was to be celebrated the feast of Harvest Home.

All the parish assembled in high spirits at the house of the principal farmer of the estate, who was to open the harvest. In proper order they started for the field. First the parson, in his gown and cassock, strode stoutly along. In his right hand he held the parish Bible, and over his shoulder he carried a long reaping hook. Next came the chief farmer, bearing in one hand a giant sickle and with the other leading his wife, who wore a wreath of blue corn flowers on her head. On his back the farmer carried a jug of cider and a loaf of bread made from the wheat that had been harvested the year before. Then came the milk maids and the other maidens, the farmers of the estate, and the men, who laughed and made jokes to attract the favorable attention of the maids in front of them. A crowd of children, frolicking and playing pranks on one another, brought up the end of the procession.

When they reached the big field-gate where the reaping was to begin, the parson laid hold of the top rail, and lifting it aside he dusted off his hands and said in a loud, clear voice, so that everyone could hear him: "In the name of the Lord, Amen!"



EDGE HILL

Gently rolling fields, hedges, and beautiful trees are typical of English farming country in Warwickshire.

Then he read from the Bible he was carrying some verses about the fields being ready for the harvest, and laying the Bible down upon the gatepost he took his reaping hook, entered the field, and, in spite of his long gown, cut three wide swaths of grain and laid them right end onward. After this everybody entered the field; the clerk read out a psalm, verse by verse, and all joined in and sang so heartily that the foxgloves on the bank by the lane shook like a chime of bells.

With these preliminaries well over, the parson took a

pull at the cider jar, and then the men all fell to reaping. Down the wide field they went with knees bent wide and left arm bowed, while the right arm swept the flashing steel of the reaping hook, and behind the men followed the women catching up the swaths of wheat where the reapers cast them and binding them into sheaves.

Each swinging stroke made further inroads into the flank of the golden, yellow wall, and flung behind the reaper a rich clearance of crisp, jointed stalks and feathered, graceful heads. To and fro, the harvesters advanced across the field, pausing for a moment as they reached the hedge on either side to whet their sickles and to moisten their parched throats from one of the cider jugs hidden there in the cool shade of the bushes. Then back again the little army swept to the hedge at the opposite side. Whirl! went the reaping hook; Whish! fell the wheat; till the sun hung low in the west, and it was time to stop work.

By this time all the reapers were hungry. The men wiped their sickles and their foreheads, and everybody set out for the harvest supper, which was waiting for them at the main farmhouse. Mutton and gravy served on pewter plates, potatoes mashed with lard and cabbage, beer and cider, and a huge plum pudding kept the reapers so heartily employed that there was no place for conversation or for ceremony.

But when they had eaten all they could, they set themselves to more special celebrating of the harvest. First they lifted up the tallest stalk of corn that had been cut that day, all gayly dressed with many colored ribbons. They set it high upon the table, and filling their goblets

afresh, they sang a song to it, every man following the verses with not too much stumbling in the words or time, and all managing to get together bravely in the chorus, which they shouted forth with a mighty roar that sounded louder than a harvest thunderstorm :

1

The corn, oh, the corn, 'tis the ripening of the corn !¹
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is yelloon :
'Tis the harvesting of wheat, and the barley must be shorn.

(Chorus)

The corn, oh, the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn !
Here's to the corn, with the cups upon the board !
We've been reaping all the day, and we'll reap again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

2

The wheat, oh, the wheat, 'tis the ripening of the wheat !
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red ;
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labor sweet.

(Chorus)

The wheat, oh, the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat !
Here's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board !
We've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

3

The barley, oh, the barley, and the barley is in prime !
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard a-bowing, till it can be mown ;
'Tis the harvest, and the barley must abide its time.

¹ By *corn* is meant not Indian corn as in the American use of the word, but any, or all, of the grain crops.

(Chorus)

The barley, oh, the barley, and the barley ruddy brown !

Here's to the barley, with the beer upon the board !

We'll go a-mowing soon as all the wheat is down ;

When all is in the mow-yard, we'll stop and thank the Lord.

There were several more verses to this song, and so well did they sing it the first time that they tried it again, though not quite so successfully the second time. However, they were not discouraged, and each man took another drink of his ale and made a third go of it. But this time no one could distinguish one verse from another, for everyone sang as was convenient to him, and the song ended in confusion.

But in truth there was much excuse for them, for it was a noble harvest and deserving of joyous celebration.

— Adapted from Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*

It is to the countryside of old England, to the old village life, and to the squire's manor house, that we apply most frequently the term of Merry England. One cannot really enter into the spirit of old England as a whole without knowing something about rural England. Village life with its picturesque customs, its merry-makings, and its holiday revels is of great importance in literature and history. Shakespeare was born in a village. His plays are full of allusions to country sports and country life. He loved all the familiar scenes and joyous customs of the country, and in his youthful days he undoubtedly took part in many rustic celebrations. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* makes use of a rural setting; the scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is laid in a village; the jokes and

pranks of sheep-shearing time are described in *The Winter's Tale*.

One of the attractions of this English country life was its unchanging character. It retained its relics of the



A COUNTRY COTTAGE

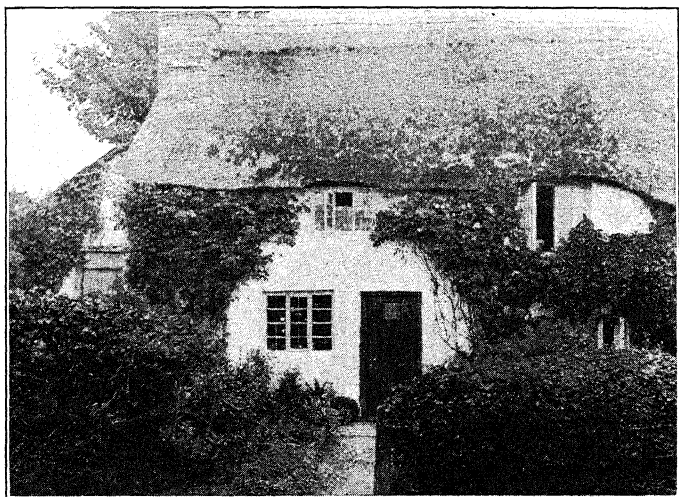
There are many straw-thatched cottages similar to this to be seen even now along the country roads in England.

past, which were obliterated in towns. The customs, games, and pastimes of the villagers were very slow in altering. They remained of the same character through generations, and though kings might die, and the succeeding rulers with their new courts might make changes in the government and city life, yet, in the country, the old traditions and festivals and even the ordinary habits of life endured

with little outward alteration from one age to another.

In Shakespeare's day, and for a long time afterwards, there was a great difference between a rustic Englishman and a Londoner. One of the principal reasons for this difference was the extreme difficulty that people had in journeying from one place to another. This difficulty deterred them from traveling, and prevented the fusion of the various elements of society. Of all inventions, with

the exception of the alphabet and the printing press, nothing has done so much to civilize and unify mankind as the inventions which abridge distance. When Shakespeare was alive, it was so difficult, so fatiguing, and so dangerous to make even a short journey, that one might



A VILLAGE HOUSE

Notice the climbing rose, the hedge, and the abundance of vines and flowers.

almost as well have lived in a different country as to have lived fifty miles from London, if one had any thought of visiting that city.

Very few country squires went to the capital more than once or twice in their lives, and when they did go, their visits were not altogether pleasant experiences. Because a country man, even though he might be the lord of a manor, was easily distinguished from a city resident by

all the rogues and cheats of the city, who would do their best to misdirect him and rob him and generally make him their prey, until he was glad enough to return to his manor and there, in the homage of his tenants, find consolation for the vexations he had undergone.

The country squire was a really great man in his community. For though he might be something of a diamond in the rough, his language frequently coarse and, when he was angry or excited, interlarded with oaths, his accent broad and distinctly of his province, his chief pleasures those of the hunt and of the table, generally drinking more than was good for him — still he was in character and in some important points a gentleman. He was essentially a patrician, and he had both the virtues and the vices of men born to high places and accustomed to respect themselves and be respected by others. His family pride was extreme. He knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbors, and ranked them shrewdly. He was a magistrate and not only administered a patriarchal justice to all who dwelt around him, but had a large share, also, in making the local laws. He had a stout English heart, was intensely patriotic, conservative in his politics and his religion, jealous of his rights and privileges, and though he might have the vocabulary and accent of a carter, yet he was punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and would risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honor of his house. These country gentlemen were stanch and true, and from their numbers have come many names famous in English history.

As time went on, and methods of travel improved, conditions altered somewhat. The young squire was given

more opportunities. He was one of the gentry essential to the local government, and he was prepared for his duties by a preliminary training either in the local grammar school or with his tutors. After this he went to the University and to the Inns of Court, while to complete his education he usually had a year of travel in Europe. Then he married, brought home his wife, and assisted his father in the management of the estate; in this way acquiring that detailed knowledge of local problems which was invaluable to him later. The country squire was not a boor; he was frequently possessed of considerable culture of a pleasant kind.

By the eighteenth century the country squire had become one of the most popular characters in fiction and history. From the days of Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley* to the present time, this character has been continuously present in English literature. Concerning him Thackeray says:

To be a good old country gentleman is to hold a position nearest the gods and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent roll, and the rents regularly paid by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honor; . . . to hunt three days a week . . . and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; . . . So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much admired by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family!

The eighteenth-century squire as we see him in fiction is generally represented as a bluff, hearty individual with a stocky figure, kindly eyes, and a face glowing with health and satisfaction. He is somewhat peppery in disposition, yet ready to forgive, cheerful and hospitable,

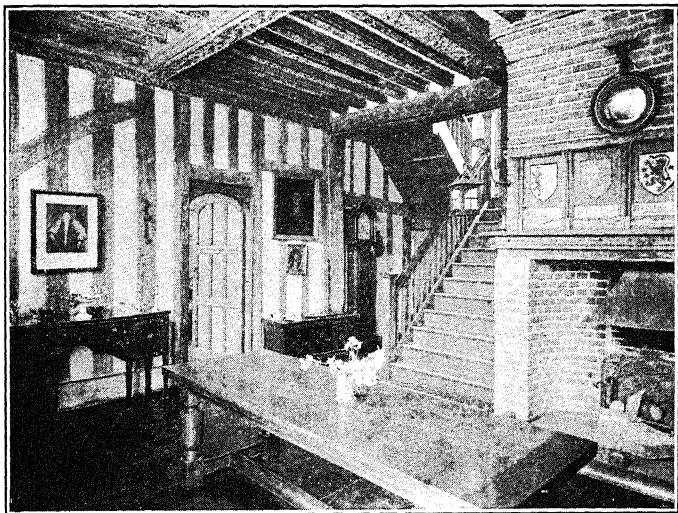
sound and true when his word is given, and faithful to his friends. He is apt to be narrow in his views, but sincere in what he believes to be a rightful cause, generous in his relief to the distressed, and very much looked up to by the villagers.

Horse-racing, cards, music, hunting, and hawking were the amusements of the country squire. Of these, hunting was the sport supreme, especially fox-hunting, which was the most important diversion.

The foxes were pursued with packs of hounds carefully trained for the purpose. The hunters followed the hounds on horseback. It required considerable skill in riding, for the hunt often led across rough country. The object of the hunt was not so much to kill the fox as to enjoy the chase, and some wily foxes gained quite a degree of fame, after being hunted a number of times in vain, by their cunning in eluding the hounds, and their ability to furnish a good chase. Anybody who killed a fox in a trap, or by shooting, suffered social ostracism in consequence.

Squire Western, in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, is so fond of hunting that all his conversation is based on his favorite pastime, and his language so interlarded with expressions of hunting that whatever he describes takes on a strong flavor of the sport. He declares the prattling of his little granddaughter to be "sweeter music than the finest cry of dogs in England." And when this hearty squire is unwittingly enticed into a gathering of ladies, who endeavor to make themselves entertaining to him, his complaints in describing this unaccustomed and unwished-for social gathering are eloquent with the terms of the fox-

hunt. With much profanity he bursts forth: "I'd rather be run by my own dogs . . . Od-rabbit it! No mortal was ever run in such a manner; if I dodged one way, one had me; if I offered to clap back, another snapped me," and with more vigor than elegance he expresses his opinion



INTERIOR OF A 16TH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE

Notice the heavily beamed walls, the elaborate carving on the timbers of the ceiling, and the coats of arms over the fireplace.

of himself if he is ever caught again "among such a kennel of hoop petticoats."

The country squire lived, on the whole, a very happy and contented life. The eldest son of the squire succeeded his father in both the property and the title, so that the whole estate might be kept undivided from generation to generation, for the squire's position in Eng-

land depended mainly on the possession of land. Since a *gentleman*, one of the so-called *landed gentry*, was not supposed to engage in trade or in a gainful occupation, he had to look to land rentals from his tenants for his income. On this account it was necessary to keep the property all together, and to this end estates were entailed, and descended intact to the eldest son, or failing a son, to the nearest male heir.

There is nothing in America which takes the place of the English squire, his manor house, and his estate. He was distinct from the farmers, even the most prosperous farmers, because he was a *gentleman*, and they were not. The word *gentleman* in England does not mean just any person with fine manners. Deportment has nothing to do with the matter. The term *gentleman* applies exclusively to a man of *gentle* birth, one whose condition is above that of a yeoman. It refers to the station to which he is born. One is either born a gentleman, or one is not. The term is never applied indiscriminately to members of all social classes.

The younger sons of the squire found occupation in the army, in diplomatic employment, in the Church, or in some mission abroad. If, as did occasionally happen, the army, navy, law, or Church failed to attract him, a gentleman's younger son might even engage in business.

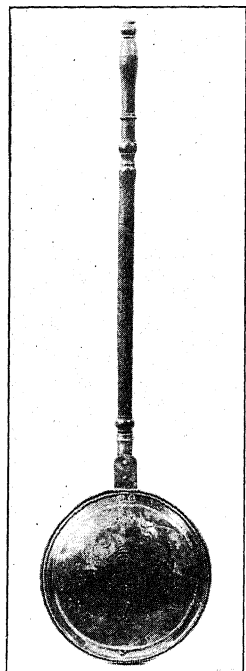
Though the squire was the lord of the manor, the squire's lady was ruler in her own domain. In the kitchen, in the storeroom, in the stillroom she held active sway, and her office was no light task, for she was expected not only to order what she wished done, but to understand

thoroughly how to do it herself. Until quite recent times everything that was to be used for home consumption, with the exception of a few luxuries, had to be raised on the estate and prepared and carefully stored till needed. The squire's park and pasture supplied the reserves for the larder. Venison was to be found hanging in the summer and autumn, and even in the winter there was no lack of meat, for partridge and hare and other game supplemented the standard roast beef and mutton.

There was always plenty to do. Hams and bacon had to be smoked and cured; apples, onions, and other vegetables had to be dried and hung in lofts or long garrets under the roof; herbs were dried for kitchen and medicinal use, and lavender for laying in linen presses. The lady of the estate had to attend to the delicate art of preserving fruits, either candied or in sirup — and flowers, too, for we read of “sirrop of violets” as a great dainty, and of “conserve of rose leaves.” Perfumes and essences also were provided, and cordial waters, and juleps, and various tinctures.

The understanding of the medicinal use of herbs, and a careful preparation of cordials and physic for all common complaints, was necessary for the mistress of the house, because no one thought of calling a doctor except in serious cases, and even then he could not always be had in a hurry. The mistress of a country house discharged the offices of doctor to her own household, and so closely was the manor house linked to the village, that the lady of the manor felt a direct responsibility for the sick and poor among the tenants, and often visited the poorest cottagers in their need.

Large stores of food had to be ready at all times, for the doors of the hospitable country house were open to the lowest as well as to the highest in the land. In days when roads were bad and coaches were heavy and slow, several nights had to be spent in the course of a single journey, and a friend's house was the natural resting place. And friends were not the only visitors. Officials of all sorts traveling the country in the course of their duties, such as judges on circuit, expected to be entertained at the larger houses.



A WARMING PAN

The covered brass pan was filled with hot coals. Then the pan was passed between the sheets of a bed to make it warm and comfortable.

The manor house was built with ample accommodation for visitors, and suites of rooms were ready for people of consequence, who usually traveled with a retinue of servants. The lady of the house had to be ready to provision a large or a small party, often with no longer notice than the appearance of the first mounted man-servant or of the coach itself turning in at the porter's lodge.

When company was thus sighted, a stir of interest and excitement would animate the entire household. Fine lavender-scented sheets and pillowcases would be hastily fetched out of the oaken chests, house-

maids would be sent scurrying off with hot brass warming pans to pass between the sheets of the great four-post bedsteads to make them warm and comfortable, and



A MAID WITH A WARMING PAN

She is preparing the bed for the night by taking off the chill with a hot warming pan.

crackling wood fires would in a short time be blazing up the chimneys.

The mistress of the house of a hospitable knight was a very executive person, diligent, patient, ready for emergencies, pleasant, and skillful in all knowledge belonging

to her vocation. She was proud of her home and of her ability to entertain in the best manner all who might enter its doors. It was pleasant to welcome friends, or relatives, or even strangers. If they came from London,



A TRUSTY SERVANT

The verses on the next page explain this strange figure. It is the ideal servant emblematically represented with the feet of a deer, the ears of a donkey, and the mouth of a pig discreetly closed with a padlock.

they would have fresh news to tell of the Court, of the newest fashions, of the latest political events, and of the latest gossip. And even if they came from no farther away than the other side of the county, there would always be fresh news and gossip from that section — all very enlivening and entertaining in times before the advent of the daily newspaper.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the squire's family meant not merely his wife and children but his entire household, which included all those employed, from private secretary to scullion. For the welfare of all these, moral and spiritual as well as material, the master held himself responsible, as a commander for his soldiers, or a father for his children. He governed them very much as children are governed. Some of them were even restrained by the rod. Pepys was by no means unique in bestowing cuffs and slaps upon saucy or disobedient waiting maids. What was considered an ideal servant is set forth in the following

doggerel translated from some Latin verses, which, with the illustration on the preceding page, were taken from the wall of one of the old buildings of Winchester School :

A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey.
The porker's snout — not nice in diet shows;
The padlock shut — no secrets he'll disclose;
Patient the ass — his master's wrath will bear;
Swiftness in errand the stag's feet declare;
Loaded his left hand — apt to labor saith;
The vest — his neatness, open hand — his faith;
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

In spite of cuffings, however, the servants of a household usually remained loyal to the family. Their interests were bound up with those of the household to which they belonged. A servant was in truth as well as in name one of the family. On a large estate there were many retainers. *Servant* was not necessarily a menial term; anyone who served in any capacity was called a servant, be he private secretary, land steward, or serving man.

There was a special character to the servants of an old English country family, a character far superior to that of city servants. As a rule they served in the family for years; many of them were born and brought up on the place. They understood and took a personal pride in the customs and the traditions of the family. The house servants were quiet and orderly, neat in their appearance and appropriately dressed for their special callings. They were strongly attached to the master and mistress, and valued an approving nod or a kind word more than many

servants now value more liberal praise. The title of "an old family servant," especially one who had been "born on the place," was considered a title worthy of respect. Many a gray-headed domestic had been at the Hall when the master was born, had watched him grow up, had welcomed him home from school at vacation time and helped to promote all the holiday sports, and was almost as much a part of the home as one of the squire's own family.

Several instances of mutual respect and affection between master and servant can be seen on tombstones, as in this inscription from the tomb of a domestic to an old family in Warwickshire :

Here lieth the body of James Batte, servant to George Birch, Esq. of Hampstead Hall. His grateful friend and master caused this inscription to be written in memory of his diligence and discretion during sixty years of faithful service in one family; by each individual of which he lived respected and died lamented.

This servant was like old Adam in *As You Like It*, who, tottering after the young son of his old master, says :

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with love and loyalty !

The manor houses built in Tudor and Jacobean days had a certain largeness, breadth, and repose, and a fairly high standard of comfort. They were quite different from the castles and great houses of the Middle Ages, which were fortified and built not so much for comfort as for defense. Many of the so-called "country houses" were irregular buildings, which had been built and rebuilt at different periods of time. They would have, perhaps, a Norman

tower, a fifteenth-century hall and kitchen, and a Tudor gateway, all combined to form a building of singular charm. One wing might have heavy, stone-shafted, bow windows jutting out from the wall and overrun with ivy, from the foliage of which the windows with their small panes of

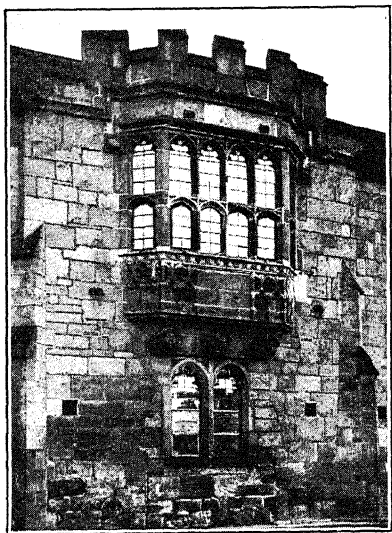


GUY'S CLIFFE

A fine old manor house, beautifully situated, and with many delightful irregularities.

diamond-shaped glass would glitter in the sunlight. The rest of the house might be in the French taste of Charles II, having been repaired and altered by one of the family who had come back with that monarch at the Restoration. There is a marked difference between these houses and the eighteenth-century country houses which were regular and simple in their plan.

But these great houses, of whatever date, were all delightful, set in fair surroundings of garden and park, orchards and fields. And the interiors were delightful too, with wainscoted walls, and hangings, and furniture of



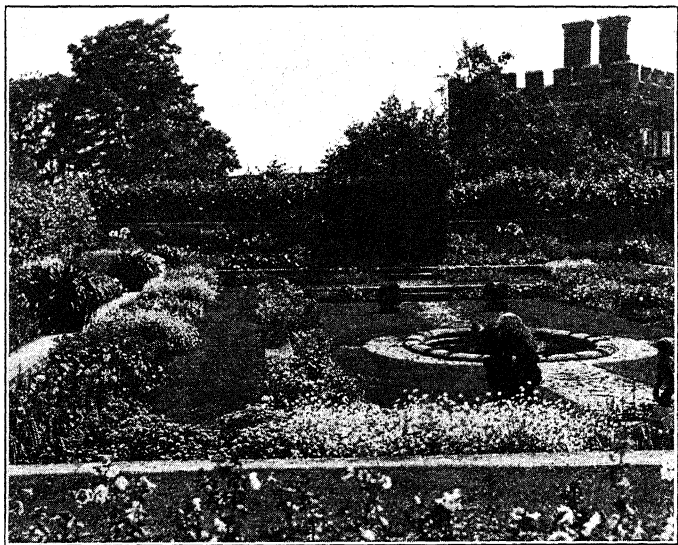
AN ORIEL WINDOW

This beautiful window is at Monmouth. Notice the three carved corbel ends beneath the window. Each one represents a man's head and shoulders.

old carved oak. The great fireplaces were, and still are, not only things of beauty and pride, but with their high-backed settles and great chairs they form nooks of solid comfort, as well. The country houses of the English gentry are still, perhaps, more pleasing than any other class of English dwellings.

The village parson stood for much more than spiritual functions in the village. He took an active part in the life of the community. He consulted with the squire, and helped in the administration of local government. He was an intimate part of the village life, looking kindly on its traditions and customs when they were "good and harmless," and entering into the village celebrations with sympathy. He visited his parishioners, advised them in

their difficulties and rejoiced with them in their joys. He was frequently tutor to the squire's children before they went away to school or college, and he was also instructor to the congregation on Sunday. In the days before newspapers circulated information of public events, a



THE GARDEN OF A GREAT HOUSE

knowledge of outside affairs was slow in reaching the village. The parson would hear the latest information from the visitors at the Hall and from the squire. He would discourse to his audience on Sundays about national events, and point a moral. The pulpit thus was to a large portion of the population what the periodical press now is. Ill informed as their pastor might be on public matters, he was yet better informed than

the villagers themselves, and he was a power in the rural districts.

The position of parson or rector, with its accompanying salary and a parsonage or rectory to live in, was called a *living*, and was bestowed by the owner of the estate upon the man he chose for the place.



AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCH

The churchyard of Stoke Poges, represented here, is famous as the scene of Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. The ivy-covered walls, the trees, and the monuments are all characteristic.

The squire and the people from the Hall usually went to church pretty regularly. The seats belonging to the manor house were generally in front of the other seats, or in one of the side chapels, and were slightly raised above the rest. The villagers and farmers went pretty regularly, too. They liked the social gathering together, as well as the

services, and they knew that the squire liked to see as full a congregation as possible.

After the services were over the congregation would linger in the churchyard to exchange greetings. The squire would have a few words to say to one and to another, for he knew them all and could have called the names of most of the children who bobbed and curtsied and touched their caps to him.

The village church was not large, but it was usually an old landmark with a tower and a mellow peal of bells that rang for services and for notable occasions, giving to the whole countryside a sense of cheer and peace. The age-old yew trees in the churchyard, the mural monuments of past lords and ladies of the manor, perhaps a tomb of ancient workmanship bearing on its table top the sculptured stone effigy of a knight in armor, lying at full length, and with his legs crossed as a sign of his having been a crusader — all these tokens of past history gave an impression of age and tradition, which is the rightful heritage of old churches, especially of old country churches.



FIGURES ON ANCIENT TOMBS

These stone effigies of knights in armor lie upon their tombs. They have their legs crossed as a sign that they were crusaders.

The villagers and the farmers who were the squire's tenants lived in comfortable farmhouses and low thatched cottages. They worked hard, but they also amused themselves wholeheartedly in a variety of ways. There was a large amount of gayety in the villages, and many festival occasions were observed during the course of the year. Many of these festivals were arranged by the squire himself, who took great pains to make the affairs pass off with spirit and enjoyment, for he had a fatherly interest in the villagers and liked to see them happy.

In winter the alehouse furnished the chief indoor entertainment for the men. Here they played shovelboard and cards, or sat before the fire, each with a mug of ale, and listened to stories of hunting or adventure, frequently retold.

The christening of a child was an occasion of much rejoicing and public felicity. The baptism took place in the church, to which the child was carried upon an embroidered cushion. During the ceremony a cloth of pure white linen, called a *chrisom cloth*, was placed over the infant. This cloth was kept, and if the baby died before a month had passed, the *chrisom cloth* was used for its shroud, and the child was called a *chrisom child*. The christening was attended by a crowd of relatives and friends, who were afterwards entertained with a feast of cakes and sweetmeats and marchpanes and wines.

A gift considered necessary from the sponsors in baptism was one or more of the well-known apostle spoons. These were fashioned with the handle terminating in a carved figure representing one of the apostles. A full set of the twelve apostle spoons was considered the finest christening gift that could be made to a child.

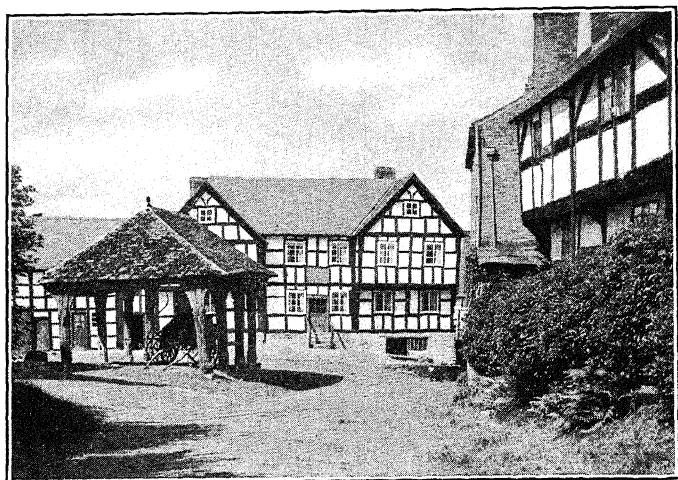
A country wedding was a festivity for the whole village. It was made a great event. The betrothal was publicly announced, and was celebrated by the clergyman in the home of the bride's parents. It was almost as binding as marriage itself; the breaking of an engagement was a thing scarcely to be considered. At the betrothal the bride and groom exchanged rings, and the affianced bride received from her lover, usually, a bent sixpence, and almost always a gift of a pair of gloves.

Sunday was the favorite day for weddings. The bridal party met at the house of the bride, and from there the procession marched to the church. The bride, arrayed in all her best, and with her hair hanging in long braids, was escorted to the church by two young boys whose sleeves were bound around with ribbons and sprays of rosemary. Following the bride were musicians playing on various instruments and a group of maidens singing and carrying flowers. Then came the bridegroom surrounded by the lusty lads and bachelors of the parish.

Immediately after the ceremony at the church, the bride-cup, a large bowl of rich wine, was passed around among the guests so that they might drink the health and happiness of the bride and groom. Elaborate festivities followed the wedding. Bells were rung, songs were sung, the bride-cake was cut and passed to everyone. In summer, tables were set out under the trees and a feast was spread — in winter, the feast was held in the house. Rich and poor alike made much of the wedding feast. All sorts of dishes were cooked, especially many kinds of highly spiced cakes, and wine and ale flowed freely. There was always much dancing, for according to ancient tradition the bride must

dance with every guest at the wedding feast. Sometimes the merry-making grew pretty hilarious.

Trade of the countryside was carried on at fairs and at public markets held on certain stated market days in various towns. To these markets were brought for sale



MARKET HALL AND OLD INN

In the space in front of the inn was the old market place, where the produce of the surrounding country was brought for sale.

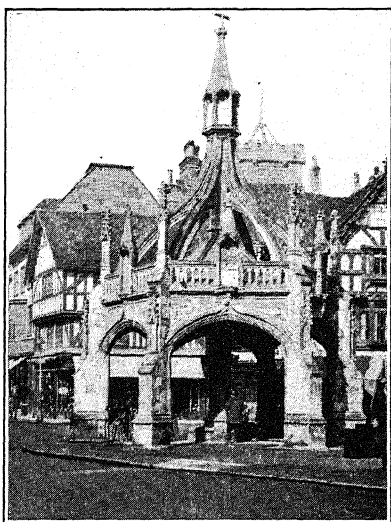
the corn, cattle, wool, and hops of the surrounding country. A loud bell was vigorously rung to announce the opening of activities at the fair. This was done for the purpose of giving all buyers and sellers an equal chance. Each kind of produce was sold at a separate stand for the convenience of customers and to make toll-gathering and inspection easier. The market was held in the main street or the market place. Almost every town and even some of the

larger villages had a fair at some regular season of the year, where agricultural produce was brought for sale, and there were larger fairs to which merchants from London came, and where people laid in annual stores of sugar, cutlery, muslin, and other commodities.

Fairs are of long standing. They are of ecclesiastical origin, as the name denotes. The word *fair* is from the Latin *feria*, or holy day, and at the time of the crusades in the East, the people who were gathered together for religious observances made use of this opportunity to exchange their wares.

The custom was brought back by the returning crusaders and became a popular and convenient method of barter and exchange.

The right to hold these fairs was bestowed by royal grant, and though fairs were primarily for commerce they were heartily enjoyed by all, for they came to be a medley of both business and amusement — largely amusement. The humor of the amusements was rather broad ; in truth, the country man of that time could not “get” subtle humor.



THE BUTTER CROSS MARKET, SALISBURY

At this elaborate booth butter and dairy products were sold.

Some of the larger fairs became, in time, very famous. Of these, Bartholomew Fair was by far the most celebrated. It originated as far back as 1133 at Smithfield, just outside the walls of old London, and was a result of the gathering of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Bartholomew. The fair was granted to the clothiers of England as a market for cloth and other goods. It lasted originally three days; but in later years the time was lengthened to fourteen days. It was suppressed in 1855, but long before that time it had changed in character from the great cloth exchange of all England to a noisy gathering of horse dealers, gingerbread stalls, toy shops, puppet shows, ballad mongers, and pickpockets. The fair was so popular and drew such large crowds that during the days when it was in progress the public theaters in London were invariably closed. Young men of fashion thought it a great lark to disguise themselves in cheap and shabby clothes and go to Bartholomew Fair to enjoy its loose delights and its rough sports — sports so rough, in fact, that a court of justice, called the *Pie Powder* court, was held within the limits of the fair to restrain all disturbers of the peace. Pie Powder took its name from the French expression, *pieds poudreux* (dusty feet); and the dusty-footed vagabonds who were tried here for infringing on the laws of the fair were summarily punished for their misdeeds at the stocks or whipping post on the fairgrounds.

Bartholomew Fair was annually proclaimed with much ceremony on the second of September, the eve of the feast of St. Bartholomew, by the Lord Mayor of London. Clad in his gorgeous robes of office and riding in his gilded coach, the great Lord Mayor, attended by the aldermen

and City officers, rode in a ceremonious procession to the fairgrounds, and before the entrance read the proclamation granting the right to hold the fair.

Ben Jonson's satirical comedy *Bartholomew Fair* is about the best picture we can find of this famous carnival bazaar as it was in his day. If we look through his eyes, we shall see something like this :

A collection of booths and stalls, a distracting mixture of business and frivolity, jugglers, tumblers, conjurors, noisy crowds of laughing citizens, quarrelsome serving men, keen-eyed horse dealers, and boys dashing this way and that among the crowds. On one side of the grounds are a number of husky, young fellows wrestling in pairs for prizes. Here, through the thickest of the crowd, come the Merchant Tailors carrying around their silver yardstick, which is the standard measure by which they test the yardsticks of all the country clothiers. (The cloth merchants are a little out of the picture by the time of Ben Jonson, but they were the original reason for the fair.)

Raised on a high scaffold is Kindheart, the tooth drawer and quack doctor. He is the greatest cheat in the kingdom and will, for a crown, cure any known (or unknown) disease. He sells salves and pills of marvelous virtue, which are surpassed only by his antidote sworn to preserve the owner from injury by knife or bullet. Kindheart wears a chain of teeth around his neck by way of ornament, and he shakes this chain invitingly from time to time as he urges you to come and have your aching tooth extracted.

Next to him is a booth where a celebrated juggler is mystifying a group of gaping spectators by some sleight-of-hand tricks.

Then come the shows. Here is a bull with five legs, which one can see for only a penny, a calf with two heads, some dwarfs, and other popular monstrosities. And there are tight-rope walkers and puppet shows, or "motions," as they were then called. These last are great favorites. The puppets are just large enough to be worked by putting the middle finger and the thumb into the two arms, while the forefinger works the head. The whole play is enacted on a stage about two feet wide, in a box raised from the ground high enough to allow a man to stand (hidden by drapery) and work the puppets. By the addition of "a thread in Punch's chops" the little figure is given an appearance of animation when he is supposed to be talking. (For more than two centuries Punchinello has delighted the people at the fairs and on the streets of London. Punch and Judy shows, costumed as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, are still in high favor in England, and may be met at any moment on almost any London street.)

Everywhere there is noise and confusion. Drums are beating, bells are ringing, shopkeepers are calling their wares. In front of us is a stall where toys are sold and dolls, commonly known as "Bartholomew babies." The shopkeeper is trying to attract our attention, which he fears may wander to the booth next him where a woman is selling gilt gingerbread in fantastic shapes. He is calling :

"What do you lack? What is't you buy? Rattles, drums, Bartholomew babies of the best, birds for ladies, little dogs, fiddles of the finest! What do you lack?" [To the gingerbread woman] "Sit farther away with your gingerbread progeny there, do you hear, sister Trash, lady of the basket? And hinder not the prospect of

my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the fair what stuff they are made of."

At this slander, sister Trash is justly indignant :

"I pay for my ground as well as thou dost, thou too proud peddler ! I defy thee and thy stable of hobbyhorses. My gingerbread's nought but what is wholesome." [And not to be browbeaten, she begins to advertise her wares in a loud voice.] "Buy any gingerbread — sweet gilt gingerbread ? Will you buy any of my comfortable bread, Gentlemen ?"

Now the puppet showman, beating a drum in front of the motions, catches your eye and tries to draw you over to his performance.

"Two-pence a-piece, Gentlemen," [he cries]. "An excellent motion ! The ancient, modern history of Hero and Leander ! Leander is as proper an actor for his inches as can be found, and shakes his head like an hostler ; I am the mouth of them all. Please you come near, Sir, we'll take your money within."

This is a dangerous place for a countryman to linger, especially if he comes to see the sights dressed in his best suit with silver buttons, for as he stands gazing in wonder at the shows and marvels, he is very likely to have the silver buttons deftly removed from his coat, and at the same time to be deprived of his purse. (In the days of Jonson a man's purse or pocket was a pouch or little bag hanging from the belt. The pickpockets of Jonson's day were called *cutpurses*, and one of these rascals, with a sharp knife and his thumb protected by a piece of horn, could with little trouble glean a rich harvest by cutting from its moorings many a tempting hanging pocket.)

Piping hot roast pig is one of the features of the fair. A Bartholomew pig is considered a great luxury. The

pigs are roasted whole over a fire of juniper and rosemary branches, and basted at frequent intervals until one of them, as old Ursula, the pig woman, says, "weeps out an eye." When the eye of a roasting pig drops out, it is a sign that the pig is done and ready to eat. Old Ursula is as big a rascal as any at the fair. She sells ale as well as roast pig, and she gives her assistant tapster advice on how to sell ale for the greatest profit:

"Froth the cans well in the filling, rogue, and jog your bottles, sirrah, then drink with all companies; though you be sure to be drunk you'll misreckon all the better, and be less ashamed on't."

Nightingale, a ballad singer, enters upon the scene. Here he comes calling out:

"Buy any ballads, ballads, fine new ballads?"

He takes a position where he can be seen by all and begins to sing:

"Now the Fair's a filling!
O for a tune to startle
The birds o' the booths here billing
Yearly, with old Saint Bartle [Bartholomew].
Hear for your love, and buy for your money,
A delicate ballad o' the ferret and coney."

Nightingale and his ballads are very popular, and a crowd quickly gathers around him to hear his songs and buy his ballads. But sly Nightingale is not to be trusted. He is a fraud and in league with the cutpurses. He will sing a song to draw the people around him and in this way give opportunity to the cutpurses and thieves to help themselves while the attention of their victims is engaged. Sometimes the ballad singer can indicate by a gesture in his

song or by a nod of his head where there is a purse worth cutting. The spoils thus gained are later divided between the singer and the thief. Listen to this dialogue between Nightingale and a cutpurse, which takes place at one side before Nightingale comes forward with his songs :

CUTPURSE. Look you choose good places for your standing in the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale, near the fullest passages, and shift about often.

NIGHTINGALE. Yes, that I will, indeed.

CUTPURSE. And in your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, where the purse is worn, and on which side; that you may give me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune.

NIGHTINGALE. Enough, talk no more on't; our friendship must not be seen. Away! the Fair fills apace, company begins to come in.

Nightingale strolls away by himself, and presently advancing to a group of people begins to sing :

"My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near —"

The crowd collects. Some one calls to Nightingale to wait a moment till his friend can come up :

"Hark! Pray thee, fellow, stay a little. What ballads hast thou?" [Calling to his laggard friend:] "Haste thee, good Humphrey, the ballad waits thy coming!" [Humphrey comes on a run, and his friend makes a sign to Nightingale to continue.] "There, now, pray thee begin again. What sing you?"

In order to divert suspicion from himself, Nightingale has prepared the following ballad to warn the public. He answers :

"It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, to both the purse cutter and to the purse bearer." [He sings:]

“My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,
And look to your purses, for that I do say ;
And though little money in them you do bear,
It cost more to get, than to lose in a day.

“You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold ;

“Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who both give you warning for, and the cutpurse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”

As Nightingale is singing, his friend, the cutpurse, goes up to one of the bystanders and tickles him in the ear with a straw. The man raises his hand to rub his ear, and the thief quickly detaches the purse and makes off with it. Nightingale goes on with his song :

“ ’Tis daily their practice
Such booty to make ;
They stick not the stare-about’s purses to take.
O Lord, for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those who so venture their necks for a purse !
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”

Nightingale’s song meets the approval of the listeners, and they applaud it heartily. The bystander who has just lost his purse, but who has not yet discovered the fact, is especially pleased. He sings after Nightingale :

“Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse, —
O, rare ! Sing it again, good ballad man, again.”

He sings the refrain with the poet :

“Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Rare ! Excellent !”

He slides his hand down to feel for his purse and discovers that it has been stolen. “Ha !” he cries. “Humph ! O Lord !” He looks wildly around the crowd. “O Lord ! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse !”

Such are the scenes and pastimes, the business and the frivolity, and such is the roguery, that went to make up Bartholomew Fair in the days of its greatest renown.

CHAPTER VIII

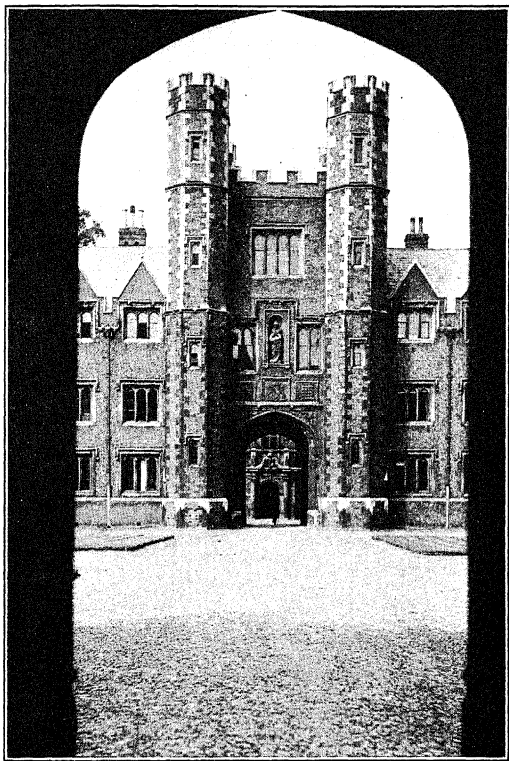
EDUCATION AND SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH SCHOOLS

*'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.*

— POPE, *Moral Essays*

“SPARE the rod and spoil the child.” This was most emphatically the idea of teachers as well as of parents in days gone by. Notice almost any picture of a teacher of Elizabethan or Stuart days, or earlier times, and you will see him represented with a book in one hand and a birch rod in the other. Sometimes the birch rod is shown lying on the table close at hand — but it is always in evidence. Even when the rod was not in use, the boys were not allowed to forget it. They were no mollicoddles, these sturdy lads of old, and they took their birchings very philosophically, which was well, indeed, since, in any case, they had to take them.

Even a young prince could not go scot-free, or at least could not appear to do so, for though no hand could be laid in punishment upon his royal person he took his punishment by proxy, and when he “faulted” in his lessons he had a “whipping boy” to take his beatings for him. There is no royal road to learning, it is true, but in those days when whippings seemed to have been an inseparable accompaniment to lessons, and a failure in recitation almost *had* to have a beating, the road must have been considerably



GATEWAY TO ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
Wordsworth studied at this college.

smoothed for royal youth by having the blows fall upon a whipping boy. Don't waste too much sympathy upon the whipping boy, however. He was well paid for his chastisement; his post was an honorable one, and it furnished a good livelihood. James I and Charles II, when they were children, both had whipping boys to take their punishments for them.

But, in spite of what seems to us unwarrantably severe discipline, school days were not miserable times. The boys managed, in most cases, to have a rather large amount of fun along with their hardships.

The earliest schools were all connected with the Church. There was always a school of a sort attached to every monastery. Here the boys were taught Latin verse, grammar, and rhetoric. And on feast days they were allowed to debate or dispute with each other in the churches, usually about the principles of grammar or some equally exciting subject.

The Latin psalter was the most common textbook. As soon as boys had learned the alphabet and could read a little they were promoted to the psalter. They studied Latin declensions and conjugations and long lists of words, and they also learned Latin conversation. In the days before printing was introduced into England there were few textbooks, and these few were very costly volumes, all made and written by hand; so the pupils had scarcely any books. The teacher, as a general thing, dictated to the students the lesson for the day and the boys took down what was dictated to them. Then they learned by heart what they had written, and if they made any mistakes, they were soundly whipped.

The school hours were long and tiresome. In summer, work began at six o'clock in the morning and lasted till eleven. Then time was allowed the boys to eat their dinner, and then work began again and lasted till six in the evening. In winter, the school day was a couple of hours shorter.

In Shakespeare's time the schools were somewhat different from the earlier church schools. They were no longer connected with the monasteries, but Latin was still the principal study, and Greek came next. More practical knowledge, however, was not entirely neglected. Reading and writing English were incidental to the learning of Latin and Greek, and a small amount of arithmetic, sufficient for ordinary commercial purposes, was taught. This passion for a knowledge of Latin was not so strange as it may seem to us, because in early times Latin was the tongue in which all, or practically all books were written, not only in England but also on the Continent. It was the universal language and the common ground of meeting of all scholars in the world, regardless of their nationality. Boys had not only to read and write Latin but to talk it as well, for a knowledge of Latin was essential to both the diplomat and the scholar, and almost equally so to the traveler. Just how scholarly was this use of the Latin tongue is a question, but at any rate it served the purpose for which it was used.

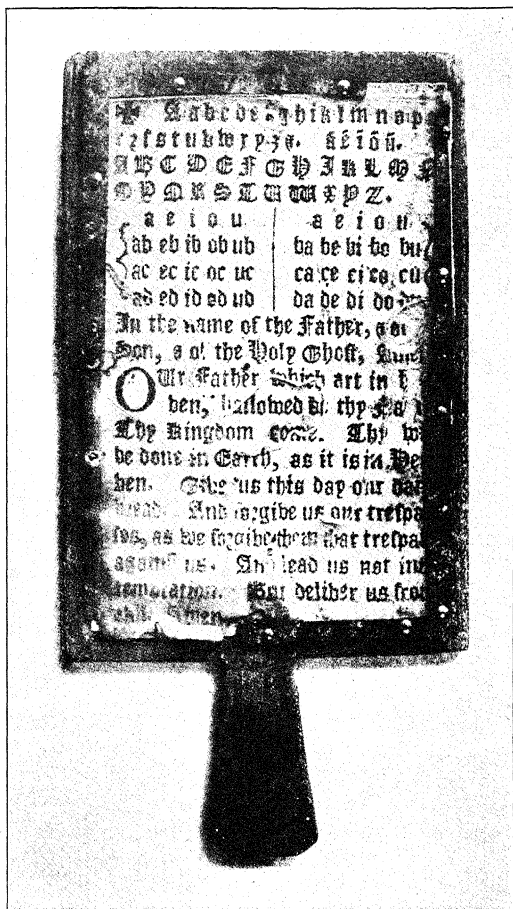
Roger Ascham, the famous teacher of Queen Elizabeth and of Lady Jane Grey, says in his famous little book called *The Schoolmaster*: "All men covet to have their children speak Latin, and so do I very earnestly, too." But he advocates a pleasanter and less painful method of

teaching than that of incessant flogging. His book is described as a "plain and perfect way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak in the Latin tongue." In it the author put forth an almost radical point of view in saying that Latin could be successfully taught without whippings. He even went so far as to declare that it was a better method of teaching, to encourage a student by praise than to discourage him and make him hate his lessons by too frequent punishments.

In the higher schools and universities the sons of gentlemen were taught the Trivium (grammar, logic, and rhetoric), and in more advanced courses they studied also the Quadrivium, which consisted of arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy.

The children who received an education began their studies at a distressingly early age. While they were still in the nursery they learned the alphabet. Four years was considered an advanced age at which to begin the rudiments of learning, and some precocious children began to study their primer, or hornbook, at the age of two.

In those days, when children were quite as destructive as they are now, and books were very scarce and very expensive, the first primer, or hornbook, as it was called, did not resemble a book at all. In shape it was more like a battle-dore, or an oblong hand-mirror. The foundation was a thin piece of wood, on one side of which was fastened a sheet of paper, or parchment, showing the letters of the alphabet, in both capitals and small letters, also a set of syllables: a, b, ab; b, a, ba; etc., and the Lord's Prayer — sometimes the Benediction, too. The alphabet began



AN OLD HORNBOOK. (Early 17th century)
 A hornbook like this was the first primer used by school children.

with a cross, giving the hornbook the popular name of the *criss-cross row*.

The sheet of paper on which these elements of knowledge were set forth was protected from ill usage by being covered with a thin sheet of transparent horn bound around the



A LITTLE GIRL OF THE 17TH
CENTURY HOLDING HER HORN-
BOOK

edges by a strip of brass. The hornbook had a handle like the handle of a hairbrush; usually there was a hole in the handle through which a string could be passed, allowing the child to wear his hornbook hanging around his waist or neck. Some especially fine hornbooks had backs of embossed or colored leather, and sometimes they were decorated with a picture of the reigning monarch.

A hornbook must have been a tempting weapon with which to administer a blow in a scrimmage, and also most convenient for batting things around.

As soon as children outgrew the nursery they were taught at home by the family chaplain or by a tutor, or, if they were boys, they were sent to a local grammar school.

Rhetoric was considered important, but a great deal of variation was allowable in spelling. This was a license of which the writers of earlier days availed themselves very freely, often spelling the same word three or four different

ways in the length of one short note. Women seemed especially untrammelled by any rules of spelling.

In noblemen's homes and in schools for the children of gentle and noble families much stress was laid on music and dancing, riding, fencing, and court etiquette. But even here the rod of correction was not idle, for though some famous teachers, like Roger Ascham, advocated milder methods of dealing with children, most teachers were thorough believers in Father Stick.

Many parents preferred to bring up their children at home with a resident tutor, who could instruct the girls as well as the boys. The tutor also usually acted as chaplain. Sometimes he accompanied his charges when they went away to school, and looked after them there, and in some cases he even went with them to Oxford or Cambridge.

Sending boys abroad under the care of a trustworthy tutor was a very common practice. By the time of the late sixteenth century no courtier's education was considered complete without some residence on the Continent, and an ability to speak French and Italian. If he also understood Spanish and German, he was so much the more a finished court gentleman.

For girls, education was somewhat different. They studied the hornbook, too, and if there was a tutor in the house for their brothers, they frequently shared in his instructions. But although there were many women who took pleasure in learning, and reached a high degree of scholarship, classic education and the study of Latin for girls was not generally encouraged. They studied music and deportment, and how to bear themselves with

dignity and grace through the coranto, the pavane, and other fashionable dances. They were instructed in the Bible and the prayerbook. They were taught fine



ENTRANCE GATE TO NEWNHAM COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE

Newnham is a college for women. It was established in 1875.

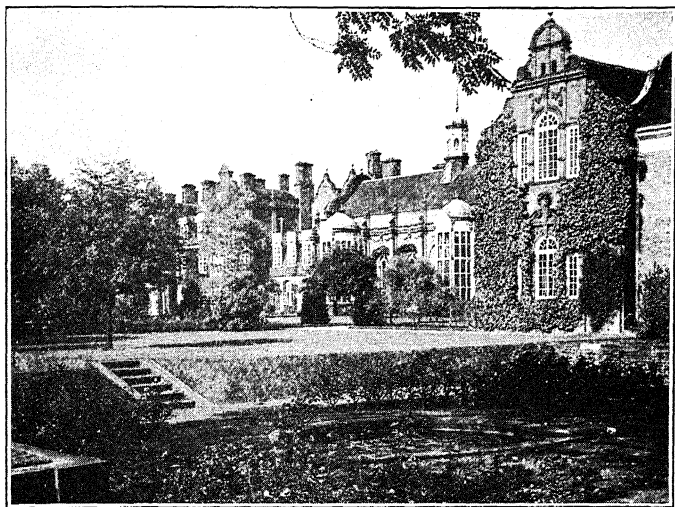
needlework, cooking, and the ordering of their households, and to some extent the use of medicinal herbs and various simple healing arts. Girls usually married very young, and in high circles their husbands were carefully chosen for them by their parents or guardians.

Children of the poor received a different sort of education.

Many of them remained illiterate because the cheapness of labor forced parents to put their children to work in the fields or to send them out to service when they should have been in the schoolroom. While those of the highest rank were carefully educated, according to the contemporary standard, the great majority of the common people, until long after Shakespeare's time, paid no attention to learning, and could neither read nor write. In a book dealing with the days of Charles II we find special mention made of a man who was considered one of the cultured men of the parish, "being a great admirer of learning, and

well able to write his name." For the average poor boy, opportunities for a formal education were extremely meager, in fact almost non-existent.

If he became an apprentice, he at least learned the trade of his master, and perhaps a little besides. Many lads



NEWNHAM COLLEGE GROUNDS

became apprentices, and not only the sons of poor or low-born parents. It was not an uncommon thing for a younger son of a gentleman to be apprenticed to a London merchant. And the life of a city apprentice was not without a certain amount of culture, for the merchant was often a man of very fair education for his day, and in the indentures, or contract, binding the apprentice to his master, the master frequently agreed to teach the boy to read and write and to do a little figuring, besides teaching him the trade.

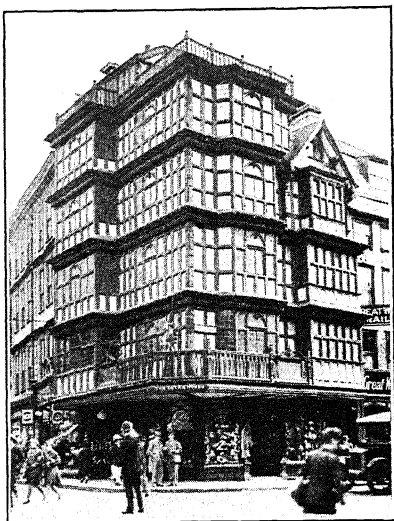
In the early days of the Middle Ages all the merchants of a town belonged to a *guild*. This was an organization showing certain features of resemblance to the labor organizations of to-day — although there were guilds for many other purposes besides labor. The term *guild* comes from the Anglo-Saxon verb *gildan*, meaning *to pay*, and the first obligation of each member of a guild was to contribute his fixed annual payment to the common fund of the brotherhood.

Some guilds were organized to maintain bridges and to keep open for travel — as far as was possible — the unspeakably bad highways of early times. Some guilds undertook to provide hospitality for poor pilgrims and strangers, and some were for mutual benefit and for social and religious purposes. But among all the guilds none were of such importance as the merchant and the craft guilds.

The story of the guilds belongs really to the Middle Ages. But the custom of apprenticing boys to a master continued long after the guilds had declined. In early days the members of a guild feasted together and worshiped together at stated times, assisted their fellow members in ill health, poverty, or old age, and, incidentally, stimulated the early drama by the performance of religious or semi-religious plays on guild holidays. The merchant guild of a city monopolized and protected all the trade of the city. It was a combination of all the traders or merchants in the municipality. The craft guilds were made up of skilled artisans of various trades. Each trade had its own guild, and there might be a number of craft guilds in one city. The main purpose of a craft guild was

the securing of competent workmen and honest products. No man might work at a trade unless he had served his full time as an apprentice and a journeyman, and had become a master worker. An apprentice had to serve for seven years, beginning usually when he was about fourteen years of age.

The enrollment of a boy as an apprentice was quite a momentous occasion. A certain amount of money was paid over by the boy's father in the presence of the warden and the officers of the guild. Papers called *indentures* were made out and signed. The boy's duties were herein clearly set forth, and the master also



THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE, BRISTOL

The house was formerly the old guildhall of the merchants in Bristol.

bound himself to certain conditions. After these arrangements were concluded, the boy left his parents' home and went to live with his master, who was pledged to instruct him in the art of the craft, to supply him with food, clothing, and whatever else might be necessary, to control him, and to chastise him if he needed correction. The apprentice served his master without wages. He worked in the shop; he lent his voice to vocal advertising of his

master's wares; he made himself more or less useful about the house in various ways, and he attended his master with a lantern and club whenever that worthy citizen had to go forth upon the street at night. An apprentice was not permitted to wear a sword, but he carried a club, and when, at any time, any disturbance took place in the streets, a cry of "Clubs!" would bring apprentices flying from every shop to mix in the fray.

The apprentice often succeeded to his master's business. Frequently he married the daughter of the house. But though this equality of station existed, the apprentice was expected to perform many miscellaneous acts of domestic service not referred to in the bond. He must run errands, often serve at table, and be always ready to follow his master or mistress when either went out, in order to carry bundles or to lend protection.

When the seven years of apprenticeship for which the lad was bound were completed, he became a *journeyman*, still living with his master but receiving wages. And when he had shown his skill in making a *masterpiece*, he himself became a master and a member of the guild.

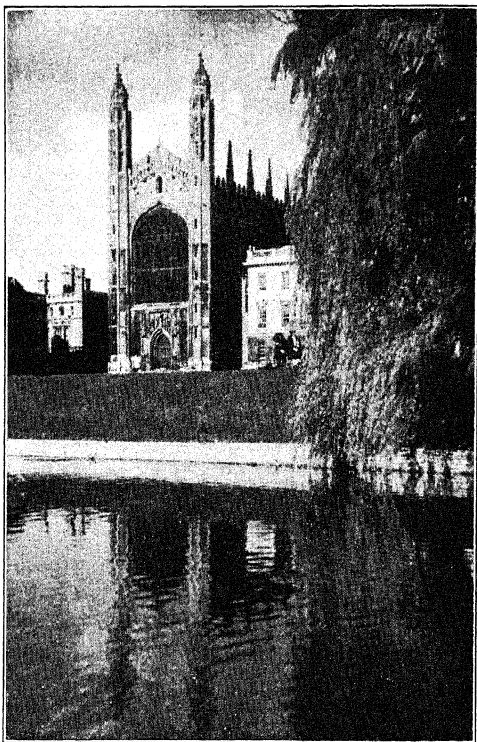
By the time of Henry VIII the guilds had lost much of their power. Many of them had entirely disappeared, but boys were still apprenticed to trades, and the number of apprentice lads seemed to be no less. In front of almost every London shop, for generations after Henry's time, there could be seen, and heard, some sturdy lad adding to the hubbub of the streets by calling out the excellence of his master's wares.

After the foundation of the Charity Schools in the late sixteenth century poor children had more of a chance for

education than they had ever had before. In these schools a certain number of destitute children were clothed, fed, taught to read and write and figure, and when they were about fourteen years old, were apprenticed to some useful trade.

One of the most famous of these schools is *Christ Hospital*, usually spoken of as Christ's Hospital. It is a pity that the word *hospital*, in the minds of most people, has come to mean exclusively a place for the care of ill and injured people, and has become dissociated from its original meaning of hospitality. A hospital was, in early times, a place of shelter for travelers or strangers. The word *hospice* from the same root, and meaning an inn, has kept to this original meaning. Later, *hospital* came to mean a charitable institution for the refuge of needy old people or very young persons, and finally the word has come to stand for a place where disease and injury are given medical and surgical attention.

Christ's Hospital was built in 1553 on the grounds of the old monastery of the Gray Friars, which, after the dissolution of the monastery, had been given by Henry VIII to the Corporation of London. Here the City fathers founded a home for poor boys, and beside it a home for girls. Christ's Hospital was not originally planned for a school; its object was to rescue young children from the streets, to shelter, clothe, and feed them; but Edward VI added to the original plan by causing a school to be established there and endowing it "for the benefit of poor, fatherless children and others." The school is still in existence, although it was removed in 1904 to Horsham, in Sussex.



KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

King's College is one of the most famous colleges of Cambridge University. It was founded in 1441 by Henry VI. The chapel is regarded as the crowning glory of the University.

No boy could be admitted to this school before he was seven, or after he was nine, and no boy could remain in school at Christ's Hospital after he was fifteen. The "Blue Coat Boys," as the children of this school are called, still wear the costume that was designed for them at the time the school was founded — a costume consisting of a long, dark blue coat or gown belted in with a leather belt, knickerbockers, and long yellow stockings. No head covering is worn, even in winter. In the days of Edward VI blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving men, and yellow stockings were generally worn.

Not all the children educated in this school have been paupers, and though the education was chiefly of a commercial nature, some of the more talented pupils were prepared for the university. Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt are among the names of those who attended Christ's Hospital and who became eminent men in later life.

Both boarding and day scholars attended the school. The discipline was Spartan in the extreme. All domestic ties were to be put aside, and small boys were sternly rebuked if they were homesick. Coleridge tells how he once shed tears of loneliness for his parents on the first day of his return after the holidays, and how he was seen by the stern and famous master, James Boyer, who reprimanded him in these words :

"Boy, the school is your father ; Boy, the school is your mother ; Boy, the school is your brother ; the school is your sister, Boy ; the school is your first cousin and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let us have no more crying."

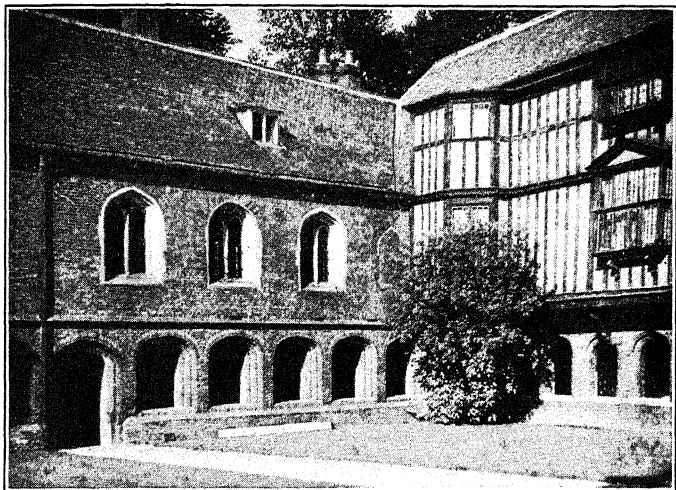
This same tyrant master, James Boyer, has become famous through the stories told of his severities by Lamb and Leigh Hunt — Lamb in the *Essays of Elia*, and Leigh Hunt in his *Autobiography*. Both wrote of the hard life of those school days when they rose at the call of a bell, at six in summer and at seven in winter, and after a hurry-scurry of dressing and — presumably — washing, went at the sound of another bell to breakfast. School followed directly after breakfast and lasted till eleven. Then the boys had an hour's recess. Dinner was at twelve, and at one o'clock school began again and kept in session until five in summer and four in winter. On Sundays the school time of other days was taken up by church services. Leigh Hunt speaks about various Sunday preachers. One of them, Mr. Sandiford, he says, "had a habit of dipping up and down over his book like a chicken drinking."

But in spite of harsh masters and strict rules and miserable food, these men seemed to look back upon their school days with a surpassing affection, as they wrote about them later in life.

The *Charterhouse* is another famous charity "hospital" of long history. There was on this site originally a Carthusian monastery, founded by monks from the French monastery of La Chartreuse. Charterhouse is the English equivalent for the French *Chartreuse*. After the dissolution of the monastery the property passed through various hands and was finally purchased in 1611 by Thomas Sutton, a retired soldier, who had made an enormous fortune in Northumbrian coal mines. Sutton made the property into a home for aged men and a school for poor children. There was provision made for forty children and eighty

“indigent and deserving gentlemen.” It was definitely stated that they must be “gentlemen.”

The old gentlemen are still at the Charterhouse, but the school for boys was removed in 1872 to Godalming in Surrey, where it has grown and prospered amazingly.



A CAMBRIDGE QUADRANGLE

An English college is built around a hollow square forming a quadrangle. The quadrangle is entered by a large and imposing gateway.

On Founder's Day, December the twelfth, there was always a big dinner given in the great hall, and at these celebrations there was always sung an old Carthusian melody with this chorus in honor of the founder :

Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton ;
He gave us lodging — learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton.

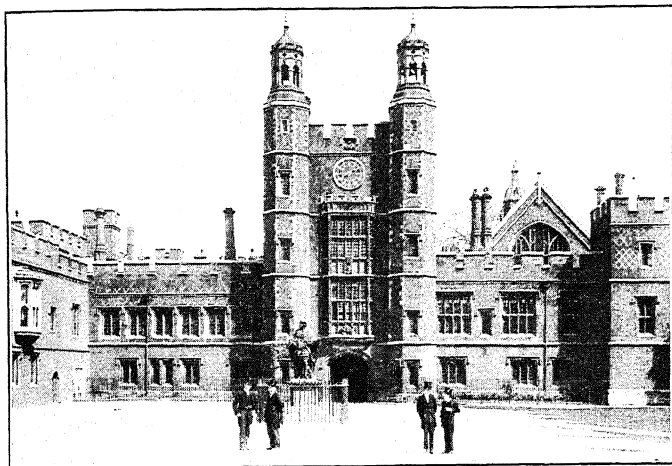
Addison and Steele, Richard Lovelace, John Wesley, and Thackeray are some of the famous men who were former scholars at the Charterhouse school.

Some mention should be made of the Dame Schools which came into being about the close of the eighteenth century. These schools were very small, elementary affairs designed to give a modicum of learning to the poor children of the countryside. In truth, these schools could give very little but a modicum of learning, as they were taught by old women, who usually had very little learning themselves besides reading and writing.

We all know the picture of a Dame School: the small cottage schoolhouse with benches for the boys and girls, who sat in rows before the teacher; the dunce's stool in the corner, where the dunce who failed in his lessons had to sit facing the school, wearing a tall dunce's cap, or a long tongue of red flannel to signify that he had not yet learned to control his tongue; the Dame herself in front of all, wearing a full, print dress and a voluminous cap upon her head, and often holding a birch rod with which to urge dilatory scholars along the path of learning. The little Dame School has figured very often in juvenile rhymes and stories of this period.

Americans reading English literature are likely to be somewhat misled by the terms used to designate English educational institutions. For though the terms used are the same as those used in America, the application of these terms is very dissimilar. For instance, the terms grammar school and public school mean to the American student something far different from what they mean to the English student. A grammar school in England is a

school especially for the teaching of Latin grammar. A student is supposed to know how to read and write, at least, before he enters a grammar school. Such a school is usually an endowed institution. A public school is also an endowed school, but it is called public only because it



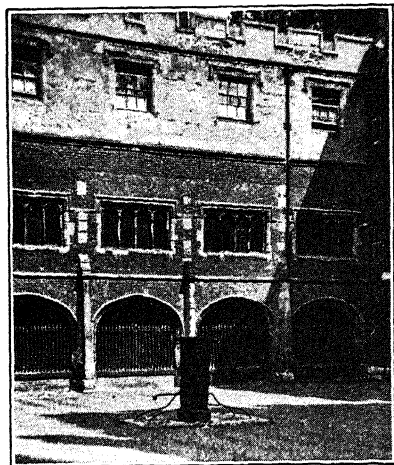
ETON, A WIDELY KNOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL

An English public school is public only in the sense that it draws its students from the community at large as distinguished from a local school, which serves only the community in which it is situated. A public school is not a free school. Eton is a famous and a very aristocratic public school.

draws its students from all over the country — public, in this sense, meaning the nation, or the community at large, distinguished from a local school which serves only the town in which it is situated. An English public school is anything but a public school in the American sense of the word, meaning a school free to the public, and supported by the local government. The English public

schools are high in their charges and serve principally the children of the upper classes. It is considered a mark of distinction to be a "Public School man."

Eton is one of the most famous of these schools, and the Eton boys in their short Eton jackets, their broad white



IN THE PUMP QUADRANGLE, ETON

collars and tall hats, represent a large section of the youthful wealth and aristocracy of England. *Rugby* is scarcely less famous. The history of these schools goes back to the Renaissance, and in some cases even further. Eton was founded in 1440 by Henry VI, and Rugby in 1567 by Laurence Sheriffe. They are in reality great, private,

boarding schools, each preparing its students for Oxford or Cambridge.

The life at these schools has furnished interesting chapters in many English novels. The scene of *Tom Brown's School Days* is laid at Rugby, and the book gives a graphic picture of life in this great school, a century ago. It tells of sports and games — of long, exciting runs at hare-and-hounds, of football games, and cricket matches, and of old customs which have survived through generations. It tells of fagging, that drudgery exacted from the

smaller boys by those in a higher class, and it gives, above all, a feeling of the tremendous enthusiasm and loyalty felt by every public school boy for his particular school, a feeling second only to his patriotic feeling for his country.

We've sung to the King — God
bless him!

We've sung to the lands of his
rule;

And now, with a lump in our
gullets,

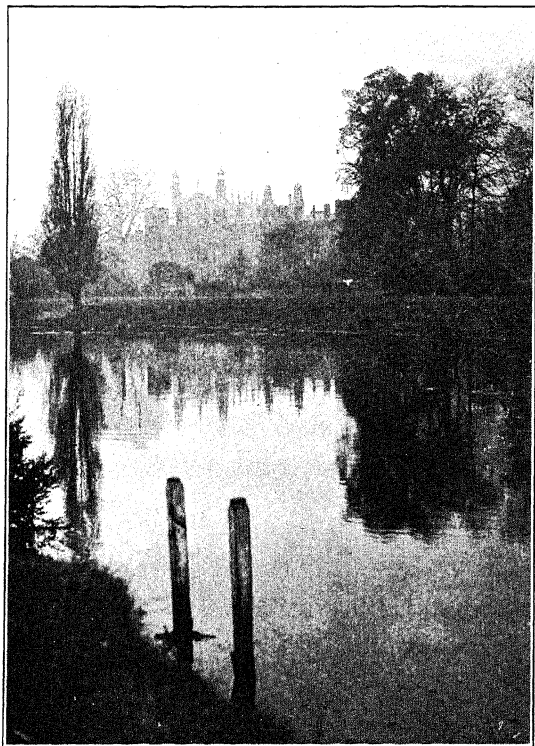
We'll sing the Song of Our
School!

For higher education there were the universities. Of these Oxford and Cambridge held, and still hold, a unique position. These famous institutions are so old that it is difficult to fix the date of their beginning. Legend says that Oxford was started by King Alfred in 872, but this is probably pure myth. There might have been the germ of a university — more likely a grammar school — at Oxford in the days of Alfred. It is not, however, until the thirteenth century that we find distinct recognition of such an institution. What later became this great university began in the twelfth century as a simple gathering of



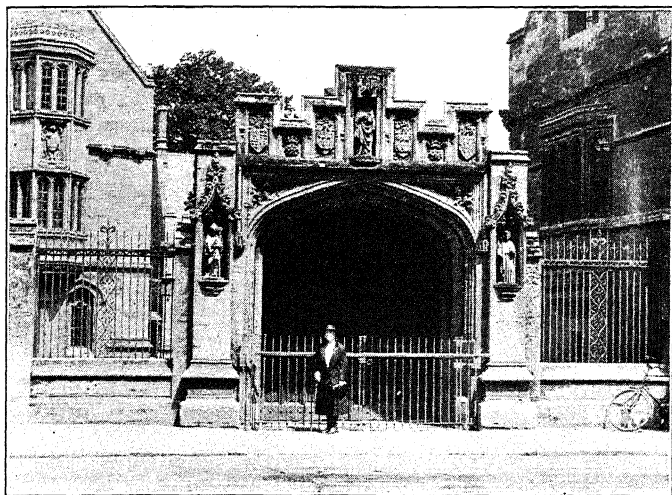
AN ETON BOY

The Eton students wear tall hats, broad collars, and short jackets. For generations this has been the recognized Eton costume.



ETON, FROM THE RIVER

masters, and of scholars who came to hear these wise men talk. The university of that day was a spontaneous growth, consisting of men rather than buildings. The scholars attracted by the personality of a famous teacher would gather around him and sit on benches or even on the

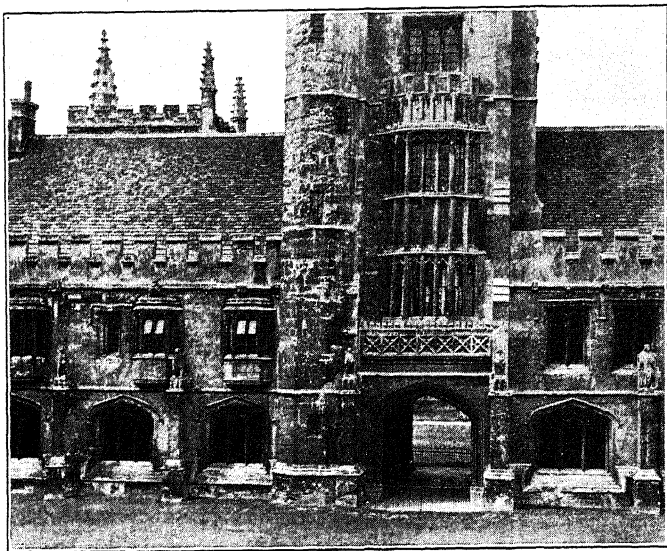


ENTRANCE GATE TO MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Magdalen is one of the most renowned of Oxford colleges.

floor to hear him lecture. The modern way to found a university is to raise money, obtain a charter, buy land, and put up some buildings. But Oxford began in a very different way. It grew rather than was founded, and it was not until it had been in existence for some time that it was anything like a college in the modern meaning of the word, *i.e.*, an endowed and incorporated body of masters and students.

Oxford is a federation of colleges. Each college, like a state in a federation, is a separate organization under the guidance of the University as a federal government, with a Chancellor as its nominal head and a Vice Chancellor for its acting chief. The University of Oxford is



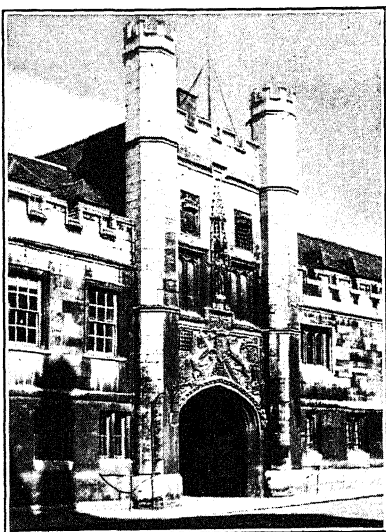
IN THE QUADRANGLE, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Addison was a member of this college. A number of royal princes have also studied here.

made up of separate colleges founded at different times by various people. Each college has its own individual buildings grouped around one or more quadrangles of open lawns or campus grounds, and entered through a more or less elaborate gateway. Many of the colleges have been richly endowed by kings and private

persons. Each college has its own Head, Tutors, and Fellows, and each college administers its own discipline. All are under the protection of the University, which regulates the general studies and holds all examinations except those at entrance, which are held by the various colleges. The University also confers all degrees and honors, and its professors form the superior staff of lecturers.

Cambridge in the manner of its early development was similar to Oxford, and both still preserve many of their medieval customs unaltered. Oxford has twenty-four colleges or halls, and Cambridge has nineteen. A man



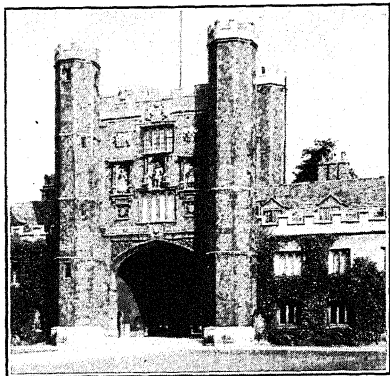
ENTRANCE TO CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE

Milton was a student at Christ's College.

who has graduated from Oxford is very careful to state whether he was a member of Christ Church College, Oxford, or Merton College, Oxford, or Balliol College, or some other; just as a Cambridge man will boast of being among the names on the college books of King's College, Cambridge, or Trinity College, Cambridge, or Jesus College, and so on. It is to his College, rather than to the University as a whole, that the Oxford or Cambridge man

looks back affectionately, and it is to the College that the wealthy alumnus gives bequests.

But the University shares his attachment. This two-fold devotion is well shown by the attitude of the students



TRINITY COLLEGE GATE, CAMBRIDGE

This picture is taken from inside the quadrangle. Trinity is the largest college in Cambridge University.

in that classic struggle on the Thames, the great Oxford and Cambridge boat race. Go to the beautiful river at Oxford on an evening when the various Oxford college crews are racing against each other, and men from the best of these various college crews are being selected to form the University crew.

There you will see the strength of College feeling. And then at-

tend the annual race between the picked crews of the two famous universities — there you will see the dark blue banners of all the Oxford Colleges massed as one against the light blue emblems of the competing university.

CHAPTER IX

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE COURT AND OF THE PEOPLE

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

— SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*

THE manners and customs of hundreds of years ago are not all of them so remote as they seem to be. Some of the most universal forms of what we term "ordinary good manners" of the present day go as far back as the days of chivalry. When a man lifts his hat to a woman to-day, he is carrying on an ancient tradition and performing an act of respect that was part of the vow of a chivalrous medieval knight. When a knight of old came into the presence of a lady, he took off his helmet to show that his trust in her and his respect for her were so great he felt it unnecessary to protect himself. For the same reason he would remove his gauntlet when he shook the hand of a friend. Many conventions that are considered rather fine to-day grew out of the customs of chivalry.

The knightly ages formulated a code of honor — the ideal of chivalry. It took long years of training for a boy to become a knight, and his training began very early. It was not customary for a boy of noble birth to be brought up in the home of his father. When he was about seven years old, he was sent for his education to the castle of some lord of higher rank or greater reputation, and he

was taught to look upon this foster father of his with the greatest reverence.

He began his education by serving as a page in the household. He was the constant attendant of his master or his mistress. He waited on them in the great hall, followed them to the hunt, served the lady at home and the lord in the camp. He was taught obedience and honor, devotion to his Maker, his master, and his fair lady, also a little reading and writing—it could not have been much, as many knights were unable to sign their own names. He learned music, too, enough at least to sing and compose pretty little love songs and to accompany himself on a harp or a lute.

When he became a squire at the age of fourteen, he learned to be a skillful horseman, and to understand the arts of hunting and hawking. He learned to endure hunger and thirst, heat and cold, without complaining. He was taught to use the sword and spear and other weapons of his time, and always he was taught to be gentle as well as brave, to be courteous and chivalrous to all, especially to all ladies and children, who might need his protection; for the knight was the ideal gentleman of his time who must never fail to do his duty, to defend the weak, and to uphold his ideals of religion.

When the squire had spent about seven years more in mastering all these lessons, he had to “win his spurs”; that is, he had to do some deed of valor which would prove him worthy to become a knight and wear the golden spurs which were the knight’s special badge of honor, and which were forbidden to all of lesser rank. That the standards of knights were high is shown in the rules of

their tournaments. No one could take part in these contests who had ever committed a crime, broken his word, taken an unfair advantage of an enemy in battle, or offended a lady. The knight must be brave, true, courteous, and pure.

This was the ideal knight. Of course many knights fell below these high standards. They were not perfect men; indeed, some of them were anything but admirable, but they were pledged to noble deeds, and many of them tried to live up to their pledges. And in those old days of the Middle Ages when laws were not greatly regarded, and violence was the rule rather than the exception, the institution

of chivalry exercised a wholesome influence in raising the medieval world from barbarism to civilization; and it gave to the world a standard of conduct and ideals which have lasted in some degree from the age of chivalry to the present day.

Unfortunately these ideals of conduct and courtesy related almost exclusively to people of gentle birth. Very little account was taken of the common people in any way. The idea of democracy in manners, or democracy in gov-



A KNIGHT IN FULL ARMOR

Knights, when fully dressed for action, carried on their persons and on their horses an enormous amount of equipment. This knight is dressed for a tournament. Notice his golden spurs and long heavy lance (the top of which is not shown).

ernment, giving to anyone with ability a chance to rise to a higher place, would have scandalized the good old knights of the thirteenth century, and not only the knights of medieval days, but the people of the following centuries, too; for until modern times there was always a very sharp distinction between different classes of society. The manners and customs of the common people differed vastly from what was considered good form and etiquette for the nobles and for people of high birth.

Although the underlying principles of chivalry have held throughout the ages, of course the externals of conduct and prevailing customs have varied with succeeding periods. That which was looked upon as the height of elegance in the fourteenth century would scarcely pass muster with the well-bred person of to-day. Chaucer does not intend to be ironical in his description of the charming table manners of the Prioress in the *Canterbury Tales*:

At meat [dinner] well taught was she withal :
She let no morsel from her lips fall,
Nor wet her fingers in her sauce deep ;
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep
That no drop fell upon her breast.

She was doing remarkably well for the fourteenth century.

From the age of Chaucer to the age of Shakespeare is more than two hundred years and, of course, in that length of time customs changed considerably. Shakespeare's work is identified with the reign of Elizabeth and the years immediately following, and while Elizabeth was on the throne of England the eyes of the nation were opening to

wonderful new visions. The world became conscious of a vast and hitherto undreamed-of widening. As a result of the introduction of printing, new books were being put within the reach of all. The poets, the dramatists, the historians and chroniclers — Spenser, Sidney, Ben Jonson, Greene, Peele, Nash, Marlowe and Shakespeare, Stow and Holinshed, Bacon, and a host of others — were lavishly putting forth their works. Never has there been another time when so much that is great in literature has been given to the people.

And along with these original writings, the new learning of the Renaissance was making available a flood of translations from the classic writers of Europe. Every scholar found a classic to translate, and every traveler of culture from Italy, France, Greece, and the Orient brought home some new writer's work. Think of the wealth of reading that was suddenly given to a people who before this had had only a few heavy books, mostly religious and otherwise serious, laboriously printed by hand, and too expensive to be kept anywhere except in libraries or in the possession of a very few rich men. Scholars and poets, merchants and sailors, rovers and adventurers, all brought to the Elizabethan people wider knowledge, eager hopes, a passion for adventure, and an exuberance of spirit which has never been equaled.

Sailors who had voyaged to the Spanish Main, or had adventured up and down the coasts of the great new world in the west, brought home strange and exciting tales of fabulous wealth, of wild people and hitherto unheard-of monsters. The boys who played around the river wharves and quays saw many wonderful and extraordinary objects

come from the worn and battered ships that were returning from long voyages to the recently discovered lands. They saw Negroes, very strange and black; they saw red men, Indians from the world across the sea; they



A SAILOR TELLING HIS ADVENTURES

The Boyhood of Raleigh is the name of this picture by Sir John Millais. The boys are listening with rapt attention to strange tales of foreign lands.

saw chattering monkeys, and talking parrots, brilliant in plumage of red and green and yellow; they saw stuffed crocodiles, dried flying fish, and many other singular and most amazing trophies.

In the taverns, as they drank their ale, bronzed and bearded sailors told wild tales of danger and escape, of

shipwreck and of captured treasure ; and they were eagerly listened to by breathless and excited youths who were impatient to go themselves to see similar marvels and to find adventure, conquest, glory, and gold.

With their imaginations fired by the curios they saw, and by the wonders that they heard about, these listeners were ready to believe almost any extravagant narration, even such impossibilities as tales of monsters with men's heads and horses' feet, or of men who had no heads at all but wore their faces in their breasts. Nothing was too unthought-of or too impossible to be believed. The mighty enlargement of that time intoxicated the people of England. They were afire with all the eagerness of childhood to go, to do, and to learn.

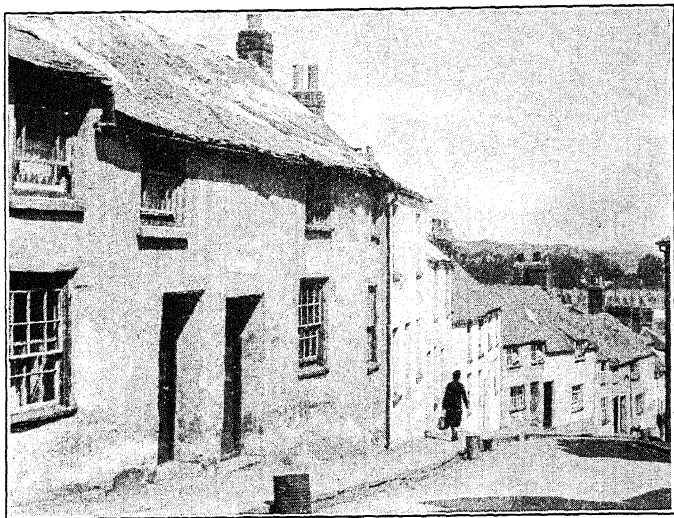
The opening chapter of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* gives a vivid portrayal of the enthusiasm aroused by these wonderful tales of returned travelers — tales, it must be admitted, not to be held always too strictly to account for entire truthfulness, yet of thrilling interest to those who heard them. For, with such a credulous and eager audience ready at his hand, what mariner could resist the temptation to embroider his tale a bit, or touch up the high spots of his narrative with romance and color?

In this chapter we see the lad, Amyas Leigh, who, all alive for sea news, has been attracted to a group of sailors gathered at the door of one of the taverns on the water front, a group listening eagerly to the words of a tall and sturdy man addressing them :

“If you don't believe me, go and see, or stay here and grow all over blue mold. I tell you, I saw it with these eyes . . . and we measured the heap of silver bars, and each bar between a thirty

and forty pound weight. And says Captain Drake: 'There, my lads of Devon, I've brought you to the mouth of the world's treasure-house, and it's your own fault now if you don't sweep it out as empty as a stock fish.'"

He who delivered this harangue . . . leaned with crossed legs and arms akimbo against the wall of the house; and seemed in the



"THE LITTLE WHITE TOWN OF BIDEFORD"

This hilly seaport town has been made famous through Kingsley's description of it in *Westward Ho!*

eyes of the school boy a very magnifico, some prince or duke at least. He was dressed (contrary to all sumptuary laws of the time) in a suit of crimson velvet, a little the worse, perhaps, for wear; by his side were a long Spanish rapier and a brace of daggers . . . his fingers sparkled with rings; he had two or three gold chains about his neck, and large earrings in his ears, behind one of which a red rose was stuck jauntily enough among the glossy black curls; on his head was a broad velvet Spanish hat, in which instead of a feather was fastened, with a great gold clasp, a whole Quezal bird, whose

gorgeous plumage of fretted golden green shone like one entire precious stone.

"Come," said Oxenham, "come along! Who lists! who lists! Who'll make his fortune?" . . .

The schoolboy who had been devouring with eyes and ears all which passed, and had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring, now stood face to face with the hero of the emerald crest, and got as many peeps as he could [at a wonderful great white buffalo horn on which was rudely scratched a chart of this new coast]. . . . Oh, if he could but possess that horn what needed he on earth beside to make him blest!

Great wealth had come to the whole of England from the riches of the new world and from the sudden advance in trade with continental Europe. During the peaceful reign and under the wise policies of Elizabeth and her able advisers, London trade had grown amazingly. The sky was bright for England. New learning, new hopes, new opportunities, and new prosperity — all these things gave to the Elizabethans a youthful exuberance of spirit that is mirrored in their actions and in the manners of the times. They were lusty wooers; they were fiery fighters and bold adventurers. It cannot be said that they were given to extreme self-discipline. They loved noise and indulged in it freely, both in the form of loud mirth and of angry altercation. They loved the freedom and action that came with celebrating festivals and holidays, and they loved street fights, as well.

They were less self-governed in those days than we are now. If they were in love, they were in a transport of passion and rapture. They were torn by pangs of jealousy, envy, and other fierce emotions, and they acted in accordance with their feelings. If they had anything to weep

about, they were not ashamed to weep without restraint — the men as well as the women. Anger was far less restrained than it is to-day. Men, especially men of the lower classes, did not try to repress their feelings; if possible they would always give their angry emotions vent in a free fight.

The poets and the dramatists of these wonderful Elizabethan days have drawn for us a picture of the people around them. In the plays of Shakespeare we can see all classes of his contemporaries — the noisy gallants, the mischievous pages, the witty serving men, the fervent lovers, the merry wives, the watchmen, and the jailers are all portraits from the daily life around him. The habits of his characters are the habits of the people of England as they were known to him. He gives us an almost photographic picture of the manners of his times. The callousness of the people to cruelty is shown by various incidents in the plays; the popular love of mirth and comedy expresses itself through the clowns or jesters. Sir John Falstaff is a picture of the roistering knight of the taverns, a somewhat highly colored picture, to be sure, but fairly typical. Along with such flaunting characters, Shakespeare shows us the fine English manhood of Antonio, the dignity of Portia, the sweetness of Juliet, and qualities of courage, patriotism, and courtesy which he could not have portrayed so beautifully had these qualities not been present in English life.

There was an extraordinary mingling of coarseness and courtliness, of ostentation and elegance, of brutality and refinement, in both speech and manners during these days. Queen Elizabeth would swear like a trooper, if circum-

stances irritated her sufficiently, or, on occasion, would even throw her slipper at an obdurate councilor. The people endured seeing cruel executions and mutilations. Yet, at the same time, they were able to appreciate and enjoy fine music, and to express the most delicate sentiments in verse. Very fair poetry was written by everyone who had any pretension to cultivation, and it was taken for granted that anyone could play on the lute, or cittern. Every educated youth of fashion could write a sonnet on any occasion, and would send a verse with a gift to his lady-love as he would now send a note or his card. Love lyrics were as frequent as love. And during the reign of Elizabeth music seems to have been in universal cultivation as well as universal esteem. Not only was it a necessary accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen, but even for servants it was an asset. The City of London, about this time, advertised the musical abilities of boys educated at Christ's Hospital and elsewhere as a mode of recommending them as servants or apprentices. Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; every trade, and even the beggars, had special songs. People had music at dinner, music at weddings, music at funerals, music on any and every occasion. He who did not in some degree feel its soothing influence was considered a morose, unsocial individual, who should be shunned and looked on with disgust.

Part of the furniture of the barber shop of the period was a stringed instrument of some kind, and while the young gallant was waiting his turn to be trimmed and shaved, a lute would be handed to him just as a newspaper would be handed anyone to-day. There were no newspapers,

but the barber shops were excellent places to find out what was going on in the world. All the earliest news from court was sure to be circulated among the gossiping customers.

The proper cut of a courtier's hair and beard was a matter of vital import. When his turn came to be barbered, a man of fashion would cast aside his lute and take his seat in the barber's chair. The barber would approach him with a low bow and address him in some such fashion :

"Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner, short and round, and then frounst with the curling irons to make it look like a half moon in a mist; or like a Spaniard, long at the ears and curled like to the two ends of an old cast periwig; or will you be Frenchified with a lovelock down to your shoulders, whereon you may wear your mistress' favor?"

Hair could be cut in the Dutch mode, or in the bravado fashion. There was the court fashion, and the country fashion. Stubbs, the historian, says: "They will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy, or amiable to your friend; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure." Sometimes as much as two hours would be spent in trimming and dressing the locks of a man of fashion. It is no wonder that a lute was needed to while away the time of those who had to wait.

Elizabeth was a great ruler, but she was also a very human person. She was extremely fond of fine clothes and jewels, and was very vain, being much displeased if any of the court ladies dared to appear in garments as magnificent as those that she was wearing. She loved flattery, and expected the most exaggerated gallantry

from her courtiers, even going so far as to be displeased when any of the gentlemen of her court married, because, in truth, she did not enjoy having them adore anyone but her royal self. She loved revels and dancing, music and witty conversation. She took part in all the court festivi-



THE GARDENS AT WARWICK CASTLE

A type of formal garden that was very much admired.

ties, and until she was quite an old woman she danced all the popular dances — the pavane, the canary, the galliard, the French brawl, jigs, carantees, and others. Masques and pageants were a delight to her. In Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Kenilworth*, we are allowed to participate in one of these pageants — a brilliant affair arranged by the Earl of Leicester for the queen, on one of her progresses to his castle in Kenilworth. Much of the spectacular effect of Elizabeth's golden reign is due to these showy performances.

Good manners then were much more effusive than we think the correct thing nowadays. It was considered ill mannered for a gentleman not to kiss his partner after a dance. Indeed, it was the custom in all ranks of society for a guest of the household to salute the ladies in this manner. Foreigners were greatly struck by this practice, and fell very easily into the practice of kissing the English girls, "who were so kind." Erasmus writes :

Wherever you come you are received with a kiss by all ; when you take your leave you are dismissed with kisses ; a custom [says this reformer] never to be sufficiently commended.

But with all the sumptuous display and all the ceremonial there were glaring lacks of what we consider the necessities of life. Good soap was an almost impossible luxury, and when clothes were washed (which was not often), a crude soap of refuse fat had to be used ; "than which," according to Harrison, "there is none more unkindly in savor." Leaves and sprigs of lavender had to be placed among the linens to counteract the odor of the soap, as far as possible.

Forks were not used in England until 1611. Before that time one seized the roast, or whatever dish was passed, with the left hand and cut off what was wanted with one's individual knife. And for eating, fingers were found very useful. This made necessary the passing of a large finger bowl, both before and after meals, not only as a ceremonious but as a most necessary custom. Forks were introduced from Italy by James Coryat, who speaks in his book called *Crudities* of the curious custom the Italians had of using a little silver pitchfork for meat. He accounts for this peculiarity by saying :

The Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean.

Forks were at first used only by the great and wealthy, and were regarded more or less humorously for a time. But their use spread, to the great "sparing of napkins," and also of tablecloths, upon which the most punctilious would often wipe their fingers.

Coffee and tea were as yet unknown upon the English table.

The fashionable promenade of Elizabethan days was *Paul's Walk*. This was not, as its name would indicate, an avenue or boulevard. Paul's was the great cathedral of St. Paul. St. Paul's, as we know it, does not look as it did in Elizabethan days. That building was completely burned in the Great Fire of 1666. The present church, by Sir Christopher Wren, replaces the former one, on the same site. The St. Paul's of to-day is the biggest thing in London, but *old* St. Paul's was a great Gothic structure one hundred feet longer and one hundred feet higher than the present huge pile, and it was far more beautiful to the eye. Yet, stately and sacred as this cathedral was, it had become desecrated by the middle of the sixteenth century, to such an extent that, except for the choir — the end of the church east of the transepts, where the old screen still stood and where worship was still conducted — except for this small part of the building, the noble cathedral was entirely given over to the uses of a public thoroughfare and market place.

Choosing any day about the year 1600, if we could step into the great cathedral we should hear a strange sound like the humming or buzzing of swarms of bees, a

sound made up of the talking of many tongues and the walking of many feet, echoing through the lofty arches in a sort of loud murmuring or subdued roaring; and we should see butchers' and bakers' men tramping through the transepts, carrying baskets of meat or of bread, porters lugging sacks of coal, or bags and bundles of every kind, just as if they were trudging along a common street. The passage through the church across the transepts was a convenient short-cut, north and south, for carriers and porters of all kinds, and here we should see mules, horses, cattle, and other beasts constantly being led along through the once sacred edifice.

Over at the baptismal font might be seen a crowd of people using the font as a counter for paying bills and for lending money at interest, and at certain pillars there would be sure to be clustered groups of shabby men with worn doublets and a general out-at-elbows appearance. These pillars were stations where servants could be hired. Falstaff speaks of his servant Bardolph, an old rascal, whom he says he got at Paul's. Beside Duke Humphrey's tomb there would be three or four lean, hungry-looking desperadoes, with long rapiers and rather damaged-looking cloaks, ready to be engaged for almost any kind of bold adventure.

The long middle aisle down through the center of this church, known as the "Mediterranean Aisle" or "Paul's Walk," was the great sight of Paul's. Here crowds of fashionable gallants would come every morning dressed in their best and finest, to see and to be seen. Cloaks of cherry satin or ash-colored velvet, lined with pale blue taffeta and laced with gold; embroidered doublets and long

silken hose of peach, or buff, or blue, or crimson ; boots of Spanish leather with jingling spurs ; styles from France and Spain, no two alike but all splendid in appearance — all these were displayed in the Mediterranean Aisle. A tailor, peering from behind a pillar like a spy, might be seen hastily jotting down notes on the newest fashions in doublet and hose, or the stuff and color of a cloak. Young gallants clad in these rich silks and velvets, and wearing ruffs of delicate lawn and lace, would walk up and down, with their hands on the hilts of their long rapiers, and their gayly lined cloaks thrown carelessly over their shoulders. For a few turns up and down this famous walk were a necessary feature of the day to a fashionable or a would-be fashionable of the year 1600.

Tobacco smoking was very fashionable in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Tobacco was introduced into England in 1565 by Sir John Hawkins, who brought it from America on one of his voyages of discovery. The habit of smoking tobacco was made fashionable by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the custom spread rapidly. Within ten years from its introduction the ability to smoke or, as it was termed, to “drink” tobacco was considered a necessary part of every young gentleman’s education. Courtiers made a great to-do about smoking ; they even had professors in this new art to teach them the most fashionable way of drinking tobacco, and how to blow out the smoke in the shape of balls, and rings, and long tubes.

But the king, James I, who came to the throne in 1603, did not follow the new fashion. He fiercely opposed the use of tobacco. It was, he declared, a wicked imitation of the wild and godless Indians.

"Why do we not," says he, "as well imitate them in walking naked, as they do? In preferring glasses, feathers, and such toys, to gold and precious stones, as they do? Yea, why do we not deny God and adore the Devil, as they do?"

James wrote a famous pamphlet called *A Counterblast to Tobacco*, in which he bitterly attacked the custom of smoking, calling it :

A custom loathesome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

Just why he was so violent about the matter is hard to say — but he was a rather dogmatic person.

The gayety of fashionable Elizabethan society degenerated considerably in the reign of her successor. The drinking of Elizabeth's time became gross intemperance in the time of James I. Gambling and dicing were constantly indulged in, and with gambling went trickery of many kinds.

Under Charles I court manners and morals improved in tone. Charles did not countenance the license of his father's court. The example he set did much to check the growing intemperance and immorality.

The Puritans, under Oliver Cromwell, went a good deal further in their attempts to improve conditions. They tried to reform radically the manners of the court and of the people in general. Cards and dice were especially frowned upon. Some people even considered them akin to witchcraft, and believed that dice were made originally from the bones of a witch, and cards from her skin.

But with the advent of Charles II there was a reaction

from the sober conduct of the Puritans. Court manners and morals sank to a very low level. The changes in manners during the various reigns were due in a great measure to the personality of the sovereign. Charles II, although charming in manner, was a profligate and a waster. He paid scarcely any attention to the ruling of the nation but a great deal to his own pleasure and entertainment. His court became notorious for political intrigue and government "jobbing." Whoever could make himself agreeable to the king, or to any of his favorites, could rise in the world to most important positions without possessing the least ability and without giving the slightest service to the government. The king kept open house all day long. Men of quality came every morning to chat with him while his wig was being combed or his cravat tied. Crowds came to see him dine and to hear him tell stories — which he did remarkably well.

The influence of the court upon conduct made immorality appear a part of good breeding, and essential to success. Ladies made it a habit to wear masks upon every public occasion, so as to escape recognition where there was such freedom of demeanor.

Gambling was worse than it had been at any time before. Men who were fashionable in appearance and pleasing in their manners often made their living by inviting unsuspecting gentlemen from the country to a game of cards, and cheating them out of all they had.

It was a great time for drinking. Even grave churchmen drank large quantities of wine. Pepys, in his *Diary*, gives us an excellent picture of the times. He is constantly getting "foxed" with drink. On one occasion

he is afraid of reading evening prayers lest the servants should discover his condition, which they probably did, though he does not tell us about that.

Manners, while very formal and elaborate in some ways, were in others, extremely crude. Men wore their hats



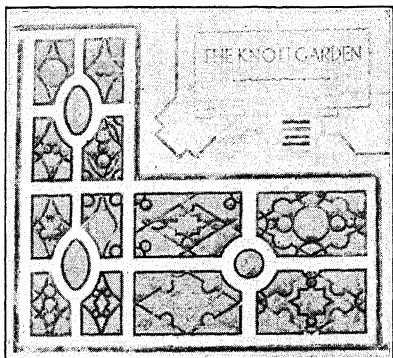
THE KNOTT GARDEN AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

Flowers of brilliant, contrasting colors were used to emphasize the pattern of the garden.

at the dinner table, and for each guest, at even the most ceremonious of royal banquets, there was provided only one knife and one fork to use for the many courses of the long banquet. While eating they sat on seats without backs, and if they wished to do so, they did not hesitate to spit upon the floor. In some *Rules of Civility* translated from the French (1703), the reader is warned not to wipe his knife and fork on the tablecloth, and Defoe, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, requests the reader not to pick his

teeth at the table with his knife or fork. Yet the English prided themselves a good deal upon their table manners.

The influence of Italy, so strong in the days of Elizabeth, gave place, after the Restoration, to the French influence, when the exiles brought back to England many new French styles in dress and deportment. France was supreme in matters of correct conduct, from a duel to a minuet. France determined the cut of a gentleman's coat, the length of his tie-wig, and the height of his heels.



PLAN OF THE KNOTT GARDEN

This manner of life applied, of course, particularly to the court and to the world of fashion. The sober citizens of London still retained something of the Puritan spirit—enough, at least, to leaven or ballast the frivolity of the court. English customs, in general, except for a few minor changes, were not greatly altered in the late seventeenth century from what they had been in the days of Elizabeth.

Pepys gives us the best information about the London of Charles II's day. Because he did not expect any eyes but his own to read his *Diary*, he confided to it, somewhat indiscreetly, many details of the life at court and many of his own experiences, which depict the customs of Restoration days both vividly and exhaustively. He

loved gossip, and gathered it wherever he went. To be near the king or any of the great people at court made him all eyes and ears. And all that he saw or heard went down at once into his voluminous *Diary*. We see him at the theater, where he is much annoyed at having his new coat soiled by a lady in front of him, who spat over her shoulder. However, he cannot have been too greatly upset by this circumstance because in recounting the incident he adds: "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady I was not troubled at all." Pepys was rather fond of pretty ladies.

The treatment of servants was very harsh. Even well-born and well-bred masters were in the habit of beating their servants. Pepys tells of one mortifying episode when on coming home he finds

the door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cook maid, which so vexed me that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her.

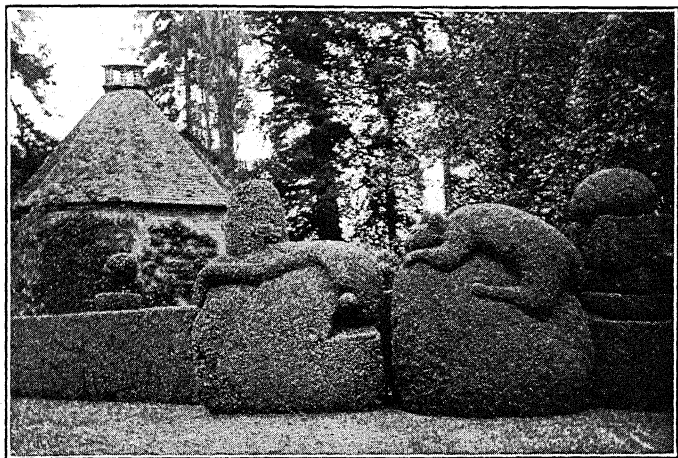
Pepys bitterly regretted the kick, not on account of hurting Luce, but because he was

seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's foot boy, which did vex me to the heart, because he will be telling their family of it . . . though I did put on presently a very pleasant face to the boy and spoke kindly to him, as one without passion, so as it may be he might not think I was angry.

The old rascal did not realize that in this frankness in his private diary he was telling his misdemeanors to the whole world.

His manners inside his house, too, were not always above criticism; note the following:

Find my wife in a dogged humor for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words . . . that we fell extraordinarily out, in so much that I going to the office to avoid further anger, she followed me in a devilish manner thither, and with much ado I got her into the garden out of hearing, to prevent shame, and so home, and by degrees I found it necessary to calm her, and did.



A HEDGE AT COMPTON WYNYATES

Notice the unusual and artificial shapes into which the shrubbery has been trimmed.

The early eighteenth century was very conventional. Men and women of fashion acted by a ritual of manners which seems to us very artificial; but society had become more decent and dignified than in the days of the Restoration. People were not so free in their language and in their behavior as they had been, and coarseness was passing out of fashion. We have a pattern of what was considered the very height of fine manners of this time

in a book of letters written by the fourth Earl of Chesterfield to his son. Lord Chesterfield was a brilliant man and a skillful statesman. He never intended to have these letters published. They were written to instruct his son in what he considered the needful qualities of a man of fashion and of politics in his age. But just as Pepys became for us, unwittingly, the chronicler of conduct and fashion in the seventeenth century, so Lord Chesterfield becomes for us the unintentional expounder of fine manners of the eighteenth century.

He was a man of unusual tact, and his manners were finished to a degree. The letters are a strange combination of right feeling and calculating deviousness — of gentle, genial consideration for others, and a Machiavellian self-interest; at the same time they are both amusing and witty. They form the most fascinating treatise on manners in the whole category of such books. Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son were published shortly after his death, and they became so popular and so widely known that the term *Chesterfieldian* was adopted into the English language, signifying a person of suave and elegant manners.

To be a statesman, he says, you must have an absolute command of your temper . . . dexterity enough to conceal the truth without telling a lie; sagacity enough to read other people's countenances; and serenity enough not to let them discover anything by yours — a seeming frankness with a real reserve.

For a correct and polished deportment he gives the following rules:

Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is to be civil with ease.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

A gentleman is often seen, but very seldom heard, to laugh.

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult.

Those whom you can make like themselves better, will, I promise you, like you very well.

Many arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

And so on through these memorable letters which spanned a period of some years.

One cannot read much of the literature of the eighteenth century without finding mention of the popular pleasure gardens of those days — especially of Vauxhall. The gardens at Vauxhall were laid out in 1661 and were not closed until 1859, though before the latter date they had degenerated considerably in character. During this time of almost two hundred years Vauxhall was a place of popular resort. But it was during the eighteenth century, especially, that Vauxhall and other pleasure gardens, with their crowds, their music, their noise, and their scenes of merriment, reached the height of their popularity.

The name of Vauxhall came from *Foukes' Hall*, the great mansion of Foukes de Breant. Foukes de Breant was an obscure Norman adventurer who became very rich during the turbulent reign of King John, but who was subsequently driven from the country and forced to leave his fine estate, which eventually became the celebrated Vauxhall Pleasure Garden.

All classes went to Vauxhall. Anybody who could afford a decent coat was admitted. Though a man were of the highest nobility, he would get no more enjoy-

ment out of Vauxhall than an apprentice with a few shillings to spend. And the milliner's assistant going to Vauxhall with that apprentice was quite as happy as any lady in the land. Not that the different classes joined forces in any way. The eighteenth century was not a leveler of distinctions; but all grades of society met together without leveling. Each group kept to itself and distinctions were always preserved. Yet they all enjoyed together the songs and music of the orchestra, the strings of gayly colored lamps, the Druid's walk, and the dark lanes among the trees.

Many things were required to make a pleasure garden. There must be, first of all, plenty of trees, with aisles and dark walks among them, if possible. There must be, next, an ornamental pond with a fountain and a bridge. Vauxhall had an artificial waterfall nicknamed the "tin cascade," which was turned on, every evening, to the wonder and amazement of the spectators. And there must be bowers or "supper boxes" around the garden where light refreshments could be served. This supper seems to have been always a cold repast of extremely thin slices of ham or chicken, a bowl of punch or a bottle of port—for all of which one paid what was then thought to be an exorbitant price.

There was a rotunda for use in showery weather; there were colonnades and triumphal arches; there was statuary among the trees; there were many little lamps, red, blue, white, and green, hanging from the trees and clustered upon the buildings in what seemed in those days brilliant profusion; and there were always crowds of pleasure seekers. Until the death of Queen Anne, Vaux-

hall was a scene of gay festivities and sportive carryings-on. High life resorted there to enjoy itself and to be seen, and low life went to enjoy itself also, and to see what it could of the world of fashion. The London citizen was not embarrassed by the presence of the great lady, nor did the great lady feel any annoyance on account of the presence of the mercer from Ludgate Hill in the next box.

It was possible to go to Vauxhall more safely in the evening than to most places of entertainment because, since it was close to the landing across the river from Westminster, people could go by boat, instead of venturing into the dark and dangerous streets of the unpoliced city. The usual approach was by water, for the hire of "a pair of oars" was very little, the trip was a pleasant one, and it was only a few steps from Vauxhall Stairs, the boat landing, to the entrance of the gardens.

The Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Devonshire and her friends, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith, among others, all went to Vauxhall. The talkative Pepys tells of gathering cherries from the trees, and of how the nightingales sang, and how very greatly he enjoyed his visits there, and Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 383, describes Sir Roger de Coverley as going with him from Temple Stairs to Vauxhall, then often called Spring Gardens. The old knight finds the gardens exceedingly pleasant at that time of the year, May 20, and says:

When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look on this place as a sort of Mohammedan Paradise.

The crudities of earlier times, the weaknesses and the peculiarities in custom, often coarse and sordid, or artificial and extravagant, do not tell the whole story. Underneath all these flaunting manners and customs lay the principles of chivalry and honor, and the solid strength of fine English manhood and womanhood. Indeed, they still exist, as real as in the days of gilded spurs, though coming ages may see the present day in as grotesque a light as we see the ages that are past — especially if our daily papers are preserved as evidence of our habits.

CHAPTER X

FEASTS AND CEREMONIAL BANQUETS

*It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes one,
And the roast meat's brown and the boiled meat's done,
And the barbecued sucking-pig's crisped to a turn,
And the pancakes are fried and beginning to burn;*

The fat stubble-goose

Swims in gravy and juice,

With the mustard and applesauce ready for use;

Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,

Want nothing but eating — they're all ready dressed.

But where is the host, and where is the guest?

— Ingoldsby Legends, "The Lay of St. Cuthbert"

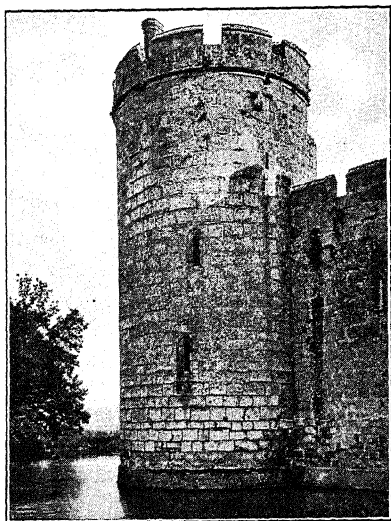
TO THE sturdy Englishman of old, food and drink were of tremendous importance. From the very earliest times in England, it would seem that appetites were good. Back in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries when most people ate from trenchers, as the ordinary wooden plates or platters were called, the phrase "a valiant trencher-man" was the literal description of a man with a good appetite, usually signifying a hearty lad with a stout spirit.

The feasts of those days were held in the Great Halls of the noblemen's castles. The Great Hall was the dining and living room of the whole establishment. As most people rose early in the morning, and went to bed, generally, early in the evening, they had their dinner hour

sometime before the middle of the day — a very good time for the mighty feasts in which the noble appetites of the day so rejoiced, giving the hearty eaters time to digest their heavy meal before going to bed, and possibly

saving them from the nightmares due to an overworked digestion.

Imagine the Great Hall set out with tables for some special feast. What would a modern appetite think of a repast that began boldly with venison, the shoulder of a wild boar, and a quarter of bear, and then worked its way onward through a course of roasted peacocks, swans, and another course of different kinds of poultry



BODIAM CASTLE

This picturesque old castle still has a moat surrounding its outer wall.

to pigeon pies and pheasant pasties? By the time these delicacies were reached, the feast would be well under way and the guests would be ready for such trifles as shad, salmon, and eel-pie (the last a special favorite), and could finish off with sweetmeats, ginger, cloves, and other spices. These spices always created a great thirst and made the diners welcome joyfully the big cups of wine mixed with honey and spice, which would then appear

and pass from one to another around the table, everyone taking a long and strong pull at the contents as the cup came to his hand.

Peacock and swan were considered the most luxurious of dishes in early times, and were almost always served at special banquets. To prepare one of these regal birds for the table was something of an art. First it would be skinned with the greatest care, so as not to rumple the feathers. Then it would be roasted before the fire, and before being served it would be fastened again into its own beautiful feathered skin with skewers, and so brought to the table. Here is an old recipe for serving a swan in the proper style :

Make a stiff bed of paste about the thickness of your thumb and color it green. Comb it out, and it will look like a meadow of green grass. Take your swan and gild him over with gold ; then have a loose, flying cloak of a vermillion color within and painted with a coat of arms without ; then set the swan upon this bed, cover some part of him with the cloak, stick about him small banners upon little sticks, the banners painted with the arms most agreeable to the people seated at the table.

Very beautiful to look upon he must have been !

However, the glory of a banquet in those early days consisted not so much in the skillful preparation of savory dishes and the elegance of serving them, as in the unlimited quantities and the varieties of the food.

And no entertainment was complete without music. The Great Halls had a gallery at one end where minstrels in picturesque attire sat or stood throughout the feast and played on various musical instruments. The instruments used were the viol, the ancestor of the modern

violin, the harp, the lute, the guitar, the flute, and sometimes a bagpipe, drum, cymbals, horn, trumpet, or hand-



A FOOL OR JESTER

The fool, in spite of his name, was really a clever man with a shrewd and ready wit. He was allowed greater liberties in speech than anyone else.

jugglers or sleight-of-hand performers were hired to amuse the guests; and besides all these entertainers there was the *fool*, as the jester of the nobleman was called.

The fool wore a cap and bells. Often half his costume

bells. While the great ones feasted the minstrels played and sang. Sometimes they left their gallery and had seats upon the floor, sometimes they even sat upon the edge of the table. They sang merry little ballads and favorite bits from long poems, telling of the noble deeds of heroes. Often they gave recitations from the romances in which the people of the time delighted. Sometimes strolling minstrels would come in to sing in return for a good meal, a cup of wine, and what small coins they could collect from the diners. Frequently

was one color and the other half a different color. In his hand he carried a scepter called a *bauble*. Many times his jesting was rather coarse and rough, but it was to the point and people liked it. The fool was allowed greater liberties in speech than other persons—in reality the name of “fool” was a misnomer, for only a keen and clever man could play the part of a fool. In Shakespeare’s plays the fool frequently makes remarks that show he has more wit and shrewd common sense than any of the other characters.

By the time of Elizabeth somewhat more of ceremony in dining was customary. Stools as of old, however, still served for dining chairs, and men still kept their hats on at the table. The Great Hall of the castle or manor house continued to serve as the dining room also. Between meals the table was conveniently got out of the way by placing the table-top on edge against the wall with its trestles pushed over beside it. In *Romeo and Juliet*, when more room is needed in the Hall for dancing, Capulet orders :

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up.

When mealtime came, the servants entered and set up the table. It was then covered with a linen tablecloth. Each guest had a napkin and perhaps a table knife. Table knives as distinctive dining implements were just coming into use at the beginning of Elizabeth’s reign. Fingers were used to assist them until forks were introduced, which was not until after Elizabeth’s death. Before the time of table knives, every man at the table

used the dagger or weapon which he wore at his belt to slice off what he wished from the common dish. Whatever duty the dagger may have performed between meals seems to have made no difference; at the table it was, for the time being, a domestic implement.

China and porcelain were coming into use, and when these were scarce, pewter took their place. Pewter was not then cheap, and was not in any way looked down on. Common people were obliged to use wooden dishes. Toothpicks were very fashionable and were ostentatiously carried by all. Often they were made of gold and carried in jeweled cases. To pick one's teeth in public with these fashionable trinkets was quite the mark of a fashionable gentleman.

Among all but the poorer classes a great variety of meat was used. Beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, cony (rabbit), red deer, fish, poultry, wild fowl, and wild boar were dishes proper to all England. Potatoes were known as *Indian delicacies* and were not cultivated in England until 1587. Even then they were not generally used. People regarded them with a prejudice as "unhealthy stimulants." But elaborate pastries were features of formal banquets, as well as rich conserves, and marchpanes wrought into fantastic shapes. Marchpane was a confection made of ground almonds and sugar. It was sufficiently plastic to be molded into all sorts of forms and devices, and it was considered a great delicacy, much coveted by those who could not easily obtain it. "Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane," says one of the servants to another, who is helping at the banquet in the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. The English were not

only great eaters of meat, they were also very fond of sweet things.

In a nobleman's Hall many meats were placed on the table at one time in large pewter or silver dishes. Dinner among the upper classes was commonly at eleven in the morning, and people sat at table for two or three hours. Hospitality was general — more so in the country than in London. Wine and ale, or beer, were freely passed at the table, but drunkenness was not so common as it was later, in the reign, and at the court, of James I. Drunkenness belongs to no single nation, but competitive, social beer drinking seems to have come into England from the Low Countries when some of the officers and men from the wars of the Netherlands brought in the custom of the Germans' "garaussing."

It is noteworthy that the word *carouse*, which to us means a more or less jovial and unbridled feast, is a present to England from the Germans. The word means literally to empty the cup of drink at a single draught (*gar* meaning entirely, and *aus* meaning out). Carousing became so fashionable that in 1607 King James had to pass a statute against drunkenness.

Shakespeare expresses himself on the subject of carousing in the words of Hamlet :

HAMLET. The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse
[carouse]

.

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpets thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO. Is it a custom?

HAMLET. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations.

—*Hamlet*, I. iv.

In Shakespeare's day the *peg tankard*, a species of wassail, or *wish-health*, bowl was still in use. The amount of one drink being the distance from one peg to another. Introduced to restrain intemperance, it became a means of increasing it, as every drinker was obliged by custom to drink down to the peg next below the level of the ale or wine in the tankard. We get our expression of taking anyone "down a peg," or "a peg lower," from this old custom.

Ale was the common drink. On winter nights the ale was often specially prepared. It was made steaming hot, sweetened and flavored, and into every tankard was put a roasted crab apple. This beverage was known as *lamb's wool*, so called from the white, fluffy-looking pulp of the apple which came bursting through the skin as the apple was roasting. A designation of winter in *Love's Labour's Lost* is: "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl." To "turn a crab" was to roast a crab apple before the fire in order to throw it hissing hot into a bowl of nut-brown ale seasoned with spice and sugar. Puck describes one of his pranks thus:

And sometimes I lurk in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks against her lips I bob.

In *The Fortunes of Nigel*, we have a most comfortable picture of Dame Ursula Suddlechop, who, having returned home after a busy day, is seen sitting in a comfortable elbow-chair on one side of her chimney in which there is a small but bright fire. Here she is sleepily watching the simmering of a pot of well-spiced ale, on the brown surface of which bobs a small red crab apple sufficiently roasted, with which comforting concoction she purposes to conclude a well-spent day.

The expression "to drink a toast" to anyone thus meant to drink this toasted ale or sack in his honor, and "a toast" came to mean the person or the cause in whose honor the health was drunk.

In the days of Elizabeth and James I, all were stout eaters of solid food, and good cooking was well understood. A large and elaborate saltcellar was placed upon the long table to divide the more honored guests from the commoner folk and the retainers. Those to whom special honor was due sat *above the salt*, that is, near the lord's end of the table, which was slightly raised, standing upon a dais or platform. The dishes as they were brought in were offered first to the principal personage, and from him passed down the table, each guest choosing what he wanted, grasping it with one hand and severing the portion with his knife. The remainder of the dish, after those above the salt were served, went to those sitting below the salt, although these were frequently served with a coarser fare, and drink of an entirely different sort. What was left went to the poor waiting outside the gates.

We have a description of a royal banquet given to Queen Elizabeth, which tells of a magnificent display.

The table was loaded with dishes of gold and silver, with goblets of rich Venice glass, exquisite in workmanship, and with costly vessels of agate set with diamonds and rubies — everything that the fertile imagination of that day could devise and wealth contribute to splendor. The table was prepared with the greatest ceremonial, although no guests or auditors were present to see the preparation. First the table was spread with the tablecloth. Two gentlemen entered the room, one of them bearing a rod of office, the other carrying reverentially a fine, damask tablecloth. They both kneeled three times with an appearance of great veneration before approaching the table. Then they spread the cloth, kneeled before it once more, and retired from the room.

Soon the man with the rod entered again, this time accompanied by another man, who carried a plate with some bread on it. The man with the plate of bread also carried a large saltcellar about two feet in length made of mother-of-pearl and fashioned like a ship, fully fitted with sails of silver and sixteen guns of the same precious metal. At the bow of the ship were two silver anchors, and at the stern was a silver figure of Fortune bearing in her hand the banner of England. The men knelt in the same ceremonious manner as described above, placed the plate of bread and the saltcellar on the table, and then went away. After this, other retainers entered and the service was set out with appropriate bowings and kneelings.

Next came a young countess accompanied by an older gentlewoman. The countess was beautifully dressed in gleaming white silk, and carried in one hand an implement known as a *tasting-fork*. After the required prostrations

the young countess went up to the table and in a reverent manner rubbed with bread and salt the plate set at the place for the Queen. When she had done this, she stood aside while there entered into the Hall twenty-four yeomen of the guard, the tallest and mightiest men in England, specially selected for this office. The yeomen were bareheaded and clothed in scarlet. Upon the back of each man's doublet was embroidered a large golden rose. The twenty-four yeomen brought in twenty-four great gold and silver platters containing various sorts of food, which were received in order by a gentleman and placed upon the table. Then stepped forward the lady with the tasting-fork. From each platter in turn she took a mouthful of what was served upon it, and giving to each member of the guard a portion of the particular dish he had carried in she watched him eat it. This was to prove that there was no poison in the food.

During all this time of preparation, which lasted for more than an hour, twelve trumpets and two kettledrums continually sounded forth, making the high rafters ring.

At each side of the entrance door stood a tall guard, rigid and motionless as a statue, clad in shining armor and holding in his hand a long halberd. Around the walls at regular intervals stood other guards dressed in richly colored costumes of crimson, blue, and yellow, each guard holding a long, blazing torch which was to give illumination to the banquet and which brought into high relief the picturesque attire of these living candlesticks.

The menu consisted of a bewildering number of meat dishes such as roasted chine of beef, boiled beef, neat's (ox) tongue, shield of brawn with mustard, boiled capon,

roasted pig, roasted goose, roasted swan, roasted turkey, flesh of wild boar, haunch of red deer, kid roasted whole



A HALBERDIER

A royal guard was thus accoutered with a long halberd. Notice the Tudor rose and crown embroidered on his doublet. This showed that he was serving a Tudor sovereign.

with a pudding in its belly, pasty of venison, olive pie, sallets, oysters, pastries, custards (called *dowsets*), jellies, fruits, cakes, outlandish confections, and more, and more, and more food of a rich and highly spiced character, with wines from France and Spain and Italy. Water was scarcely ever drunk, even by children, who from their earliest years drank small (very much diluted) beer.

The preliminaries for this mighty banquet were about over when far down the echoing corridors a bugle blast rang out, and a distant voice was heard crying: "Place for the Queen! Way for the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty!" The sounds grew nearer and

nearer till the martial bugle notes and the resonant cry were heard at the very door, and the brilliant pageant appeared and filed into the great hall.

First came gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the

Garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded. Then came the chancellor, and then with a great salute of blaring trumpets and a shout from all of "God save the Queen!" appeared Elizabeth, attended by the fairest ladies of the court and by the noblest and bravest courtiers of the realm. The ladies were richly dressed, yet not so richly as to offend the Queen, but the courtiers were free from the restraint that prudence imposed upon the ladies — their magnificence was unbounded.

Another banquet served somewhat later, in the days of the Stuarts, deserves mention. It will be noticed that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries pies of every kind, or as they were generally called, *pasties*, were high in favor. Tarts differed from pies in having a top pastry twisted into openwork patterns. When the pie crust for the filling covered the sides and the bottom of the dish as well as the top, the pasty was then called a *coffin* — with most unpleasant realism. An old recipe tells how to prepare a chicken pie by placing the chickens closely side by side in the coffin; and Shakespeare, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, speaks of a *custard coffin*, meaning, of course, the pastry for a custard pie. Every beast that walked or swam or flew could be inclosed in pastry for the table. Fish, meat, poultry, and game were all used. Marrow-bone pie was a great delicacy, and fruit pies of every description were exceedingly popular. Humble pie was made out of the *umbles* — the livers, hearts, and entrails — of animals, and was served at the lower table, below the salt, where retainers and unimportant guests had to "eat humble pie," as was befitting their station. A surprise pasty out of which leaped live creatures when the

pie was opened was still an amusement at the tables of the great, and was considered a "pretty dish to set before a king." There is no doubt as to where this nursery rhyme had its origin.

Various fancy figures and devices made out of sugar, pastry, or painted cardboard, and known as *subtleties*, were another form of table decoration, which, surviving from medieval banquets, flourished under the Stuarts. They gave a festive appearance to banquet tables before the times when hothouse flowers were procurable for the same purpose.

But to return to our banquet. The table was loaded with the customary substantial viands — three courses, no one of them serving less than two and thirty dishes. Fish, which was a dish still associated with fast days, was not very popular at banquets, but of other dishes there was a lavish display, and plenty of drink to wash down the long dinner. There were French wines, claret and Burgundy, which were imported very cheaply; there were Rhenish wines and Spanish wines and sack, to which sugar was often added, and, of course, there was much home-brewed ale, which was, however, served mostly at the lower table.

Master Robert May, the fashionable cook of his day, devised the "subtle diversions" for this feast. It was considered one of his greatest triumphs. In the center of the table was a man-of-war made of pasteboard and floated, so to speak, on a sea of salt stirred up into wavelets, in which were placed eggshells filled with rosewater.

On one side of the ship was a pasteboard castle complete with gates, drawbridges, and portcullises. The castle

and the ship had real trains of gunpowder which fired at each other while the ladies pelted one another with the eggshells full of rosewater to conceal the smell of the gunpowder.

On the other side of the ship, on a large platter, was a stag made of pastry and filled with red claret wine. As the bombardment upon the castle ceased, an arrow which had been thrust into the side of the stag was withdrawn, whereupon its life blood, in the guise of claret wine, gushed forth. At each end of the table was a large pie, and when these pies were carefully cut open one of them let loose a flock of live birds, and the other sent forth a number of live frogs. The birds flew into the candles and extinguished the lights, and we are told that the flying birds and the skipping frogs caused much delight and pleasure to the whole company. We can at least believe the historian when he says that the diversion caused the ladies "to skip and shriek." But these sturdy feasters took their pleasures with courage, and the account goes on to say that "such contrivances were formerly the delights of the nobility."

The kitchens where these famous feasts were prepared were interesting and important places. A glance into the kitchen of a nobleman's house in Elizabethan days, when dinner was in the throes of preparation, would show us an extensive room with stone walls and floors and a high groined or raftered ceiling. Two or three huge, arched fireplaces would be seen, in the wide throats of which red fires were briskly burning, and before which various succulent roasts of meat were kept constantly revolving by a turnspit boy. A number of cooks, scullions, and

kitchen wenches would be busy at odd tasks or running errands at the bidding of those higher in authority. There may have been some women cooks in these old kitchens, but the head cook was a man, red-faced and white-capped, and a most important person. He was the monarch of the kitchen; his scepter was a rolling pin with which he frequently bruised the scullery boys as with a rod of iron. In times of stress he would enforce his orders by using scalding water, hot broth if it were at hand, or even the chopping knife. He was always thirsty, for the hot fires dried him up; and he was always of goodly proportions as if he absorbed continual nourishment from the quantities of food with which he had to deal.

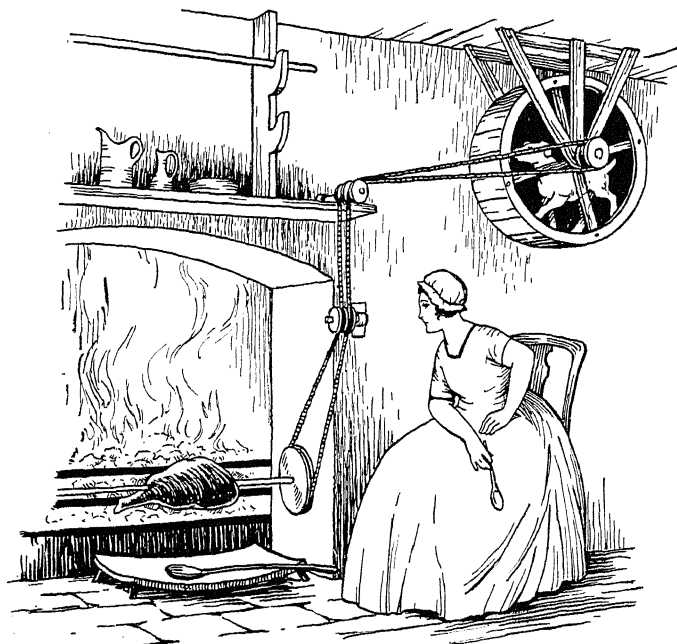
The cook is described as one having some skill in architecture, for "he builds towers and castles which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and in one banquet demolished." He is also spoken of as having some skill in military tactics, shown by the order in which he ranges his dishes, "placing with great discretion in the forefront meats strong and hardy, and the more cowardly in the rear, such as quaking tarts and quivering custards."

All the ovens in the kitchen were of brick, some of them of immense size to accommodate the huge pastries previously mentioned. In earlier times a great deal of cooking was done in the pot which hung from a crane in front of the fireplace or from a long rod between the two andirons on the wide hearth. Stews and boiled meats were popular, not only because they were less expensive but because they required considerably less attention from the cook than roasts, which were cooked on a spit before the open fire, and which needed to be continually turned and basted,

and to have the dripping collected. But in Tudor and Jacobean times roasts were exceedingly popular. The andirons of the fireplace had hooks on the front, in which rested the long iron spits on which the meats were roasted. The spits reached across the whole front of the fire from one andiron to the other, and the joint or fowl was either trussed to the spit, or was pierced by it and firmly held as it revolved before the blaze. The work of turning the spit was a long and tedious one, and the duty usually devolved upon a lad, or sometimes a wandering vagrant, who was glad to earn a few pennies and a warm meal in this manner. In Tudor kitchens a dog was often ingeniously trained to turn the spit by running around inside a caged revolving wheel in the manner of a captive squirrel. This caged wheel was fastened to the kitchen wall beside and above the fireplace. A chain from the wheel transmitted its revolutions to the spit below. It was a long and uncomfortable run for the poor dog before the joint was sufficiently roasted, but in many houses this method continued until far into the eighteenth century, when the invention of a smokejack in the chimney relieved poor "Hob." Sometimes there were two turnspit dogs, so that "Nob" could take his place in the wheel when Hob was tired and thus keep the joint revolving without interruption.

In pictures of old kitchens in great houses we can see why the kitchens were such large and busy places. In some pictures we can see game, rabbits, birds, and even deer, which have been brought in by the hunters, thrown down upon the floor or on a table with all their fur and feathers on them just as they were when killed. What

with the clerk of the kitchen, and the cutler, or bladesmith as he was termed ; what with the pantler, or pantry man ; the cellarer, or steward of the wines ; the chief cook,



ONE KIND OF TURNSPIT

This picture shows a dog running around inside a revolving wheel. A chain from the wheel transmits its revolutions to the spit below on which a joint of meat is being roasted before the fire. Joints roasted before a fire had to be continually turned and basted with drippings from the meat to keep them from burning.

and all the other cooks, not to mention the army of scullions to assist them ; what with all these people milling around, together with baking and boiling, and turnspit dogs, and game requiring attention, and all the

bustle and confusion, the kitchen needed to be a very large room indeed to accommodate all the people and the business of the culinary staff.

We will take a second look at a sixteenth-century kitchen, such as is described by W. Harrison Ainsworth in his novel, *The Tower of London*. The time is evening and the members of the kitchen oligarchy are enjoying relaxation and refreshment after the business of the day. The kitchen is a large room with a heavily raftered ceiling and a floor paved with stone. The walls are covered with shelves displaying a goodly assortment of pewter and wooden platters, jugs, and tankards. Cooking pots and skillets of shining brass, or earthenware or pewter, skewers, cleavers, and other necessary kitchen utensils hang upon the walls. The fireplace is wide enough to admit of a whole ox being roasted within its limits. The chimneypiece projects several yards into the room, and beneath its comfortable shelter are a couple of benches placed one on each side of the hearth, where a heap of logs is at present cheerfully crackling. In the vast aperture of the chimney, seen through the pungent smoke arising from the burning logs, can be discerned sundry hams, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, and other savory meats holding forth a prospect of future good cheer.

At a table running across the room and furnished with flagons and great pots of wine are seated several boon companions. Chief among the flagons is an enormous nine-hooped pot of mead — the distance between each hoop denoting a quart of the humming fluid. The kitchen workers are regaling themselves, not only on what has come down from the great hall, but on several special

dishes also, which have been prepared for their own enjoyment. A dish of buttered crabs, a baked swan in a coffin of rye paste, and a crane roasted whole are affording them necessary nourishment, while holding the place of honor on the table stands what is left of a mighty lumbar pie with a wall of pastry several inches thick, molded to resemble the White Tower, filled with a savory combination of ham and veal and supplied with abundant ammunition in the shape of forcemeat balls, each as large as a cannon shot.

In the warm glow of the comfortable fire these worthies are basking, mellow with copious drafts of ale and mead, and jolly from the enjoyment of the good cheer on the board before them. They are joking and laughing, indulging in a considerable amount of horseplay, and shouting forth at times a stave or two of some convivial song or catch.

And here we shall leave them, lifting up their voices more or less harmoniously in this especially appropriate chorus:

With my back to the fire, and my paunch to the table,
Let me eat — let me drink, as long as I am able.
Let me eat — let me drink whate'er I set my whims on,
Until my nose is blue, and my jolly visage crimson.

CHAPTER XI

FESTIVAL ATTIRE AND STYLES OF DRESS

*With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.*

— SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*

AT THEIR great festival dinners people were sumptuously attired. The dinner costume of a gentleman of to-day would have cast a pall of gloom over a dinner of state in the fifteenth, sixteenth, or seventeenth centuries, not to mention the centuries preceding. Away back in mediæval times, as well as in Elizabethan days, both men and women delighted in bright colors in their dress. The men, in fact, outdid the women in the brilliant colors and the rich materials of their attire. The principal rule about colors was, apparently, to have plenty of them. This applies particularly to the garments of the rich and noble classes. The clothes of the peasants and of the poor were somber in color and of rough material, intended more for service than for adornment.

The reign of Henry VIII was distinguished by a long succession of banquets and processions, jousts and tournaments, which the king and his nobles attended dressed in costly splendor. We have descriptions of these gentlemen most gorgeously arrayed in cloth of gold combined

with royal purple velvet, or satin overlaid with gold embroidery. We hear of their rich, russet, velvet cloaks lined with peach-colored taffeta, of robes of crimson damask lined with ermine, and of doublets of king's blue velvet slashed to show a tinsel satin underneath. Buttons were often of diamonds, or orient pearls, or rubies, or emeralds. Sword hilts and sword girdles glittered with gold and precious stones, and hats or caps were so rich with jewels that it was difficult to value them.

Elizabeth, less reckless in her expenditures, still maintained an equal magnificence in her own personal adornment, and displayed this magnificence to her people in frequent royal progresses throughout the realm. And the people did not grudge the costly display of their rulers. The royal splendor was the splendor not merely of Henry or Elizabeth, but of England.

The interchange of courtesies with the French court, in the reign of Henry VIII, brought in many French fashions, and was to a great extent responsible for the rich trimmings in men's dress, and for the gorgeous materials heavy with embroidery and stiff with jewels. Spain and Italy were also drawn upon to furnish styles and tricks in dress. The fashions of the court changed almost as rapidly as fashions do to-day, and the English were notorious for following every novelty of fashion. A witty author of this time, trying to describe the prevailing style of costume for an Englishman, gave up in despair, and instead of writing a description of the fashion of the moment, drew a picture of a naked man holding a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other so that the man might shape his apparel after a fashion to suit himself,

since the author could describe no garment which would please him for two hours together.

By the time of Elizabeth a courtier was a walking rainbow. The spirit of hearty unrestrained enjoyment in her day showed a similar absence of restraint in fashionable dress. Extravagant artificiality was the rule, not only for men of fashion, but also for soldiers of reputation like the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, who is said to have owned a suit of glittering silver armor adorned with diamonds and other precious stones. Raleigh has probably gained as much renown by spreading his rich velvet cloak over a mud puddle in the road, so that his sovereign could walk over it dry-shod, as he has by any of the valiant deeds that he performed. Court gallants went about clad in silks and satins and velvets of the showiest colors, ornately trimmed and touched up with slashes showing even brighter material inserted in the openings. And to these gay garments they added jewels, and chains of gold, ribbons, and laces, and feathers. The dressing of these elaborate creatures was almost as much the work of a goldsmith and jeweler as the work of a tailor.

At no time was the extravagance of dress greater than in Elizabeth's reign. The queen herself set an example of splendor in attire, but although she wished the ladies of her court to present a dazzling appearance she was greatly displeased if any of them dressed in any way more richly than she did herself. This restriction, however, did not apply to the men. At her death, Elizabeth possessed more than three thousand dresses, all of the richest materials and most expensively decorated; though to be fair to her we must remember that when she finished wearing a dress it

was hung in her wardrobe and not discarded, being far too valuable for that. Elizabeth was a queen for many years, and in that time she acquired many dresses.

The queen was notoriously vain of her appearance. In the early years of her reign her reddish-gold hair was much admired. According to one historian "it curlit apparently of nature." Later in life she wore a wig resembling this reddish hair, but curled and frizzed and ornamented with many jewels. Following her example, the ladies of the fashionable world all frizzed their hair with hot curling irons, and used a great deal of false hair, often indeed wearing wigs, which were colored to suit various costumes or occasions.

When one thinks of the costume of the Elizabethan age, one thinks naturally of three details as most characteristic — the enormous *ruff* around the neck, the enormous *farthingale*, or wheel-hooped skirt of the women, and the huge padded *hose*, or *trunks*, of the men. Of these, the ruff is the unique figure; it was worn by both men and women. A ruff was a large, circular, pleated collar, standing out from the neck. It was made of fine linen or lawn and often edged with delicate lace, or decorated with embroideries and gold and silver threads. The ruff began its existence as a simple frill, but as it grew in popularity it grew in size until it was as much as a foot wide. In order to hold it out stiffly and keep it from flopping around the shoulders, a wire framework or little sticks of bone or wood were used, until starch was introduced in 1564 by a Dutch woman, Mistress Dingham, whose husband was a coachman to the queen. Mistress Dingham charged five pounds a lesson for teaching people how to starch their ruffs, and

she made a great deal of money, for women came in crowds to learn from her. Colored starch was used, as well as white, and, for a time, yellow starch was immensely popular. But white starch was the longest in vogue. One's head in the midst of such a ruff was held very stiffly indeed. People found it difficult sometimes to eat and drink. In one instance we read about a woman who found it necessary to take her soup out of a spoon two feet long in order to spare her ruff.

The upper part of a woman's body was closely encased in a tight, stiff, long-waisted bodice, which came down in front to a long point. The queen was long-waisted and narrow-chested, and as she was copied in everything, the long peaked stomacher

in ladies' dress was introduced to help produce the same effect. The upper part of a man's costume, corresponding to a woman's bodice, came down in front to something of a peak, too. This garment was called a *doublet*, from the fact of its being doubly lined or padded for defense. The doublet was a close-fitting coat, or waist-



COSTUME OF AN ELIZABETHAN LADY

The illustration shows a ruff of moderate size, and a cart-wheel farthingale. A fan was often carried. This was a popular novelty in Elizabeth's time.

coat, stuffed out to nearly twice the size of the natural body, and, as a rule, elaborately embroidered and decorated. The sleeves were generally removable and laced to the doublet at the armholes.

To counterbalance the enormous winged ruff around the neck, both men's and women's costumes showed a tendency to expand below the waist. The hoop skirt called the *farthingale* developed along with the ruff. The *farthingale* was a round petticoat distended with whalebone, cane, or steel strips over which the enormously wide skirts were worn. During the latter part of Elizabeth's reign the *farthingale* was greatly enlarged at the hips, and called a *cart-wheel farthingale*. It was stiffened like a table around the hips, where the circumference was as wide as at the hem. Sometimes a huge frill like a ruff headed the skirt at the waist, forming a flat, circular surface projecting at right angles from the body. This style of costume gave a wide expansion of surface for the display of jewels and embroidery. The queen wore extravagantly large *farthingales*, and some of her dresses, as we can see from her pictures, were so covered with ornamentation that scarcely a square inch of her material was left without quiltings, or slashings, or embroidery, or rich embellishments of jewels. Her appearance has been rather aptly compared to an Indian idol by one of her historians, who declared that, with all their complexities, "a ship is sooner rigged, by far, than a gentlewoman made ready."

In men's dress the full breeches, or trunk hose, reached from the waist to somewhere near the knee, above or below — styles varied somewhat. The size of these huge,

padded, or *bombasted*, hose was carried to a ridiculous extent, just as was the size of the women's farthingales. But the men labored under an additional disadvantage, for instead of spreading their hose out with whale-bone as the women did their farthingales, they stuffed themselves out with padding to such an extent that stooping was extremely difficult. Wool, hair, rags, or even bran were used to pad out both doublet and hose. A writer in 1563 tells a sad story of a young gallant "in whose immense hose a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that as he turned and bowed to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding (or like sand running from an hour glass), without his perceiving it, till half his cargo was unladen on the floor" leaving him limp and miserable.



AN ELIZABETHAN COURTIER

He wore a ruff, a doublet, and trunk hose, the latter padded to stand out in what was then a fashionable style.

Stockings, or *nether hose*, were usually of silk and were fastened at the knee with ornamental silk or velvet garters, usually tied in large bows. Sometimes the garters were

trimmed with gold fringe. The shoes were of various colored leathers, pinked and slashed and trimmed with buckles, or rosettes of ribbon, or lace often adorned with spangles or even jewels. All of this magnificent adornment went to the proper costuming of an elegant gentleman, and over this magnificence was generally worn a short, showily lined cloak, such as Sir Walter Raleigh cast upon the muddy ground before his queen.

Many parts of the garments were laced together through eyelets with ribbons or laces tagged at the ends. These tags, called *points*, were frequently made of gold and handsomely engraved. The sleeves were laced to the armholes, the doublet was laced to the trunk hose, and the nether hose were sometimes attached in this way to the trunk hose. So complicated was his attire that a man of fashion could not dress himself without assistance.

Men as well as women wore much jewelry — earrings of precious stones, hat and shoe buckles, gold chains, garter clasps, and rings were necessary adjuncts of a fine costume. Rings, especially, were much worn, and often given as presents.

Of course these gorgeous clothes were outrageously expensive. Everyone in court circles dressed as fine as, or finer than, his purse would allow. To find the price of a costume, gentlemen sometimes sold their lands and their inherited possessions. Shakespeare says that "many men have broke their backs with laying houses on 'em." The elder statesmen and Elizabeth herself felt anxious about the money which went out of England to buy these foreign novelties and importations of fashion. Sumptuary laws were passed limiting the size of ruffs, the size

of hose and farthingales, and restricting the wearing of velvets, silks, and costly furs. But the laws were none too carefully obeyed, and every new conceit of style was eagerly adopted by the world of wealth and fashion.

Fans made their first appearance in England at the court of Elizabeth. They were worn dangling from the girdle by a silk cord or a gold chain. Often they were handsomely decorated with precious stones and feathers, and many of them contained a small mirror. Pomander boxes for perfume were popular trinkets. Men wore them on a long, slender chain around the neck, and women wore them hanging from the waist along with the fan. They were made either in the form of a hollow, perforated sphere to contain a ball of scent, or constructed like an orange, the sections being secured at the base by hinges, and opening outwards when the top was unscrewed. Watches, which were introduced into England during the reign of Henry VIII, were worn in Elizabeth's time by only the very rich. The watches were octagonal, oval, or round in shape, very large, extremely thick, and very expensive. The outer cover was often pierced with elaborate open-work in order that the striking of the hours might be heard. Gloves were heavily perfumed, and handkerchiefs were elaborate, large, and costly. These novelties, like much of the elegant attire of the time, came into England from the continent. In *The Merchant of Venice* Portia, speaking of a young English noble, says: "I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere." This accusation was a commonplace of the satirists.

The dress of the ordinary people followed the style to some extent, but it did not run to any such extremes in either fashion or material. Many trades and societies of London possessed a distinctive dress which in some measure indicated the calling of its wearers. Servants wore blue gowns with their master's coat of arms or badge showing on the left sleeve. London apprentices wore flat caps, breeches of white broadcloth, short, dark blue cloaks in summer, and blue gowns reaching to the calf of the leg in winter. No one in service was allowed to wear a gown longer than this.

Before the death of Shakespeare the *falling band*, or collar, supplanted the ruff. *Bands* were distinguished from falling bands by being starched. It was the lack of starch which gave the falling band its name. These bands fell over the narrow collar of the doublet; the soft falling band being more popular than the starched ones. The *bandbox*, which is the name now often given to a hatbox, was the box in which these bands were kept. It remains as a monument to the long-past style of falling bands. The broad collar still worn by the schoolboys at Eton is another reminder of the old falling band.

A hat was an important item in a well-dressed man's attire. Men wore hats of all shapes and sizes and colors. The most popular material was velvet, but soft felt was also used. A man wore his hat in church and in the house. He kept it on while he was eating his meals, but removed it with profuse ceremony upon meeting a lady. He remained uncovered only at court and in the presence of royalty. Long plumes, gold hat bands like twisted cables,

and jeweled buckles were used for decoration, and occasionally small mirrors were added to the trimming on men's hats.

Nightgowns are frequently mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. But these were not meant to be worn while sleeping. A nightgown meant a rich silk or satin furred gown used as a dressing gown. A sleeping garment was called a *rail*, but sleeping garments were not then considered so necessary as we consider them to-day. By the middle of the sixteenth century some of the more advanced families had adopted the habit of wearing night clothes, but common people slept without them.

With the accession of Charles I there came a change in costume. Breeches were still ample, but no longer padded, and skirts, though full, hung loose and soft. They were no longer stretched out over the wide farthingale, but were caught back to show an



A CAVALIER OF THE TIME OF
CHARLES I

The wide falling collar succeeded the ruff. The breeches, though loose, were no longer padded. Curls, called love-locks, fell upon the shoulder.

embroidered petticoat beneath. The falling band became a wide falling collar of fine linen and exquisite lace. The jeweled stomacher disappeared, though the cut of the



A LADY OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I

She wore a full, loose skirt, but no farthingale. The ruff had given way to a soft collar of fine lawn and lace. Beautiful lace was much used by both men and women.

bodice remained about the same. The fantastic artificiality of the Elizabethan mode gave place to a softer, more comfortable style. Slashings and puffings and panelings gave way to plainer fabrics, which showed their beauty in the richness of material and colors. It was as if the stiffness of the preceding mode had melted, even as the starch had melted from the ruff, leaving ease and flowing lines. Charles I had a more refined taste than his father or Elizabeth, and his French wife, Henrietta Maria, also had taste in dress. The style, no longer confined by steel

and whalebone, delighted in rippling folds of shining satin, the fall of snowy lace and the careless grace made famous in the portraits by Van Dyck. Beautiful lace was an important part of both masculine and feminine attire.

Ladies wore small masks at court and on all public

occasions. In fact, a mask was so necessary a part of a lady's costume that to appear without one was a shocking thing. Unmasked ladies were called "barefaced," meaning immodest, a term which we have continued to use with the same meaning. Considering the freedom of speech and action then allowed at court, a mask was perhaps not the least important article of a lady's apparel.

In addition to masks, ladies wore little patches of gummed, black taffeta, or mastic, placed coquettishly here and there upon the face. Small, black stars, tiny hearts, crescents, or other figures were quite effective foils to set off the brilliancy of a fair complexion.

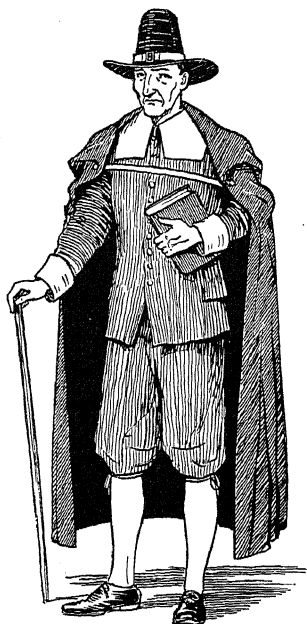
Perfume was held in high esteem, partly because of its agreeable fragrance, and partly because it was considered a preventive against the plague. No gentleman's or lady's dress was complete without a *pomander chain* of civet or musk, or a *casting bottle* of perfume.

Gloves were so popular that people sometimes wore two or three pairs at the same time. One historian tells of a very elegant dame who went to the theater, and drew attention to her fine hands and beautiful diamond rings by repeatedly taking off and putting on again no less than three pairs of perfumed and embroidered gloves, worn one pair over another.

Ladies' hair, following the style of Henrietta Maria, was more simply dressed than in the days of the Tudors; but men began to let their hair grow longer, and every courtier wore a long "lovelock" curling over one shoulder. In this lock he would often place a rose or a rare jewel.

Such was the mode when Oliver Cromwell came into power. Under the Commonwealth, gay fashion suffered

a brief eclipse, but reappeared in even greater brilliance with the Restoration of Charles II. The Puritans dressed



A CROMWELL MAN IN PURITAN
COSTUME

His hair was cut short, giving him the name of Roundhead. His clothes were plain, and he looked severely upon the frivolities of court costume.

in a far different manner from the courtiers. Whatever was the style at the court was what a Puritan would not wear. When fashionable shoes were wide, his were pointed; when fashionable stockings were colored, his were black. Above all, when lovelocks were worn, no form of hairdressing was more abominable to his mind. He wore his hair cropped short. This form of cropped hair gave to the Puritans the name of *Roundheads*, as opposed to the name of *Cavaliers*, the gay gallants of the court party. In an age of lace, the Puritan wore his collar plain, and so did his lady, although the feminine love of beauty, in at least one Puritan housewife, compromised religion with deco-

ration by embroidering Bible texts with most beautiful stitchery upon her husband's shirts and on her own petticoats. A contemporary poet has expressed himself in verse concerning this lady :

She is a Puritan at her needle, too.
 She works religious petticoats: for flowers
 She'll make church histories; besides
 My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries,
 And are so learned, that I fear in time
 All my apparel will be quoted by
 Some pure instructor.

Such embroideries, however, were not a common decoration.

At the Restoration of Charles II to the throne of England, a riot of court styles came back into favor. About this time, a most important change was made in the style of men's clothing. During this reign, masculine garments were revolutionized by the abandonment of the doublet and cloak for the garments which have developed into the present-day coat and waistcoat, though the original gar-

ments were somewhat different from their successors of to-day. The vest, or waistcoat, frequently of flowered silk or satin, reached to the knee, and was tied around the body by a sash. The coat was of a plain color of silk, satin, or cloth. It, like the waistcoat, was also long. Men as well as women carried muffs on the street, the



A PURITAN WOMAN

She also wore plain garments in contrast to the ladies of the Court.

muff being suspended from a ribbon around the neck. In Pepys' *Diary* we read that he took his wife's muff for his own use, beguiling her with the promise of a new one.

Wigs, long and much curled, were seen on almost every man. It is said that wigs came into fashion with the Restoration of Charles II and the monarchy, when Cromwell and his men were in disfavor. Many men with the cropped heads of the Commonwealth were now most anxious to conceal their former principles. Wishing to imitate as nearly as possible the Cavalier lovelocks, they took to wearing wigs.

Women's dress became more elaborate. Beauty patches on the face were more than ever in fashion. The fad was carried to a ridiculous extent. The position and design of these patches became a matter of great significance. Contour, feature, and style of hairdressing determined the location of the patch. One worn near the eye or lip meant allurements. A betrothed maiden wore a heart-shaped patch on her left cheek; when she married, it was moved to adorn the right cheek. The beauties of Whitehall wore patches of stars and hearts and crescents; they also gave their imagination free play in the matter of flowers, monograms, crests, animals, and birds. One lady is said to have appeared at court with an immense patch on her forehead cut in the design of a coach and four horses. The patches were not always black; once in a while a patch would be of green, blue, purple, or red, to suit the gown or to heighten the color of the eyes. But black was the greatest favorite.

Enormous headdresses for ladies also became the style. From the Restoration on to the time of Queen Anne, coiffures became more and more exaggerated. The hair

was greased and powdered and curled, dressed high over cushions, augmented with false hair, and surmounted by feathers, fruits, flowers, and even ship models. The size of fashionable feminine heads became so vast that women were often compelled when they rode abroad in their sedan chairs, to do so with the roofs of the chairs laid back in order to have room for themselves and for their hair. They were obliged to sleep in these towering erections, and at home in the daytime they wore large mob caps to protect their coiffures and preserve them as long as possible, for these wonderful structures could not be built every day, and an expert hairdresser was needed to do the work.

Although the curled wigs of the men shrank into insignificance beside the monstrous headdresses of fashionable women, the wigs were also things to wonder at. The love-locks and the general picturesqueness of the earlier Stuart period were exaggerated after the Restoration until, with the last of the Stuarts, the style had become grotesque. The wig was the great feature in the dress of men of the eighteenth century. It had been feeling its way into society ever since the late sixteenth century, when women of fashion, following the lead of Elizabeth, wore perukes of various colors on special occasions to harmonize with



EARLY 18TH-CENTURY
HEADRESS

Notice the exaggerated, powdered coiffure, and the beauty patches on the face. The design and the position of these patches meant a great deal.

various gowns. The men of that period, however, wore their hair short. It was the elaborately curled cavalier of the court of Charles I who grew into the bewigged gentleman of the eighteenth century. In the early eighteenth century a man of society could not appear in public "in



A CONVENTIONAL SMALL
WIG

This was the style of wig worn by 18th-century men of fashion.

his own hair." He wore, no matter how abundant the locks which nature had given him, a wig of set shape and style, powdered white, so that a gathering of young men would, at first sight, look like a gathering of grandfathers. The wigs made no pretense of being the wearer's real hair. No one could possibly mistake them for anything but what they were, and no one was at all ashamed of wearing a wig. On the contrary, a man with any sense of dignity would have been ashamed of being so

unfashionable as to wear his own hair. A well-made wig was an essential in the dress of every gentleman of fashion. It was treated as a separate appendage, like a hat.

The varieties of wigs were numerous. Every profession had its peculiar wig. That which adorned the head of a clerk would be quite different from that which adorned the head of a learned barrister. The *tie-wig*, with a little pleated tail tied at top and bottom, was at first considered not so formal for full dress as the large, flowing wig, but it superseded it in favor after a while.

And these wigs were very expensive — so much so that

they were a great temptation to thieves, making wig snatching a very popular and profitable form of roguery. The thief would carry on his shoulder a large basket in which lay hidden a small boy trained to snatch deftly into his basket, from the head of a passer-by, any wig which his carrier brought him near enough to reach. The poet Gay, warning foot passengers in London to beware of various kinds of thieving in the streets, makes special mention of wig snatchers :

Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn ;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honors of thy head.

Wigs were of various colors — black, brown, flaxen, or white. Powdered wigs became quite the vogue. Like some other modes, powdering is said to have had its origin in a mere caprice. On one occasion, at a fair which was being held at St. Germain, just outside Paris, some ballad singers, who were performing there, covered their heads with flour for a joke. The French people, pleased with the idea, adopted it with enthusiasm, and floured heads became very much the rage. Flour was not the only substance used to whiten wigs. Hair powder was compounded of various ingredients and usually perfumed. The powder was made to stick fast to the hair by the use of grease or pomatum.

With the French Revolution there arose in France an outcry against powdered wigs. The use of farinaceous or any edible substance for mere adornment was denounced as taking the bread out of the starving people's mouths. In England, for a time, powder continued to be used. But

the French Revolution was the real deathblow to the wearing of wigs as well as powder in both England and France. Then Charles Fox, always a prominent figure in



A GALLANT OF THE 18TH CENTURY

By this time men had come to wear coats and waistcoats instead of doublets. The fashionable "beau" wore fine lace and lawn ruffles at neck and wrist. It was quite the thing to carry a snuffbox, as shown here.

the public eye, and other young men in England began to crop their hair. Wigs came to be relegated to the learned professions, and finally were given up by all except lawyers, who to this day, in London, still wear the full, curled wig of horsehair, as of old.

In name, the several parts of a man's costume in the eighteenth century were much the same as now, but in cut and color they differed greatly. We all know how effective on the stage or at a fancy-dress ball is the dress of a young gallant of the middle eighteenth century, provided the wearer can boast

of good shoulders and a fine figure on which to display this picturesque attire. A long-skirted coat of silk, satin, or velvet elaborately embroidered or braided down the front, a long, tight-fitting waistcoat of flowered silk, a fine, white lawn shirt with lace ruffles at the wrist and down the front, tight knee breeches, and long silk stock-

ings — this was the costume of a fashionable beau of the period when he was in full dress. In addition, he would wear a long, slender sword thrust through his sword sash; he would carry a clouded amber cane, and a snuffbox of gold or beautiful enamel; he would have buckles on his shoes, as rich and jeweled as he could afford to buy, and red heels, also; he would have a tie-wig and a cocked hat, which, however, as the wig made it unnecessary for a head covering, he would frequently carry in his hand.

For everyday occasions the coat might be of fine cloth, either blue, brown, green, claret, or any color fancy might dictate, only not black. Black was never worn for coats ex-

cept for mourning. In stormy weather a short cloak or a big overcoat called a *wrap rascal* was worn for protection against the weather — umbrellas were not in use until the end of the eighteenth century. When it rained, one stayed under shelter or did the best one could with a cloak. Pepys writes in his gossiping *Diary* of being out with four ladies :

And it rained all the way. It troubled us; but, however, my cloak kept us all dry.



AN 18TH-CENTURY LADY

Hoops were in style again, though different in shape. Powdered hair and beauty patches added to the elegance of a lady of fashion.

Pepys sheltering four ladies under his cloak must have been quite a picture — he undoubtedly liked it.

Umbrellas were introduced into England by Jonas Hanway about 1770, but they were not immediately popular. It was considered ostentatious and effeminate for a man to carry one. Ladies used them to some extent, but there were very few umbrellas to be had, and those that were obtainable were heavy, clumsy affairs of oiled cloth or silk, requiring an attendant to carry and care for them. In 1797 there was only one umbrella in Cambridge, and that was kept at a shop and let out, like a sedan chair, by the hour. Hanway himself was the first man to carry an umbrella. He was jeered at and ridiculed by the populace, but he braved the sarcasm for the comfort of being dry. Soon the extreme dandies in London took up this new fashion, and finally the carrying of umbrellas became a general custom.

Nobody wore rubbers — there were none. But women wore *pattens*, which were shoes on high clogs or wooden soles to raise the feet out of the mud — a very sensible fashion in days of bad pavements and miry crossings.

The last figure in this gay fashion parade, and the best known of all, is the celebrated *Beau Brummel*. He was born in 1778, and no allusion to fashionable society in England at the end of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, would be complete without mention of Beau Brummel. His name was George, but few people would have recognized him by that name; he was universally known as *the Beau*. A dandy of the eighteenth century was called a *beau* or a *macaroni*, the latter name being applied to the fastest of the town

gallants and beaux who had traveled abroad, especially in Italy, and who affected foreign ways and very elegant attire. Our song *Yankee Doodle* makes a joking allusion to the superfine appearance of the macaronis, in the lines :

Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called him macaroni.

Beau Brummel was the best-dressed man of his time in London. This exquisite young dandy spent three hours every morning being dressed by his servants. Every detail of his costume was most anxiously observed and copied by all the other dandies, and he set the style for even the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV).

By the end of the century wigs were given up, and swords were no longer worn. Then long trousers succeeded knee breeches, and from this time on, men's dress became increasingly somber in color and quiet in style. At the end of the century women's dress, also, underwent extraordinary changes. Enormous hoops and headdresses went out of fashion, and the slender, classic style came in. The age of powder, patches, and brocades was over.

CHAPTER XII

WITCHES, SUPERSTITIONS, MEDICINE, AND MAGIC

*Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved.*

— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

TO BE ill at any time is a misfortune, yet if we must occasionally be so afflicted, it should be something of a consolation to us to consider that it is at the present time we have to endure our ailments rather than in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare. The very thought of having to undergo the medical or surgical treatment which was the accepted thing in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries makes us shudder. It is true that the men and women of those days seem to have been a pretty robust and healthy lot and to have had, under ordinary circumstances, comparatively little need for medical treatment. But even these strong people were ill sometimes.

And the people were strong partly because it was only the strong children who could live to grow up. The infant mortality was enormous; sickly babies and delicate children almost always died, before long, for want of intelligent care. As many as half of all the number of children born died before they reached the age of two years.

The London citizen of Shakespeare's day scarcely ever called in a physician unless he was in immediate and very

serious danger of losing his life. For any ordinary illness most people would call on the help of a *wise woman*, or an herb doctor, who would dose them with concoctions of wormwood, or juniper berries, or the juice of red nettles, or a mixture such as the following for the bite of a mad dog: "Boil all together one spoonful of tin shavings, one dram of treacle, a handful of rue, and a quart of ale." This was considered a sure antidote for hydrophobia.

For slight indispositions the housewife could do as well as the herb doctor. In the stillroom, with its supply of dried herbs and medicinal plants, she would prepare cooling drinks and cordial waters — sweet and aromatic remedies. From her store of garden simples she would make use of mint for colic, parsley for toothache, and Saint-John's-wort for aching joints. While for a sprain she could make a most marvelous poultice of pounded garden snails.

If the housewife and the herb doctor could not produce remedies of sufficient potency, one could go to an apothecary. Apothecaries not only sold drugs, they also gave medical advice and wrote prescriptions. Their shops were filled with strange nostrums, many of which partook more of the nature of charms than of medicines. As, for instance, vipers' flesh dried and pounded to a powder, which was used as an important ingredient of many medicines, or the head of a snake, which when worn around the neck was an unfailing cure for quinsy. Love charms and potions could be obtained here, and it was to the shop of such an apothecary — in this case a very indigent apothecary — that Romeo went for the poison that brought about his untimely death:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.

—SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, V. i

Besides the apothecaries, herbalists, and wise women there were the barber surgeons. In by-gone days a barber surgeon was prepared not only to cut and dress the hair, but to pull teeth, and to bleed a person if there was need for such treatment. Bleeding, by opening a vein in the arm, was resorted to as a cure for many ills. Our present red-and-white-striped barber pole is a relic of this discontinued practice. When a man was about to be bled he would grasp a stick in his hand, and hold his arm out at full length in order to keep the arm on a stretch while the vein was open. This stick was the barber pole, and the red-and-white stripes with which it is encircled signify the white, blood-stained bandage worn after the operation. Wherever a barber pole was seen one could have these various surgical services performed.

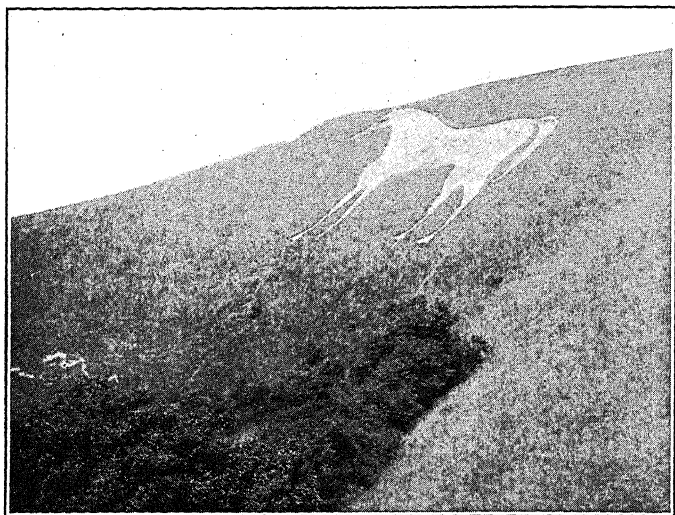
Only rich people could afford to have a regular physician, for these learned men charged very high fees and gave no free medical service. The general appearance of a medical practitioner almost always indicated his calling. He dressed invariably in black; he wore a large wig, and usually spectacles. The doctor who wished to attract the public eye and increase his practice found a little stage management useful with his patients. He would carry a gold-headed cane with a pomander box in the top, and he

would keep his hands carefully in a muff when he walked abroad so that they might be soft and warm to the touch in dealing with his patients. His face always presented a wise and seriously grave expression. His consulting room was crowded with bottles and jars of ointment, with learned-looking Greek volumes, a skull, and probably a human skeleton. Physicians were men of good education for the time in which they lived. They learned what they could at home and then generally went abroad to study and, as a rule, took their degrees at a foreign university.

Of course, then as now, there were quacks who could be found almost everywhere, at fairs, in cities, or riding around the country. These men played upon the credulity of the people and showed them marvelous remedies and potent relics that could cure them of every trouble and "make even an old wig look new." And people believed in them just as they believe nowadays in the quacks who advertise pills and remedies sure to cure every ailment known to man.

With even reputable physicians, however, the remedies for various ailments were often very strange. Some of them would seem to us even worse than the diseases they claimed to cure. For instance: a tumor could be relieved by stroking it with a dead man's hand; epilepsy could be cured by drinking at a spring in the night from the skull of a murdered man; and a large house-spider swallowed alive in treacle was a sure cure for ague. It would be interesting to know the effect of this last prescription upon any hopeful and courageous patient who may have had the hardihood to swallow the frightful remedy. Pills

made from the skull of a man that had been hanged were recommended as highly efficacious in certain troubles, and Pepys, as late as the end of the seventeenth century, speaks in his famous diary of the "excellent magic of the hare's foot." He procures one and carries it in his pocket,



THE WHITE HORSE

This strange monument is supposed to commemorate a battle of ancient Saxon times.

and though he speaks rather apologetically about it, saying that it may be only fancy, still he considers it a remarkable thing that since he has carried it about with him he has never had a fit of the colic. Pepys also found that a spider placed in a walnut shell and the shell then wrapped in silk and carried in one's pocket was an exceedingly beneficial treatment for ague.

Kings "touched" for *King's Evil* even down to the days of Queen Anne. King's Evil was the familiar term for scrofula, so called because it was supposed to be healed at the touch of the king or queen. Queen Anne was the last sovereign to perform this rite. In 1712, when Samuel Johnson was a small child, he was brought by his mother to London, on the advice of a physician, to be touched for scrofula. But in spite of the "touch" he continued to suffer from this malady.

It was quite an event for anyone to be touched. The afflicted people were received in great state in the midst of a curious crowd. Children were carried to the steps of the throne and made to kneel while the sovereign placed his hands upon them. After each child and adult in turn had received this royal ministration, he would come up again in the same order to receive a gold medal on a white ribbon, which was placed by the king around the neck of each sufferer with prayers and various ceremonies.

The practice of medicine, not only in Queen Elizabeth's time, but long before and after, was all mixed up with superstition, with charms and magic symbols, and with astrology. Astrology dealt with the influence of the stars on human affairs judged by the position of the stars in the sky at different times. The position of the stars was especially important at the time of one's birth. To be born under a certain star might mean happiness and prosperity — to be born under another might mean unavoidable disaster. The stars were earnestly studied before almost every important undertaking, and their exact situations in relation to each other were carefully ascertained to see if they predicted success or failure.

Alchemy, too, played a part in the elementary medical science of Shakespeare's day. There was no real science of chemistry in his time, but alchemy, which was a sort of medieval forerunner of chemistry, was held in high esteem. It was a kind of chemistry so mixed with magic that it is difficult to know where even the ancients believed fact to end and fancy to begin. Alchemy had two great objects. One was to find some drug, or tincture, or elixir of life which would be a universal remedy for human ills and would have the power of giving eternal youth, or prolonging life indefinitely. The other was to find an imaginary philosopher's stone which was supposed to have the magic art of changing all baser metals into glittering gold or silver. Alchemists sought everywhere for these two things, and the medical profession was not above taking an interest in the search. The prevalence of this faith in alchemy is surprising. Rich and poor, high and low, all believed that somewhere there existed this universal panacea, and this magic stone. In one of his sonnets Shakespeare makes this most charming figurative allusion to alchemy :

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

— *Sonnet XXXIII*

Even the best and most intelligent people were very superstitious. Queen Elizabeth herself gave considerable encouragement to alchemists. She thought a great deal of Dr. John Dee, who was one of the best known astrological alchemists of his day. She even went so far as to let him

calculate from the stars the most auspicious date for her coronation.

But, as time went on, people began to doubt first one and then another of the masters of these arts, and then the arts themselves, until at last the belief in astrology and alchemy was driven out by scientific discoveries and the common sense of mankind.

Omens of all kinds were fervently believed in, good omens as well as evil ones, but the evil ones predominated. If a hare crossed the road in front of a person, it was an ill omen; so was the appearance of an owl or raven. To spill salt was unlucky, and to stumble was especially inauspicious. It was dangerous to neglect to murmur a prayer when passing a memorial cross, and it was almost criminal carelessness not to break an eggshell before one's meal was over.

The imagination of the Tudor age was very lively. People seemed ready to believe in almost any supernatural phenomenon. A ghost might be met almost anywhere, the time of meeting being usually at night. In fact, a ghost of some sort was almost a necessity for a graveyard, and every ancient manor house had a special ghost of its own. In those old days it would seem as if a murderer would have had very little chance to hide his crime, for the spirit of the man he had murdered was almost certain to come back to earth to tell on him and seek revenge. Ghosts returned for all sorts of reasons; it might be for revenge, or it might be to warn a loved one of impending danger. Sometimes they came to reveal where treasure was hidden, and sometimes a disembodied spirit would return to ease its conscience of some sin com-

mitted in its lifetime. It was generally believed that the ghost could not speak until it had been spoken to or questioned about the object of its visit. Such a punctilious specter is the ghost in *Hamlet*, when it appears to the officers of the watch upon the platform outside the castle:

MARCELLUS. Look, where it comes again! . . .

BERNARDO. It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS. Question it, Horatio.

Sometimes the ghost would be obstinate and would not speak at all.

Addison, in *The Spectator*, No. 419, tells us that:

Our forefathers loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it; the churchyards were all haunted; . . . and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

The belief in amulets and charms was almost universal. One of the most potent to ward off the plague or any dangerous illness was the word

A B R A C A D A B R A
 A B R A C A D A B R
 A B R A C A D A B
 A B R A C A D A
 A B R A C A D
 A B R A C A
 A B R A C
 A B R A
 A B R
 A B
 A

written in this fashion upon a sheet of paper, or parchment, which was then folded and worn like a pendant, on a linen thread around the neck. This cabalistic charm was made from the initials of the Hebrew words Ab (father), Ben (son),

and Rauch-A-Cadsch (holy spirit). It was believed to possess unfailling power.

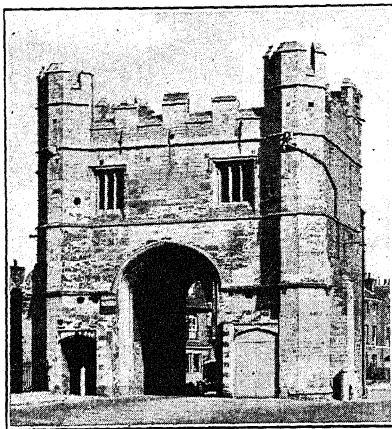
People wore charmed rings to counteract enchantments, and waistcoats rendered shotproof by spells. They believed that certain precious stones had magical virtues. Thus: an agate protected its wearer against serpents; an amethyst made a drunken man sober; a diamond repressed troublesome dreams; and a sapphire gave courage and was of great virtue against the gout. A chip of the gallows would keep off ague; certain verses from the Bible written on paper or on parchment, or certain signs of the zodiac similarly inscribed, and tied up with the proper number of knots were powerful charms against misfortune; and crossed fingers had power to avert the evil-eye. According to ancient superstition the evil-eye was supposed to be a power for injury exerted by certain persons, who could bring pain or blight upon anyone by merely casting a glance upon him.

A comet had a direful significance and was often associated with the death of kings. Shakespeare says the "Heavens themselves blaze with the death of princes." Cocks were the natural enemies of ghosts. Their crowing always sent the ghost away, and ghosts were never seen on Christmas Eve because the cocks on that night were supposed to crow all night long:

It [the ghost] faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad.

— *Hamlet* I. i

Witches were very generally believed in, not only by the ignorant, but also by the most educated and intelligent people. This belief in witchcraft spread itself over a long period of time. James I, in the seventeenth century, wrote



THE GATE AT KING'S LYNN

The rooms above this ancient gate of massive thickness were once used as a jail for witches and other suspicious characters.

a book about witches, denouncing them vehemently, urging their punishment by death, and giving a great deal of what he considered valuable information about them.

Witches were almost always women — a witch-man was called a *warlock*, or a *wizard*. They were old, lean, blear-eyed, toothless, and wrinkled, with bent shoulders and skinny hands. Some-

times they were lame, frequently they were bearded, and almost invariably they were hideous. There were a few "white witches," who used their magic to help instead of hurt people, to tell fortunes, find lost articles, and to heal injuries. But most of the witches were "black witches," who had renounced God and formed an alliance with the Devil. By this alliance the witch was given special powers, but she had to pay for them by selling herself to the Devil, who ultimately got possession of her soul. Shakespeare gives us, in the play of *Macbeth*, a very good

picture of what a witch should be, according to popular belief.

Witches could raise tempests and kill with lightning or with the evil-eye. Although apparently very old and often misshapen they were alarmingly agile, for they could ride swiftly through the air on broomsticks, fly up chimneys, pass through keyholes, and navigate eggshells or sieves for boats. Witches were supposed to meet, from time to time, at night for wild revels in desolate places, and at these "Witches' Sabbaths," as they were called, the Devil himself would be present. One of the best pictures of what these witches' sabbaths were supposed to be like is found in Robert Burns' poem, *Tam O' Shanter*.

One stormy night, after an evening spent carousing at the tavern, Tam sets out for home, riding his gray mare, Meg. He has a long distance to go, and on his way he has to pass the old, ruined, and supposed-to-be-haunted church, Kirk Alloway.

That hour, o' night's black arch the key stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and long the thunder bellowed:

That night, a child might understand,
The Diel [devil] had business on his hand.

The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;

When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
 Through every crack the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
 With twopenny ale we fear no evil;
 With whiskey we will face the devil!

Tam, who is rather more than half drunk, and consequently reckless, urges the reluctant Meg forward towards the lighted windows so that he can see what is going on.

And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 No cotillion brand new from France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 At winnock bunker [window seat] in the east,
 There sat Old Nick in shape of beast;
 A towzie tyke [shaggy dog] black, grim, and large,
 To give them music was his charge;
 He screwed the pipes [bagpipes] and made them
 skirl [squeal],
 Till roof and rafters all did dirl [ring].
 Coffins stood round like open presses [wardrobes],
 That showed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish magic sleight
 Each in its cold hand held a light,
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the holy table
 A murderer's bones in gibbet airns [irons],
 Two span-long, wee, unchristened bairns [children];

.

Five tomahawks, with blood red rusted;
Five scymitars with murder crusted;

.

With more of horrible and awful,
Which even to name would be unlawful.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit. . . .

Tam gazes spellbound at these withered old beldames so grotesquely leaping and hopping around on their sticks and crutches, until, in an unguarded moment, he makes known his presence —

And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

Now Tam is in trouble, for if the witches catch him, they will make him suffer for spying upon their secret and ungodly revels.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairing!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herring!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming!
Kate soon will be a woeful woman!
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone of the Bridge :
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare not cross. . . .

No witch can cross a stream of running water, and so Tam luckily manages to escape, thanks to his good mare Maggie, who, in the very nick of time, springs across the

bridge of the River Doon, close beside the church. But it is a dangerously narrow escape, for one of the witches

. . . far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
 And flew at Tam with furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 One spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her own gray tail:
 The carlin caught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Every witch had a *familiar*, as the particular demon or spirit that attended her was called. The familiar often



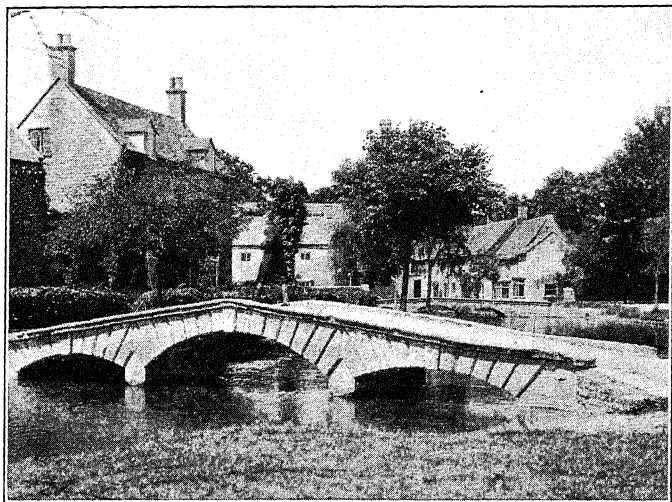
A WITCH CAT

Notice that it has no tail. It was believed that when a witch transformed herself into an animal, the animal's form was never complete.

took the shape of a black cat, or an owl, or a rat. The witch could transform herself into this shape if she wished, but when she did so, the animal form would never be complete. It would always lack a tail, or a foot, or an eye, or some other member of its body.

One of the things a witch could do was to make a waxen image of some person whom she wished to harm. If she stuck a pin into this image, the human original would suffer excruciating pain in the corresponding part of his anatomy. If she let the image melt slowly before a fire, the human original would fade away with illness at the same time, and die with the final dissolution of the image. In 1577 a small waxen image of Queen Elizabeth was picked up where it had probably been accidentally

dropped by someone wishing evil to the queen. Elizabeth sent immediately for Dr. Dee, the noted astrologer, to have his help in counteracting the attempted sorcery. His counteracting attempts could not always have been highly successful, however, for not long afterwards she



AN OLD BRIDGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

It was over the old Brig o' Doon, a bridge somewhat similar to this one, that Tam (according to Burns) made his escape from the witches.

suffered greatly from a severe toothache, which was generally conceded to be most evident witchcraft.

Witches did a surprising amount of business selling spells, and love potions, and poisons. They also frequently sold winds tied up in knots of thread to mariners about to take a voyage, in order to insure them a safe and prosperous trip.

Shakespeare speaks a number of times of witches. Whether or not he believed in them, he at least carefully

recorded the credulity that was common in his time. People were ready to lay almost any calamity at the door of a witch, who might be any simple, harmless old woman. And if the poor old soul could not successfully deny the witchcraft, — which she very seldom could, — then she would be put to death. And it was a strange thing that many ignorant women, driven to despair by the accusation of witchcraft, would actually confess to being witches. These poor creatures were usually hypochondriacs who believed so fanatically in witchcraft that they thought perhaps they might be possessed of a devil.

The Elizabethan mind would jump at conclusions in some such way as this: Some person died very suddenly — perhaps mysteriously. What was the cause of his death? No one could say. Then almost certainly he must have been bewitched. Yes, but by whom? Well, yesterday he refused to give a penny to a chattering old hag who was begging by the roadside. . . . There, you see, of course, she was a witch . . . and so on. Or, to quote from *Macbeth*:

ACT I. SCENE III. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched: — "Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" [get thee gone] the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

However, in spite of the imaginary mischief wrought by these supposed witches, the people of old England did have some very real maladies. Ague, a malarial fever, was extremely common, for the fields and moors which spread around outside the city walls were so badly drained that mosquitoes bred by millions in the stagnant pools, and these mosquitoes distributed malarial germs to the whole community. The diseases that were prevalent three hundred years or so ago were much the same as many that we have to-day, but the death rate was far higher, because of the lack of sanitation and of medical skill. Smallpox was greatly feared, attacking rich as well as poor. It was a very serious trouble among the upper classes. In fact, it seemed rather to prefer the families of the well-to-do. Queen Mary II died of it in 1694. Typhoid fever was another disease which committed great ravages. The oldest son of James I died of typhoid fever when he was a boy, making his younger brother, the future Charles I, crown prince in his place.

But of all ills the plague was the one most dreaded. The plague that we read about in Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* was not the one and only outbreak of this scourge. It was not a new thing. The plague in Defoe's history was the twelfth great outbreak which had visited the City, and it was probably not the worst, but it is the one most vividly recorded, and consequently the one we know the most about. The plague was a menace that was always threatening. It was carried with merchandise from the Orient; it broke out on board ship, and was often brought to the City by a sick sailor. After such times as the coronation of a sovereign, when crowds of

people were gathered together and contagion could spread quickly from one to another, an outbreak was apt to occur, as happened after the coronation of James I. People knew that the plague was likely to come again almost any time, but between epidemics they grew careless and ceased to fear it.

Then came the last great plague of 1665, greater in the number of sufferers than those which had preceded it, not because it was any more violent, but because there were so many more people in London than there had ever been before. Defoe wrote his history of the plague as if he had been an eye witness of the pestilence, yet he wrote it fifty years after the event. He gives us a clear and vivid picture of the City stricken with disease and paralyzed with fear. We see the empty streets with business of nearly every kind suspended, workshops closed, churches shut, and grass growing in the once busy avenues where the rows of empty houses stand and stare blankly — for everyone who could possibly get away has fled from the plague-ridden City. We look into the pale faces of those who cannot get away, and who have ventured forth from their close-shuttered houses, but we carefully keep the width of the street between ourselves and them, and hasten by without a word. Perhaps they need to go to market. It is a great danger. They will not touch each other's hands nor take goods nor money from one another. They lift the meat they wish to buy from the counter with iron hooks, and drop the money to pay for it into a jar filled with vinegar.

We hear the cries and lamentation of those who are struck down with the disease, and those who have just

been bereaved. We hear the creaking and the rumbling of the dreadful Dead Cart as it goes slowly on its rounds at night to collect its fearful load. We hear the dismal bell announcing its approach and the dreadful cry: "Bring out your dead!" We see the terrible cart pause with a ghastly, vulture-like expectancy before every house marked with the sign of the pestilence, and by the flickering light of a lantern we see the two ghoulisn figures of its drivers gathering up the dead for burial in the great plague pits, which have been hastily dug outside the City wall. We shudder at the charnal horror of the plague pits into which the bodies of the dead are flung in heaps and covered with a little earth, or in the hasty performance of the task left partially uncovered. We cannot escape from the pestilential effluvia borne by the wind from these appalling places of corruption. The City cemeteries cannot accommodate the dead, the need is so exaggerated. There are no single graves — there is not time to dig them in sufficient numbers. There are no coffins — who could build them fast enough to supply so overwhelming a demand?

Every house in which the plague has broken out is marked with the fatal sign prescribed by law — a red cross of about a foot in length, roughly painted on the entrance door, and above the cross in letters large and legible enough to be read even in the moonlight the piteous words: "LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US!" In front of every such door stands a watchman armed with a long pike, guarding the door so that no one can enter or leave the building, and warning all approaching strangers to keep away with the command: "Keep your distance and

pass quickly by!" Defoe has missed no detail in his story of this dreadful plague.

Some people after laying in large supplies of food and other necessities shut themselves up in their houses as if for a siege, during the worst of the pestilence. A certain grocer in Wood Street who took these precautionary measures against the plague has left his diary to tell the story. Every window was closed, and if it was necessary for any supply to enter the house, it was drawn up in a basket by a pulley to an upper window. Before this window was opened the grocer would flash off a pistol "so that the smoke of the powder might drive back the air, and purify any vapor that found entrance of its noxious particles." Likewise, "if a letter should be conveyed to him by means of the pulley, he proposed to steep it in a solution of vinegar and sulphur; and when dried and otherwise fumigated, to read it at a distance by the aid of strong glasses."

Superstition played a large part in the general terror and demoralization. The summer of 1665 was extremely hot and dry. From May until September there was no rain, no wind, and no cloud — only perpetual sunshine to mock the misery of the prostrate City. The old wise women recalled that during the winter preceding the plague a comet of a dull and sickly color had appeared over the City, hanging so low over the houses that it was plain some dreadful judgment was about to follow. Astrologers and other persons who had a habit of staring at the clouds to discover portents and prodigies claimed that they saw strange shapes and figures which they interpreted as evil omens of the future. The excited

imagination of the times could see prodigies such as heaps of unburied dead in the clouds, the sun setting in streams of blood, and on one occasion, a flaming sword held in a hand coming out of a cloud, with its point hanging directly over the City.

People were frightened nearly out of their wits by fortune tellers, astrologers, cunning men, and quacks. They would go from one to another of these charlatans in a distracted manner, asking for preventive medicines and antidotes and charms against the plague. And the quacks and mountebanks would sell them "anti-pestilential elixirs," "infallible preventive pills against the plague," "never-failing preservatives against the infection," or wonder-working amulets, charms, and exorcisms to fortify the body against the plague — charms such as a dried toad to be suspended around the neck.

The regular physicians gave orders to have all the theaters and churches closed, to have the City quarantined, and to have all "dogs, cats, swine, and beggars" kept off the City streets. It was supposed that the lighting of many fires at the same time all over the City would purify the air. Therefore the lord mayor gave orders that heaps of fuel should be placed in front of every house in every street in the City and all kindled at a certain hour. But the pestilence continued in undiminished fury.

The plague was most noticeably a disease of the poor. It began in the mean and crowded districts just outside the City walls — in the suburbs, or liberties of the City. The jurisdiction of the mayor and aldermen extended in a partial degree to these outskirts of the City as far as the various Bars outlining them (Temple Bar, Holborn Bar,

the Bar in West Smithfield, and so on all around the semi-circle to the Bar on the Whitechapel Highway). But the full power of the law did not hold sway over these liberties as it did over the well-ordered and regularly governed City. At any rate, the quarantine laws were hard to enforce, and the plague spread from the liberties inside the City walls and up and down the crowded, dirty streets of London, raging for months till more than one hundred thousand had perished of it.

One reason for the greater ravages of the plague among the poorer classes was the lack of sanitation in their manner of living, and their habit of crowded dwelling. London at its best was a dirty place, but the poor lived more carelessly and grossly than the better classes. Physicians did not then understand sanitary science or preventive medicine as we do to-day. The medical profession did what it could to stop the spread of the pestilence by isolating those who were infected; but of disease germs and the spread of disease through filth and unsanitary conditions they knew almost nothing.

And we must realize that these picturesque Englishmen in the days of long ago were not particularly clean. Good soap was an almost impossible luxury; bathing was not considered of vital importance, neither was the frequent washing of garments. Water was not piped to people's houses to make its use any easier, and indeed, as everyone preferred ale to water in the matter of drinking, the lack of a free use of water seemed not to be felt.

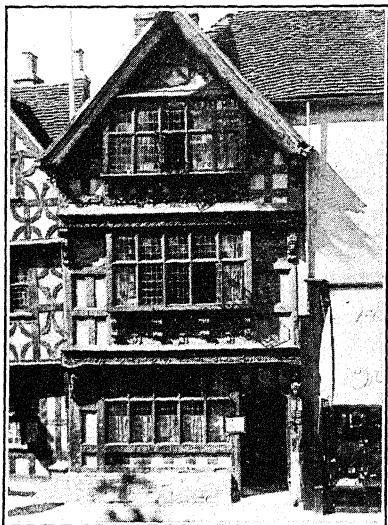
The houses themselves were anything but clean. Down to the time of Elizabeth, and even later, the usual floor covering was a layer of rushes strewn upon the floor. In

the dining and living halls a good many crumbs or scraps of food would fall upon the rushes, and considerable dirt from the outside would be tracked in to mingle with the débris of the house. All of this miscellaneous dirt would lie quietly undisturbed for months. Fresh rushes were frequently laid down, it is true, but they were laid over the old ones, and the result was filth, not apparent to the eye, perhaps, but quite evident to the nose and manifested also by the not infrequent bites of vermin which bred in the dirty, matted rushes, and did much to spread disease. People who had never heard of germs were not greatly troubled at this condition of their houses. When the smell became too strong, they would call upon the help of a "perfumer," a man as necessary to the Elizabethans as a chimney sweep. The perfumer would seek to remove or, rather, cover up the stench by burning juniper wood and other sweet-smelling herbs — with rather indifferent success, one might imagine, judging from our standards. At long intervals, of course, when the accumulation of rushes had piled up too greatly, they would all be removed and a new supply begun on.

Even the cleanest of the streets would be called filthy in our day, but some were worse than others. In some towns the population actually relied upon crows, jackdaws, rooks, and ravens to act as scavengers and clear the refuse from the streets, and there was a penalty for destroying these birds because they helped to make the streets less foul. In London the dirty, sewer-like gutters which ran down the middle of every street were natural lurking places for germs of many noxious kinds. In the crowded, narrow lanes and courts fevers were always

lingering, and in such places pestilences broke out and reigned with devastating power.

As we know, this plague of 1665 was the last plague to scourge London with its horrors. Just why it was the last



THE HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

This is the early home of the mother of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University. Stratford-on-Avon was one of the towns that depended on rooks and ravens to help keep the streets clean.

modern sanitary conditions were introduced people learned the dangers of filth and infection.

It will not do to end this chapter without some mention of old London's famous hospitals. Even as far back as Shakespeare's day London had its hospitals. Not at all like modern hospitals, to be sure, but the forerunners of

we are not sure. Perhaps the great fire which followed so closely on the heels of the plague, consuming almost all of ancient London, may have been a blessing in disguise, by purging the plague-stricken City from end to end, destroying deadly germs, and making the City cleaner than it had ever been before. At any rate, the plague has not returned. When the City was rebuilt, it was cleaner and more healthful, and as more

them. Of these, *St. Bartholomew's*, commonly spoken of as *Bart's*, was the first to be founded, and after many changes and improvements it remains to-day one of the largest and richest benevolent institutions in London. The medical school connected with *St. Bartholomew's* has



LORD LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL AND ALMSHOUSES

Very old buildings at Warwick.

long enjoyed a reputation second to none. William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and many other very famous physicians have taught at *Bart's*.

St. Bartholomew's hospital dates back to Norman times, and the story of its foundation is interesting, if somewhat legendary in character. Away back in the twelfth century, at the court of Henry I, there was a minstrel named Rahere, who lived a very gay and reckless

life, indulging himself in every kind of court folly and loose living. But, at last, for some reason or other, he saw the evil of his ways and decided to repent and go on a pilgrimage to Rome. Going on a pilgrimage was a very pleasant and interesting way of showing one's repentance. It was also a very popular way of getting a change of air and some excitement. Any trip was a great adventure in those days. There were many dangers and hardships to be met with on the road, but there were also many new and interesting experiences and exciting occurrences, and the men of the twelfth century were used to hardships, and not easily frightened. So Rahere started on his pilgrimage. Unfortunately he fell ill on the way, and thought that he was going to die. In his trouble he called on Saint Bartholomew for help, promising the good saint a hospital for poor men if he should recover and return to London. The saint must have heard his plea because Rahere did recover, and, what is more, he remembered his promise, and when he got back to London, he founded not only a hospital but a church, as well. The hospital was connected with a priory, but after the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII, who was much interested in medicine and surgery, had it refunded and given back to the sick poor of London. As such it still exists.

Another hospital well known from very ancient times is *Bethlehem Hospital* — a lunatic asylum. *Bedlam* is the name by which this hospital is best known, the word being a corruption of the name Bethlehem. Bedlam has for so many years been the great insane asylum of London that the word itself has come to mean not only a madhouse, but any place of wild confusion. In past ages insane people

were not treated with much kindness. The Elizabethans considered insanity a matter for a jest. They did not mean to be hard-hearted ; they merely did not understand the malady. It puzzled them. In fact, they were quite at their wit's end to know what to do about it. They did not know whether to treat insanity as a physical or a moral condition. In general, they believed that an insane person was possessed by an evil spirit, which could be driven out only by making it uncomfortable. To abuse the patient, therefore, was to abuse the devil and make him so uncomfortable that he would be driven from his temporary abiding place. Flogging, starving, or imprisonment in a pitch-dark room were some of the "cures" applied to the poor lunatics.

Until late in the eighteenth century Bedlam was one of the regular sights of London, and for the sum of one penny anybody would be allowed to divert himself with a view of the unfortunate lunatics. Visiting strangers considered a trip to Bedlam one of the things that should not be missed.

It is all different now. Bedlam, in a new location, still exists as London's great insane asylum, but kindness and good care are now assured to every patient there. It is a far cry from Shakespeare's day to ours. In the practice of medicine it seems perhaps the farthest cry of all. To swallow five live glowworms for a remedy may make an interesting anecdote to read about ; but who would wish to make himself so interesting in these days !

CHAPTER XIII

PAGEANTS, MASQUES, AND THE DRAMA

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

*Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings.*

— SHAKESPEARE, Prologue of *Henry V*

THE pageant, the masque, and the drama — each is a different development of the same idea. Each is distinct from the others, and yet all are parts of the dramatic entertainments so dear to the hearts of the English people in Elizabethan days.

The Elizabethans loved spectacular performances — and so did the Queen. She still clung to the amusement of tilting, but the tilting of Elizabeth's day was a harmless sport, quite different from the dangerous tournaments of medieval times.

The favorite amusements of the people were the pageant and the play, while the court became increasingly fond of masques, which to a certain extent took the place of tournaments. The pageant was an earlier form of entertainment than the play. There were pageants at court and, sometimes, private pageants in great men's houses, but as a general thing the pageants were outdoor exhibitions. The scenes were usually allegorical or semiclassical, and were exhibited either on a temporary stage erected for the

purpose beside some populous thoroughfare — in Cheapside, at London Bridge, or Temple Bar — or they were shown on a movable pageant wagon. The pageant wagon was a small stage on wheels, very similar to the floats in our present-day parades.



A GARDEN OF DRAMA

The garden behind the house in which Shakespeare was born now contains only flowers, shrubs, and trees mentioned in his plays.

The people loved pageants and imposing state processions, and the kings knew that though these pageants and splendid displays were enormously expensive they were well worth while, for, in early days, they impressed the common people with the grandeur and majesty of royalty as nothing else could. Away back in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Stow tells us, there were triumphant

shows made by the citizens of London at times of royal coronations.

On the return of Henry V after the glorious victory of Agincourt there were numerous pageants along his line of march from the City to Westminster. One of them was at the great fountain in Cheapside, where a canopy was erected to simulate the blue sky with white clouds. The four supporting posts of the canopy were held by youths dressed as angels in white robes, and the summit was crowned with an archangel of brilliant gold. Beneath the canopy, on a throne, sat a majestic and gorgeous image representing the sun, which glittered with dazzling radiance. The image was surrounded with angels, singing and playing on all kinds of musical instruments, and around the whole "device" was a circle of small pavilions in each of which was a beautiful maiden, who from a cup of gold in her hands blew forth golden leaves upon the king as he passed by.

The streets were crowded with people in holiday attire, the horses were as bravely appareled as their riders, music played at every corner, bells clashed and trumpets pealed; and from the upper windows of the houses hung lengths of tapestry, and scarlet cloth, and hangings of azure, and shimmering cloth of gold and royal purple.

Henry VIII with his love of display, in marked contrast to his father's gravity and economy, reveled in pageants, and Elizabeth not only loved them for themselves, but she realized their value also in providing entertainment for the people, and in uniting the interests of the court and the citizens. Those who took part in the pageants felt that they shared in the court display, and those who

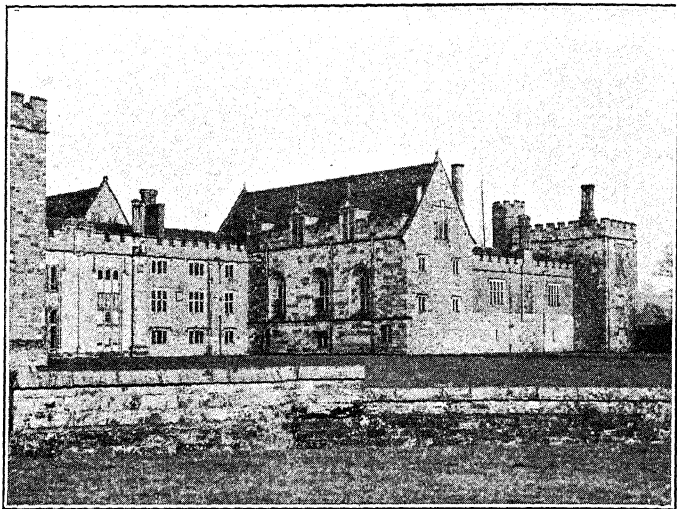
looked on delighted in the display and in the music and the general spirit of holiday rejoicing. Elizabeth's encouragement of these public amusements had a very practical application to the business of government. She knew that the London citizens delighted in shows and games and sports of every kind, and she wished before all things to keep the hearts of the English people.

The court pageants developed into entertainments of more and more splendor until the pageant merged into the masque. The masque belongs to the drama, but it is slighter in plot and in characterization than the regular play. It depends for its charm upon effects similar to those of pageants.

The masque was a form of dramatic entertainment essentially a part of court life and of the life of the nobleman, rather than a part of the dramatic amusement of the people at large. The expense of a masque was so great as to debar such attempts at stage setting from the public stage, a fact which should be borne in mind when the subject of scenery on the Elizabethan stage is discussed. Everything costly, splendid, and rare was lavished upon these masques. Everything that the machinery of the day could contrive was devised for them. The most skilled musicians were employed to compose music for the occasion, and such a famous architect as Inigo Jones did not consider it beneath his dignity to design and build the stage effects.

Historically the masque is an expansion of the medieval mumming and disguising at holiday times in the great halls, or at times of special celebration on the occasion of some great event. Dancing was always the essential

feature of the entertainment, and the masque was originally an episode in an indoor revel of dancing. This intimacy between performers and spectators differentiates the masque from the drama to the end. Hired players were sometimes needed for the speaking parts in a masque



THE GREAT HALL OF PENSURST PLACE .

In this fine old hall have been held many masques and entertainments. Penshurst Place was the early home of Sir Philip Sidney.

when the performance was so difficult as to require trained elocution, but generally the parts were taken by courtiers and ladies of high rank and breeding.

The masque was a more elastic form of composition than the regular drama. In its least literary form it was mainly an elaborate spectacle much like a pageant; in other instances its dialogue and action brought it nearer to the regular drama, from which it differed chiefly in the

absence of a definite plot. It was usually allegorical or classic in tone, with elaborate staging, beautiful, colorful costumes, singing, dancing, and recitations frequently eulogistic or highly complimentary in character.

Elizabeth was fond of masques, as she was of tournaments, and of pageants and other dramatic entertainments, but it was under James I and Charles I that the masque became the preëminent form of court entertainment. It became so enormously popular with the court and nobility that it outshone, for a time, the regular drama. The masque is really the progenitor of the modern opera, and it continued its life quite apart from the higher literary effort of the drama.

Shakespeare dealt with the masque only incidentally in the course of his dramas, but Ben Jonson devoted much time to this form of poetry, and wrote the best and most successful masques of his time. His earnest attempt was to bring the masque into the domain of high-grade poetry. Inigo Jones was closely connected with him in the preparation of the court masques — too closely, perhaps, as the poet and the architect finally had a bitter quarrel over their respective positions in the representation of the masque, as to whether the idea was best conveyed by the words spoken, or by the pictorial setting. Lavish scenic display displeased Jonson. He said scathingly that "painting and carpentry" were becoming the outstanding features of the masque, and he considered the "soul" or thought of the device more important than the "body" or appareling. But in spite of Jonson's chagrin, the poetry of the masques was not considered the most important part in these elaborate spectacles.

Anne of Denmark cared more for fancy dress and dancing than she did for acting. Her love of masques dates



A SATYR

This mythological creature, half man and half goat, was one of the characters represented in the *Masque of the Fairies*.

was especially prepared for Queen Anne and the crown prince, Henry.

As the royal train advances through Althorp Park in the cool of the evening, after a hot day, they can hear music from wind instruments, which are being played here and there through the woods, and as they approach a little grove of young trees near the gardens, a satyr

from the time of her journey south from Scotland to England, when she went there to join her royal spouse, James I, after his accession to the throne of England. At Althorp, on the journey, Lord Spencer had provided, as a welcome to the queen, an exquisite fête aided by all the ideality of Ben Jonson's genius. On this occasion there was nothing of the usual painted canvas and gorgeous artificial setting to produce the illusions desired. The scenery was the magnificent woodlands of an English park. Instead of boards to walk upon, there was the velvet greensward under foot for this midsummer-eve *Masque of the Fairies*. This poetic welcome

perched in one of the trees commences the *Masque of the Fairies*, as follows :

Here, there, and everywhere,
Some solemnities are near ;
As these changes strike mine ear,
My pipe and I a part will bear.

Catching sight of the Queen and Prince Henry, the satyr leaps down from the tree, and, skipping near them, he peers into their faces, exclaiming that they are so fair they must be of heavenly race. Then, becoming aware of the sounds of soft music coming from the grove, he runs into the woods to hide himself, and a bevy of fairies with their queen, Mab, appear. The fairies dance around the prince and Queen Anne, addressing her in the following song :

Hail and welcome, fairest Queen !
Joy had never perfect been
To the fays that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.

Here the satyr peeps out of the thicket and interrupts Mab by saying to Anne :

Trust her not, you bonny belle,
She will forty leasings [lies] tell.
.
.
.
.
.
This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy.

And he goes on to tell a number of mischievous tales about Mab, to the distress of the fairies, one of whom finally turns to the leading fairy, saying :

Mistress, this is only spite,
For you would not, yester night,
Kiss him at the cock-shut light.

And Mab answers indignantly :

Fairies, pinch him black and blue!
Now you have him, make him rue.

The fairies pinch him till he runs away into the woods crying for mercy. Mab then addresses the queen and asks pardon for this rude interruption, and the elves all begin to dance again and sing to Anne :

This is she, this is she,
In whose world of grace,
Every season, person, place,
That receives her happy be.

Long live Oriana ! [Anne]
Who succeeds our late Diana. [Elizabeth]

At this point Queen Mab comes forward, and with a long and very complimentary address she presents her Majesty with a beautiful jewel, warning her that fairy gifts must never be spoken about to anyone. Then Mab and her elves perform a fantastic dance, and winding in and out of the trees depart into the thicket with these words :

Highest, happiest Queen, farewell!
But be sure you do not tell!

As soon as Mab and the fairies have disappeared the impish satyr comes skipping out of the woods again and introduces Lord Spencer's son, a boy of twelve, who comes forward leading a dog at the head of a troop of young foresters. The young foresters are all sons of the neighboring gentry. They are dressed in dark green hunter's garb. The satyr presents the young lordling to Prince Henry with considerable ceremony, saying in

a long rhyme that Lord Spencer gives his son to the service of the prince, and gives with him the bow which once had belonged to Diana, goddess of the chase, the horn which had belonged to Orion, a celebrated mythological hunter, and this dog of Spartan breed — by far the best of hunting dogs:

. . . you shall try
 How he hunteth, instantly.

 Hunters, let the woods resound;
 They shall have their welcome crowned
 With a brace of bucks to ground.

Immediately the horns ring out a hunting call, and a couple of deer are let loose from the woods, and killed in the space in front of their majesties.

The new queen of England was extremely fond of hunting, and she was so delighted with this masque in its every feature that, from that time on, she made court theatricals apparently the main object of her existence. It is largely to her influence that the great development of the Jacobean masque can be ascribed.

Perhaps a more typical masque, because it shows the elaborate costuming and the devices used in presenting this popular form of court entertainment, is the one in which four naiads, or water nymphs, appear to rise gently from four sparkling fountains at the back of the stage. The nymphs float out upon the stage attired in long robes of sea-green silk, with bubbles of crystal powdered with silver to resemble drops of water. On their flowing tresses of pale bluish silk are garlands of white water lilies. These four nymphs of the fountains

meet four nymphs of the sky, who descend softly in a cloud from above. They are dressed in sky-blue taffeta robes spangled like the heavens. They have golden hair and each one wears on her head a glittering star. The sky nymphs and the fountain nymphs meet and dance. Then four cupids enter, running out from some thick clustered shrubbery at the side. The cupids are dressed in flame-colored taffeta fitted close to their bodies. They have wings of gold and carry golden bows and arrows. On their heads are garlands of bright flowers.

At the same moment that the cupids come upon the stage, what appear to be several statues of solid gold and silver, with girdles and aprons of oak leaves, also apparently molded out of the precious metals, descend from an altar to Jove, which is in the center of the stage. They place themselves in various postures, statue-like, around the stage, while to the music of many stringed instruments the cupids and nymphs circle around them in graceful dances.

The best example of all, because the Queen herself took part in it, is the masque which was given on the great occasion when the crown prince was formally introduced to the assembled Houses of Parliament, and had conferred upon him his title of the Prince of Wales.

A masque was generally given to celebrate some particular event such as a marriage, a royal birthday, or the visit of a foreign ambassador, and this occasion being an especially important one, the masque was an elaborate and festive affair. The preparation for it occupied many days and kept busy almost the whole court of England, devising robes, arranging jewels, and practicing steps

and movements for this beautiful poem of action. The arts of music, painting, dancing, and decoration were all called upon to make the palace of Whitehall a scene of enchantment.

In this masque the court ladies personated the nymphs of the principal rivers belonging to the estates of their fathers or husbands. The Queen represented Tethys, the queen of rivers and the mother of the water nymphs. The little Prince Charles, then about nine years of age, took the character of Zephyr, the gentle west wind. He was attended by twelve little ladies of about his own age and height who impersonated the little naiads of the springs and fountains. Charles' part in the masque was to deliver to his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, a gift from the Queen. This was the so-called business of the masque, which mingled fact and fancy.

Eight of the handsomest noblemen of the court performed as Tritons, demigods of the sea, blowing on conch-shell trumpets as though to calm the waves. They commenced the masque by singing a song about the Queen and her river nymphs, to the soft music of twelve hidden lutes. Then came a ballet danced by little Prince Charles and the twelve little court ladies. Prince Charles was dressed, as Zephyr, in a short robe of green satin embroidered with gold flowers. From his shoulders spread two beautiful, airy wings of silver gauze, and on his head was a garland of flowers. His little naiads were dressed in satin tunics of pale water-blue embroidered with silver flowers. Their fair hair was hanging in soft curls and their heads were crowned with garlands of water lilies. They had all been trained to dance with such skill and

grace that they charmed the whole court and brought forth rapturous applause.

When this infant ballet withdrew, a scene of beauty was disclosed. Seated on a throne of silver rocks in a sparkling grotto was the Queen, as Tethys. Around the sides of the grotto were niches representing little caves in which her attendant river nymphs were grouped. Her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, as the nymph of the most important river, the Thames, was seated at her royal mother's feet. Glittering waterfalls and cataracts gleamed around the grotto in which the noble river nymphs were seated, and on the floor of the picturesque cavern were dolphins in every shade of burnished silver, and rose-pink shells, and seaweed in every color that could be imagined.

The Queen's headdress was a spiral shell forming a helmet. It was ornamented with little sprays of coral from which floated a veil of silver gossamer. Her dress of turquoise-colored silk was embroidered with branches of silver seaweed, and over it she wore a half-tunic of silver gauze brocaded with gold seaweed. All this would have been very beautiful and appropriate for the queen of rivers, if it had not been that Anne insisted upon wearing her costume over an enormous cartwheel farthingale. For Anne so doted upon the monstrous hoop skirt of her day that whether she was in full court costume, or in a masque, or even at her favorite sport of hunting, she would never appear without her dreadful hoop skirt in its most exaggerated size. Inigo Jones, who designed the scenic effects, mentions that she also wore a large ruff. There is little doubt but that she afflicted the classical designers.

After this glittering picture had been admired for a space of time, the Queen's gifts to the Prince of Wales were presented by Prince Charles. These were a silken scarf worked by the Queen's own hands, and a magnificent cross-handled sword, the hilt of which was incrustated with flashing jewels worth above four hundred pounds.

Turning back to the stage, Charles next knelt before the Queen and besought her in graceful classical verses to descend from her throne and dance a ballet with her river nymphs. This was the Queen's quadrille, and after it was finished the revelers all joined in and the dancing became general, lasting till dawn.

Sometimes it was so arranged that the scene was pervaded with "sweet odors suddenly coming forth to give to the company pleasure and refreshment."

The inventor of the dances and the musicians who provided the music for the scenes were important collaborators, and the costumes were sumptuous. The tailors and designers who supervised the dresses and properties did not always have a strong "understanding of histories" in costuming — they aimed chiefly at color and magnificence, but the effect was brilliant.

These royal entertainments cost enormous sums of money, sometimes amounting to thousands of pounds, but they were immensely popular, and economy was never reckoned among the royal virtues of Anne of Denmark.

The drama was conducted under somewhat different circumstances.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century the popularity of the play grew with amazing rapidity. For the student of English literature there is a wealth of material on the

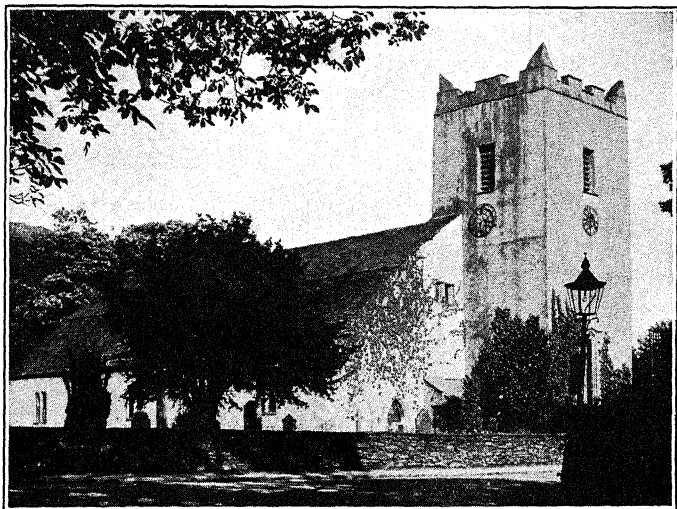
drama of these days; its development at this period was spectacular and noteworthy.

But the drama itself was not an entirely new form of entertainment. From a very early time people had been familiar with comedy and tragedy in the rough, through the teachings of the Church. In the fourteenth century the greater part of the people could not understand the Latin language of the Mass; neither could they understand the Bible, which was then used almost exclusively in a Latin version. So the Church in England endeavored to teach Biblical truths by pantomime, and at great festivals the priests elaborated the religious service by brief plays, which took place before the altar in the church.

As so few of the common people in those days could read even English, the priests found that for teaching the stories of the Bible no method was so effective as that of a dramatic representation. In this way the people not only heard but also saw the story of the Entrance of Noah into the Ark and the Sacrifice of Isaac, as well as the Adoration of the Magi, the Marriage of Cana, and other striking and significant events in the life of Christ.

These earliest performances were called Miracle plays. They dealt almost wholly with stories from the Bible, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. As they became more popular a broader field of subjects was sought, and stories from the lives of the saints were added to the repertory. The Miracle plays were arranged by the priests and acted by them and by the choir boys. They were given on Holy Days, at first in the church and, later, as they became more elaborated, in the churchyard outside, rather than under the church roof.

As time went on, the plays became very popular and were participated in by laymen as well as churchmen, and while their object continued to be largely religious instruction, opportunities were offered for a good deal of grotesque amusement. Incidents in the lives of the



GRASMERE CHURCH

Early mystery plays were very probably held in this old church, part of which dates back to the 13th century. Wordsworth is buried in the churchyard.

saints were not always of an entirely spiritual nature, and the Devil became more or less of a comic character. To medieval minds there was nothing either incongruous or distasteful in the antics and the rather broad comedy of the Evil One. They roared with delight at the sight of the Devil being kicked and cuffed back into Hell.

As the performances grew less solemn the attitude of the people toward them changed, and they went to see plays more to be amused than to worship. Consequently, the Miracle plays became more and more separated from the service of the church until they were finally banished from all association with the sacred walls, and frowned upon as base and sacrilegious.

The Miracle plays, however, did not decline in popularity when they were abandoned by the religious orders. They were taken up by the Trade Guilds, which by the fifteenth century developed a systematic method of presenting them on guild holidays and on occasions of special festivals in the public squares. Not one of the least of the guilds' duties was this setting forth each year of the Miracle plays, or *Mysteries*, as they were now called (from *mister*, meaning a trade or occupation; see Latin *ministerium*). The actors were probably all members of the guild, all amateurs, and all men or boys; it was considered indecorous for women to take part.

Huge, two-storied, covered wagons, somewhat like great moving vans, took the place of stage and property rooms. The actors dressed in the inclosed part of the vehicle, and then mounted a ladder or some rough stairs to the top story, or roof, where they performed their parts. A stage wagon like this would move from place to place, gathering a crowd around it wherever it might stop. Then would be given the drama of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, or Pilate and Herod, or some saintly episode.

The Miracle plays were succeeded by the *Moralities*, in which the actors personified abstract qualities like

Vice, Pleasure, Charity, and the Seven Deadly Sins, instead of characters from the Bible. And this was a long stride forward, as now the field of subjects was greatly enlarged. *Everyman*, which has been acted in recent days, is a good example of what a Morality play at its best could be. Heavy, crude, and dull as these old plays now seem to us, they were intensely enjoyed by the populace of those far-away simpler times.

English writers were, of course, not unacquainted with the ancient dramas of the Greeks and Romans. The study of the classics influenced English drama and undoubtedly gave dignity to the style, which found its full flowering in Shakespeare's noble verse. But the so-called Romantic, or Shakespearean Drama, as developed in England, was not controlled by these classics. It was essentially an original creation, as was also the method of presenting the plays. The English theater owed little to the theater of the Greeks. In England the drama was the artistic utterance of that Renaissance which gave to the Italians sculpture, painting, architecture, and poetry. The drama stood to the English nation in place of all other arts. In England alone of all European nations was felt simultaneously the influence of both the Renaissance and the Reformation. The emancipation of the reason, accomplished by the Latin races, we call the *Renaissance*. The emancipation of the conscience, accomplished by the Teutonic races, we call the *Reformation*. Yet both had a common starting point in a liberation of the spirit from old authority and superstition.

None of the performers in the earlier plays were professional actors, but as religious subjects gradually dis-

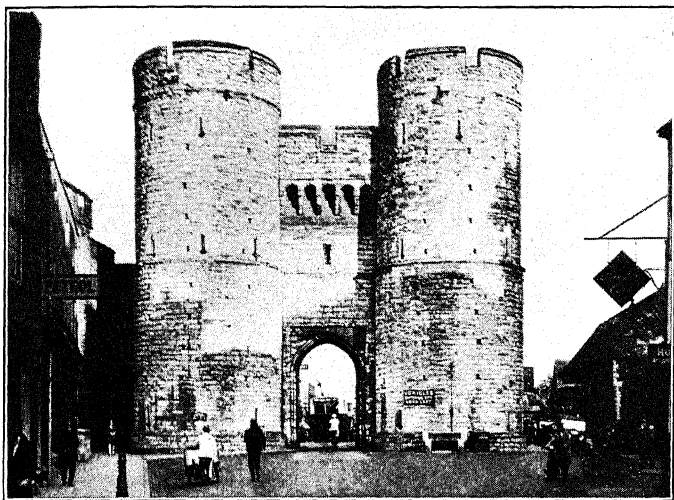
appeared from the stage, actors by profession came into existence. A large number of the nobles during Elizabeth's reign had each his company of actors, who were really servants of the nobleman. These actors had no regular buildings in which to give their plays. Sometimes they would act before their noble patrons in the great halls of their castles, and occasionally at court for the amusement of the king and queen. Sometimes they would stroll from town to town, performing in the tavern yards or on the village green.

In London, the City fathers frowned sternly on all "play-acting." Licenses had to be obtained, heavy taxes were imposed, and such harsh laws were enacted against the players that, whether they were actually expelled from the City or not, they were made so unwelcome that they removed themselves and their plays to sites outside the City walls, and beyond the jurisdiction of the mayor. . . .

There is something to be said for the attitude of the City fathers in their struggle against the theaters. They charged the theaters with breeding disorder, and it is impossible to deny the charge; in fact the neighborhood of the theaters and the bull- and bear-baiting rings, as well as all Bankside, across the river, were the most unruly spots in London. But no one could oppose the plays outside the City limits and, after all, the players were well situated, for even outside the City the theaters were so near that they were quickly reached. The river Thames was then the southern boundary of London. Though there was but one bridge across the river, there were so many ferryboats and private barges that no one considered

it much of a hardship to have to cross the river to see the play.

✧ Just outside the City there were many inns and taverns, and until 1576 it was in the courtyards of these public houses that the London players produced their plays.



CANTERBURY WEST GATE

This medieval gateway is still a commanding feature of Canterbury, but some years ago it narrowly escaped being pulled down to allow Barnum's Circus procession to pass through the town.

Here a convenient hospitality was offered the players and here, right at hand, could be had plenty of sack and ale to refresh the audience. The English inn of those days was built around a large central courtyard with a wide entrance at one end, through which the audience could enter easily. At each floor of the inn, looking out upon this courtyard, was a balcony, or gallery, which

ran all around the court area, and onto which opened the doors of the rooms, as onto a hall. No place could have been better for viewing what went on in the court below, and so when the strolling players wanted a place in which to present their plays they chose the courtyard of some popular inn or tavern.

A platform upon trestles would be built at one end of the court. The platform would project out into the yard for some distance, and back beneath the first gallery. The back section, under the gallery, would be shut off by draperies to form a dressing room — and there was a perfectly good theater, all ready to be used. The spectators of the play stood around in the open court, or sat upon stools placed in the galleries. These galleries were the favored and more expensive seats. In the yard stood the poorer part of the audience, generally termed “groundlings.” It was an excellent arrangement for all concerned. And the owners of the inns were eager for the patronage which was brought to them by the production of a play on the premises; they laid themselves out to secure the attraction of these public entertainments.

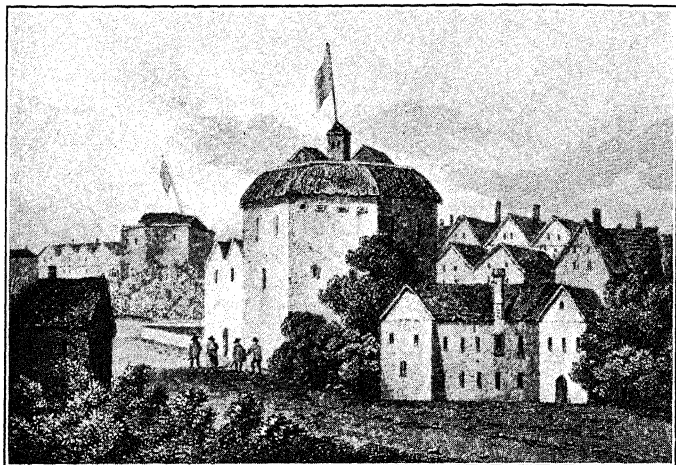
But although the convenience of having an innyard to perform in was undoubtedly great, there were also inconveniences. One of them was that performances could be given only at such times as suited the innkeeper, and another was that the innkeeper was able to exact a lion’s share of the profits.

These conditions, at last, brought about the erection of a regular theater. In 1576, when Shakespeare was a boy of twelve, James Burbage built the first theater, and set a model for the others. But, indeed, he offered

no new ideas in presenting plays. The construction of a special building for theatrical performances does not seem to have been due to any desire to improve the arrangements and accommodations of the stage in the innyard, nor was it accompanied by any considerable improvement. Burbage followed the arrangement of the innyard so closely that he built what was practically an innyard without the inn, even to leaving the yard unroofed. The only change he made was in altering the shape of his structure from the rectangular shape of the courtyard to one that was octagonal or round, because in the innyards people avoided the angles at the corners of the galleries. For this reason corners were avoided in the theaters and the square became an octagon or circle. Circular bull-baiting and bear-baiting rings, however, already existed on the south bank of the Thames; so even this was not a marked innovation.

As the theaters were exposed to the skies, the presentation of plays depended upon weather conditions, and bad weather often prevented a play from being given, since the audience, at least the groundlings, would have to stand out in the rain with no protection. But it was easy to ascertain whether or not a play was to be given on any afternoon when the weather looked uncertain, for if anyone in London wanted to know, all he had to do was to go to the bank of the Thames and look across the river. If a play was to be given that afternoon, a flag bearing the symbol of the house would be flown from a flagstaff on the small tower or cupola above the building. If there was to be no play, no flag would be flown.

However, supposing the day to be fine, the theatergoer would walk or ride across the river by way of London Bridge; or, if he were in a hurry, he would hail a ferryman with the cry of "Southward Ho!" and be carried comfortably and quickly across the river to Bankside.



THE GLOBE THEATER

No roof covered the center of the building, but a ring of thatched roof covered the surrounding galleries and a part of the stage. The house flag was raised, as in this picture, when a play was to be given.

Landing at Paris Gardens Stairs, a man, if he were going to the Globe Theater, where most of Shakespeare's plays were given, would have no trouble in locating the playhouse. The Globe was a hexagonal, three-story, wooden affair set somewhat apart from the other buildings. It looked more like a thick, squatty, six-sided tower than anything else. No roof covered the center of the building, but there was a ring of thatched roof over the surrounding

galleries and over the stage. There were a few small windows and two doors, around which stood usually a number of boys, eager to earn a few coins by holding the horses of young gallants attending the play.

There were no tickets. One paid at the door for general admission and whatever extra was demanded for the better seats. Prices varied somewhat at the different theaters. It cost sixpence to enter and stand in the pit, which corresponded to the innyard. Here there were no seats at all, only flat, bare earth trodden down hard by the feet of London apprentices, sailors, laborers, and crowds from the street, who stood around as people, to-day, will stand around a cheap show at a fair.

In America there is nothing to recall this old arrangement of the spectators. The seats on the main floor near the front are choice seats, and the entire main floor is rated high. In London, conditions are nearer those of the past, for the pit still exists, although it has been pushed to the rear of the main floor behind a railing. There, people who wish to take their chance can secure places — unreserved — on wooden benches for about a quarter of the price asked for seats in front of the railing.

If the playgoer wished to sit in one of the galleries which surrounded the yard, or pit, like the galleries of old inns, he would have to pay a little more, but he would be much more comfortable. The galleries were divided into sections called rooms, and the better sort of quietly disposed people sat there. If the playgoer happened to be one of the fashionable gallants of London, who wished to display his fine clothes, he would bargain for a stool on the side of the stage facing the audience and right

beside the actors, where he could be seen by everyone. This would cost him at least sixpence more.

These London dandies, with their rich and brilliant costumes, plumed hats, and swords, must have been intolerable nuisances upon the stage, for their manners were atrocious. They did not scruple to interrupt the actors in their parts, to call to people in the audience and display their wit at the expense of anyone in the house or on the stage, or to play at cards during the action of the drama. It was considered a clever trick to come late and interrupt the prologue with the noise of placing one's stool. Sometimes an unruly gallant, if he found the play not to his liking, would arise in disgust and leave the stage, expressing his opinion in quite audible tones. However, the actors must have needed the money of these unpleasant gentlemen, for they did not exclude them from the coveted seats upon the stage.

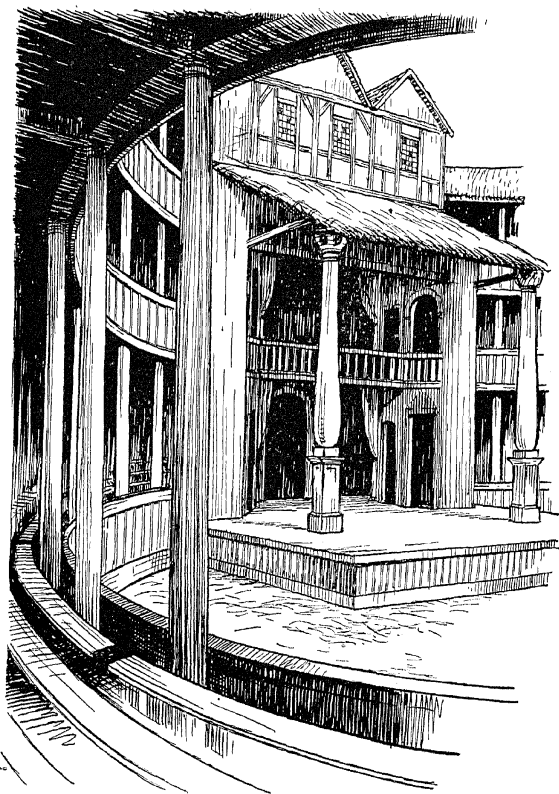
Audiences came early, for the early comers got the best seats, and they could while away the interval of waiting in various ways. Tobacco could be bought and smoked in the theater; apples and nuts were hawked about, and books could be bought to read while waiting. Consequently, after taking his seat, the theatergoer would have plenty of time to look about him. What would he see? First, over his head the blue sky, which afforded the interior lighting. Then the stage, which differed from the stage of the present-day theaters in that it was exceptionally large, and that it extended out nearly half-way into the pit. There was no curtain on this projecting stage. It was a roughly built platform, open on three sides and about three feet high. A railing ran around

the edge but there were no footlights, as all performances were given by the light of day coming through the unroofed opening above the pit. The difficulty was not in lighting the stage, but in making it dark when the scene was intended to represent night. Lighted torches were usually brought in to indicate that the stage was supposed to be dark, or black hangings were put up at the back of the stage — but the darkness had to be imagined.

In the modern theater we present our drama as a series of pictures, which are shown within a frame called the proscenium arch. The scenes are behind this arch, and a curtain fills the frame while the picture, or scene, on the stage behind is being shifted. The proscenium is merely a frame within which, as the curtain rises, we see, as it were, another world made to look as real as possible. The Elizabethan stage had no proscenium. It thrust itself boldly forth into the auditorium. It was, in fact, not a picture stage, but a picture platform.

At the back of the stage, between the doors which led to the dressing rooms, was an alcove, or small inner stage, used, when necessary, to present plays within plays, to show another room, or a tent, or a prison, or a ship. This rear alcove was shut off from the front stage by curtains. It is this little inner stage of the Elizabethans which has developed into the whole stage of modern theaters. The outer, front platform declined in importance and in size until, to-day, it has practically vanished. All that is left of it is the narrow strip in front of the curtain close to the footlights.

Above the rear alcove was a balcony, or small upper stage, supported by two columns. It is generally agreed



INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE THEATER

The sky above afforded the only lighting in the theater. The stage thrust itself forward into the auditorium. There was a small alcove at the back of the stage, and above the alcove there was a small upper stage. A sloping roof partly covered the stage and gave the actors some protection from the weather. The audience in the pit took the weather as it came.

that this upper balcony was an indispensable part of the Elizabethan stage. Its innyard ancestry is readily traced in the ready-made tavern gallery, which ran behind the stage, and it can be deduced from countless stage directions of the type of "enter Juliet above," in the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. This upper stage, as it was called, was very useful. Sometimes it was the upper story of a house, sometimes the battlements of a town, sometimes a gallery within a hall, and so forth. When the action did not require this upper region, it was used for the accommodation of the musicians who played before and during the piece, or for favored spectators.

The audience knew what play was to be given because the play for the following day was usually announced from the stage on the day before, and further advertised by placards put up on the posts of the wharves by the riverside. Playbills were also circulated privately, and gave considerable information about the play besides the name. People wished to know what they were going to see. Thus:

The tragedy of King Richard the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence, the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews, his tyrannical usurpation, with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death.

All the women's parts were taken by boys, but the boys were good actors and impersonated their characters to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Women had no place upon the stage until as late as 1662, after the Restoration. If no boy could be found to take the woman's rôle, it would be played by a man. In that case the man usually wore a mask, though not always, for it

is reported that in the time of Charles II when Edward Kynaston, a famous actor of women's parts, was to play before the king, there was some delay, and in answer to the demand asking why the royal auditor should be kept waiting, the reply was that the king was kept waiting because "the queen was not shaved yet."

In the ordinary public theaters there was probably little scenery. The stage settings consisted of properties more than of scenes. If a tree or rock was needed to help out the action, there would be a tree or rock shown upon the stage. An altar would indicate a church; an arbor, a garden; benches, tables, and flagons, an ale-house. Some painted cloths representing stone work, or some crude representations of scenes may have been used, but for the most part the Elizabethans felt no need of painted scenery. It is not exactly true, as has been often asserted, that the Elizabethans possessed no scenery. The scenery was crude, but the people in the audience, with their keen enthusiasm and fresh, eager, imaginative powers, were satisfied. The Elizabethan writers frequently allude to the poverty of their stage effects. Doubtless they spoke in comparison with the costly machinery of the court masques, which, of course, would be barred from the public stage because of the expense. The actors certainly had properties in considerable amounts, as can be seen from old lists of stage properties.

Costuming in the modern sense was unknown. The costumes of the actors were elaborate and brilliant and often most magnificent. But they were the regular costumes of the day. Coriolanus or Cleopatra would wear garments in the height of the current fashion.

Slight attention was paid to historical accuracy; that was hardly thought of. But a good deal of money was often spent upon actors' costumes. Sometimes an actor would fall heir to the finery of an Elizabethan courtier. Sometimes he could buy garments that a gallant had tired of wearing. But whether appropriate or not, the costumes were generally resplendent and imposing and gave color to an otherwise bare and unattractive stage.

Our playgoer, since his entrance, has had ample time to look about the house, and observe all that is going on. The audience is now assembled and the play is nearly ready to begin. A trumpet sounds long and loud from the little hut above the building, which is visible to those outside the playhouse as well as to those within. People pay very little attention to the sound, for they know it is only the first warning, and the hubbub and jostling and confusion continue. Hucksters are pushing their way through the crowds with large baskets, crying apples, nuts, and ale. Booksellers' boys are peddling books, mainly in the galleries. Toes are trodden on and elbows freely used. Sometimes this is taken good-naturedly; often it brings forth hot words and blows. In the pit the uproarious City apprentices are the center of attention. Everybody is talking or calling to acquaintances, or laughing at practical jokes among the groundlings; everywhere people are smoking tobacco, playing cards, cracking nuts, or eating apples. A pickpocket is caught in action, and now there is even greater confusion while he is being tied to a post on the stage for all to see — and some to pelt with apple cores. The trumpet sounds a second time. The hubbub continues unabated. Then

the trumpet plays a third and last time, and suddenly the tumult ceases, and all eyes turn toward the stage. The play is about to begin.

As the sound of the third bugle dies away, the prologue enters. The prologue is an actor who comes in with great dignity — also, probably, with some nervousness, as he makes a splendid target for any apprentice who may not happen to care for the introductory speech. He is dressed in a long, black, velvet cloak and is crowned with bay leaves. The superstitious Elizabethans believed that bay leaves were a perfect protection against thunder and lightning. Maybe they believed that this symbolic adornment would also protect the poor prologue against the very active demonstrations and missiles of contempt of the groundlings at the introduction of an unsatisfactory play. But if the audience is critical, it is also appreciative; the people have a great power of “making believe” and a strong instinct for what is good in drama.

The hucksters have now retired, and the house settles down to listen. The prologue, in his speech, forecasts a large part of the story of the play, and prepares the mind of the audience for the performance that is to follow. This introduction is necessary, for there are no programs — they really are not needed. The name of the play is given by a placard carried by the prologue, as well as told us in his speech.

The prologue, having done his best to put the audience in spirit with the coming play, retires, and the first act begins. The play is *Julius Caesar*. We know the action takes place in the streets of Rome, both from the conversation of the actors and from a sign on one of the

pillars at the back of the stage. The capitol and Pompey's statue, where Caesar falls, are represented on a roughly painted canvas stretched across the gallery at the back. Brutus' tent in the camp scene is the alcove at the back of the main stage — the front of the tent being opened when the audience is supposed to know what is going on inside; and when Cassius says,

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :

And tell me what thou notest about the field,

Pindarus undoubtedly climbs to the balcony above the inner stage from which he looks out over the field of battle and reports to Cassius, who is on the stage below, what he can see from his elevation. The scenery is rough, but it is sufficient. One needs no more than the unmistakable suggestion; the author and the actor supply the rest. Therefore, though the intrusive gallants clutter up the stage; though Roman Caesar wears a doublet and hose cut after the same pattern as those worn by most of the audience; though the soldiers wear armor of the Tudor time, the spectators are actually at Rome in their feelings and imaginations. The boys who play the parts of Calpurnia and Portia are lovely women. A quick shifting of canvas changes the scene from Rome to a battlefield. The stage is large enough for city mobs and for legions of fighting soldiers. The audience looks out with Pindarus over the field of battle and beholds vast plains covered with the Roman armies. Trumpets blow and drums beat — alarms sound — defeat and victory hold all breathless with flushed cheeks and parted

lips! If the stage were ten times larger and the scenery so realistic as to deceive the eye, no one could feel more vividly the excitement and suspense of the great battle.

The play is finished, and there follows the inevitable song and dance performed by the clown. This jig is expected — even demanded by the people. The clown, who is the legitimate descendant of the *Vice* in the early Morality Plays, offers comedy relief in tragic dramas. Shakespeare knows how to use the clown. He is a necessary character. If the play is a comedy, well and good; if not, the audience expects a clown to relieve the gloom with dancing and singing and extemporized doggerel, or there is trouble for the manager and a prospect of damage to the playhouse. The clown is a privileged character in any play, intruding not only between the acts, but sometimes even into the play itself with his quips and jests. Occasionally the clown improvises matter of his own. But this does not please the playwright, and Hamlet's advice to the players, "And let those that play the clown speak no more than is set down for them," probably is spoken with some feeling. However, the concluding jig puts the audience in great good humor.

After the play is over the theatergoer can take in a bear-baiting. It is still early as the play has gone swiftly with no tedious waits for shifting scenery, and here, at Paris Gardens on the Bankside, are the principal bull- and bear-baiting rings. Or if he has had entertainment enough, he may step into one of the taverns near the river bank from which come enticing sounds of clinking goblets mingled with the music of a lute and singing voices.

Here he can drink his ale and watch the passing of the carnival Bankside crowds. Nowhere in London can be found a scene of greater animation and cheerfulness on a summer afternoon or evening.



WHERE SHAKESPEARE RESTS

View of the church in Stratford-on-Avon where Shakespeare is buried.

And then he can hail a boat and go home again across the broad and peaceful river at full tide as the sun is setting and the river, like the sky which it reflects, is all a-glow. In his ears will echo still the words of the stirring play to which he has been listening, and across the water there will come the ever fainter sounds of music from the Bankside taverns, and the far-off baying of the hounds at Paris Gardens.

CHAPTER XIV

COFFEEHOUSES IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE

*You that delight in wit and mirth,
And long to hear such news
As comes from all parts of the earth,
Dutch, Danes, and Turks, and Jews,
I'll send you to a rendezvous,
Where it is smoking new;
Go hear it at a coffeehouse,
It cannot but be true.*

*. . . There's nothing done in all the world,
From monarch to the mouse,
But every day and night 'tis hurled
Into the coffeehouse."*

THE dictionary says: "A club is an association of persons united in a common interest, and meeting for good fellowship, or for a common purpose." There are clubs everywhere: clubs in schools, clubs and fraternities in colleges, men's clubs, women's clubs, social clubs, political clubs, and so on indefinitely. Almost everyone belongs to a club of some kind.

But in the days when Dryden was the supreme English poet, and when Addison was writing his famous *Spectator* essays, people had no organized clubs or clubhouses — they did, however, have coffeehouses.

Coffeehouses still exist in London, but the type of coffeehouse where Dryden once held sway has vanished

forever, though it has left its descendants to us in the form of clubs. The London coffeehouses of the present time are merely unpretentious restaurants; no longer meeting places of men of wit, or letters, or fashion.



PAYCOCKS

An old house built by a wealthy merchant in 1500.

The English are supposed to be a home-loving people, but Englishmen, or, at any rate, the Englishmen of London, have shown remarkable zeal in creating substitutes for their homes; and they have seemed to be quite willing to spend a great part of their time in these substitutes. First it was the tavern and the inn, then came the coffeehouse, and from the coffeehouse developed the English club, where English gentlemen of the present day make themselves very thoroughly at home.

Coffeehouses were distinctly a city institution, and it was in London especially that coffeehouses reached their greatest popularity. Macaulay in speaking of them says :

‘ Foreigners remarked that the coffeehouse was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities ; that the coffee-house was the Londoner’s home, and that those wishing to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow.

A history of coffeehouses before the introduction of clubs would be a history of the manners, morals, and politics of the day.

The first coffeehouse in London was established in St. Michael’s Alley, Cornhill, about 1652. It came about in this way. There was a merchant in London named Edwards who did considerable trading with the Orient. In the course of business Mr. Edwards spent some time in Turkey, and there he became accustomed to the habit of drinking coffee. When he returned to England, he brought back with him a large quantity of coffee, and he also brought back a servant named Pasqua Rosee. Mr. Edwards used to have his servant prepare this new beverage for him in his London house, and it was not long before the new drink attracted the attention of his friends and acquaintances. They came in such numbers to see this strange black liquor that Mr. Edwards, after a while, began to grow tired of keeping open house to crowds of people who came only out of curiosity, and so he decided that it would be a good idea to have his servant, Pasqua Rosee, go into business for himself and open a coffeehouse to

which everyone could go without having any further excuse for troubling Mr. Edwards.

Pasqua Rosee made everything ready and then opened his coffeehouse in St. Michael's Alley. He issued a prospectus setting forth at great length the "virtue of the Coffee Drink first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee." He described the coffee berry as a simple innocent thing which yielded a liquor of countless merits. He ascribed to coffee many virtues which would surprise even the most enthusiastic of coffee drinkers to-day. "It makes the heart lightsome," he said. "It is good for a cough. It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout, and scurvy. It is a most excellent remedy against the king's evil. . . . etc." But Rosee knew its drawbacks, too. "It will prevent drowsiness," he stated, "and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to watch; and therefore you are not to drink it after supper, unless you intend to be watchful, for it will hinder sleep for three or four hours."

Pasqua Rosee prospered amazingly. His coffee was served without sugar or cream, but black and bitter though it was, the new beverage quickly became fashionable. Proof of this is seen in the fact that other coffeehouses soon made their appearance in different parts of London. Before the end of the century they numbered nearly three thousand.

But the advent of the coffeehouse in London was not all plain sailing. It was an innovation, and as such had to compete with old-established customs and ideas. The taverns and alehouses opposed the new coffeehouses because the coffeehouses hurt the tavern trade, and the

women complained that this new attraction drew their husbands away from home to drink an evil-smelling black liquor.

Soon after the second coffeehouse, the famous *Rainbow*, in Fleet Street, was established the proprietor, James Farr, was legally prosecuted by his indignant neighbors

for making and selling of a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbors by evil smells, and for keeping of fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber hath been set on fire to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbors.

Mr. Farr probably mended his chimney. At any rate, in spite of complaints, the *Rainbow* was allowed to continue, and it flourished and became an exceedingly popular resort.

Coffeehouses were not to be put down; they met a real want. They provided a place where the Londoner could meet his friends, hear the latest news, look over the most recent journals and literary pamphlets, have a cup of coffee, and entertain a guest, all for a penny or two; whereas if he took him to a tavern the cost for refreshment would be much greater. Macaulay comments further on coffeehouses in his history as follows:

The convenience of being able to make appointments with friends in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle classes went daily to his coffeehouse to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffeehouse had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration.

So much the centers of literary and political discussions did the coffeehouses become that they acquired a real

political significance and were the organs, in those days before the free press and the daily newspaper, through which public opinion expressed itself. Charles II looked with disfavor and uneasiness upon this growing power of discussion, and tried to close the coffeehouses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was a universal outcry, and the government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce the regulation.

Coffeehouses became an institution of London and other British cities. They held, in social and political aspects, the position and importance held later by the London clubs.

No one was excluded from these early coffeehouses who could lay down his penny for a cup of coffee, but there was a great difference in the resorts. Every rank and profession had its own headquarters, and the coffeehouses took color from the district in which they were established. For instance, the houses in the heart of the city were devoted to business men, while the houses near St. James' Park were the meeting places of fops and dandies. There were coffeehouses with a literary atmosphere, and coffeehouses given over to political discussion. As a matter of fact, politics and literature were very closely connected in those days, for almost every political man in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries tried his hand at writing verses or prose of some sort, and every writer felt that his surest road to success lay in devoting his work to one or another of the parties that wished to direct the destinies of the nation.

Each political party had its particular coffeehouse in which its members met. There were Whig coffeehouses,

Tory coffeehouses, and coffeehouses for every variation of opinion. But though every phase of English life and trade, literature, art, and fashion found expression in the coffeehouses, as they did later in clubs, still the decisive characteristic with all was politics. We must remember



THE CLOTH HALL

A type of English hall common at the time coffeehouses were first introduced. It has good carved timbers and an ornamental chimney.

that in the late seventeenth century daily newspapers telling the occurrences of all the world and giving editorial expression to the opinions of the press did not exist. There was no telegraphic news, there were no telephones, no radios, nor any other way of quickly transmitting stories of events.

But a man could go to his coffeehouse and there he could hear the latest court and city happenings, the opinions of all the politicians, and also the very latest and freshest news from France or Flanders, not over two or three days old. And this was, judging by the standards of the seventeenth century, a most amazing speed in the conveyance of information. In the light of the imperfect means of all kinds of correspondence we can understand the weight and importance of coffeehouses in the whole political life of the nation.

Addison tells in the *Spectator* for March, 1712, how London was stirred by an unofficial rumor (afterwards found to be false) that Louis XIV was dead. The *Spectator* was eager to find out what he could about the matter.

"As I foresaw [he says] that this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffeehouses, I was very desirous to learn the thought of our most eminent politicians on that occasion. Since every district in the city has its coffeehouse, and every coffeehouse has some particular statesman belonging to it who is the mouth of the street where he lives, this is the surest means of ascertaining the opinion of the town."

So the *Spectator* set out to visit the various coffeehouses. He began his ramblings at *St. James' Coffeehouse*, the headquarters of the Whigs in St. James' Street, where he says that he found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics which "grew finer" as he advanced to the inner room within the steam of the coffeepot. There he heard the whole monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

From one coffeehouse to another the Spectator went, listening to the different ways in which men judged the same piece of information. It was several days before it was known in London that the rumor was false and that the king of France was alive and well. Then the Spectator went again to the coffeehouses to hear what the oracles would say in the light of new information.

There were coffeehouses in the fashionable West End of London, where elegant beaux and young lords congregated in embroidered coats, fringed gloves, and great wigs which lay in black or flaxen curls upon their necks and shoulders. The talk there was largely of Paris fashions and the latest mode; the atmosphere like that of a perfumer's shop. These coffeehouses later became fashionable clubs, of which the great Beau Brummel was the idol.

The *London Spy* tells of going into one of these coffeehouses

where a gaudy crowd of odoriferous "Tom-Essences" were walking backwards and forwards with their hats in their hands, not daring to convert them to their intended use lest it should put the foretops of their wigs into some disorder.

He goes on to state sarcastically that the only occupation of these beaux seemed to be to take their snuff elegantly and to keep the curls of their periwigs in proper order. The clashing of their snuffbox lids in opening and shutting made more noise than their tongues. The bows and salutations with which they greeted one another were all of the newest and most punctilious mode. They made a humming like so many hornets in a country chimney, not with their talking, but with their whispering over their new minuets and dances. In these super-fashionable

establishments they did not smoke; they took snuff instead, but in most coffeehouses smoking was one of the chief means of entertainment.

The great corporation and marine insurance business of Lloyd's, which is to-day known around the world as far as ships sail and merchandise is insured to go across the sea, began as *Lloyd's Coffeehouse* down in Tower Street, in 1688. Later on it was moved to Lombard Street, near the exchange. On the walls of Lloyd's were always posted various bills publishing the latest authoritative shipping intelligence, and as time went on this feature of the coffeehouse increased in importance until Lloyd's finally evolved from a coffeehouse into the recognized center of ship-broking business.

A distinctive specialty at Lloyd's was a sort of pulpit from which a servant would read any news, on its arrival, to the people sipping their coffee below. Addison tells an amusing incident at his own expense in which the pulpit at Lloyd's played a conspicuous part. It was his habit from time to time to jot down on a bit of paper brief notes which he could expand, later, into *Spectator* papers. One day he accidentally dropped such a paper in Lloyd's, and before he missed it the boy of the house had picked it up and was carrying it around in search of its owner. The boy showed the notes to several people who were so much amused at what seemed to them incomprehensible nonsense that they ordered the servant to ascend the pulpit and read the paper for the entertainment of the company at large. "The reading of the paper," says Addison ruefully, "made the whole coffeehouse very merry; some of them concluded that it was written by a madman." And

the remarks were anything but complimentary. Indeed, one man suggested that the fragment of paper might be a treasonable document written in cipher — that the mention of a barber's pole and a dromedary must signify something more than what was ordinarily meant by these words, and that the paper should be sent to the secretary of state. In the midst of these comments Addison reached for the paper, pretended to look it over, shook his head once or twice as if he could make nothing of it, and then twisted it into a match and lighted his pipe with it. He did it all with such apparent unconcern that no one suspected his interest in the jottings. Then, later, he told the joke on himself in the *Spectator*.

The differences between the coffeehouses of London are commented on by Steele in the first issue of *The Tatler*. He says that he will print news as coming from various coffeehouses — the names of the different houses providing a key to the type of news one might expect to find in that column. Thus:

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's chocolate house; poetry, under that of Will's coffeehouse; learning, under the title of the Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you shall have from Saint James' coffeehouse.

The literary coffeehouses show the development of this institution at its height. Although newspapers had not yet come into their own, their forerunners, in the form of news letters and pamphlets which were issued at first at irregular intervals and, later, in weekly or semi-weekly editions, were already in existence. These journals, or diurnals as they were then named, were to be found at the coffeehouses which without them would have lost

much in the way of attraction. The news letters were small and not overflowing with information, but they were the last word on foreign affairs and matters at home, and they gave spicy food for conversation. The story of the struggle for a free press and the development of newspapers is an interesting one, but we are interested in it only as it has to do with coffeehouses. There was a peculiar connection between the coffeehouse and the newspaper, each being a source of news.

Will's Coffeehouse, which has been called the father of the modern club, played a very important part in the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Interesting as are the other coffeehouses and the memories associated with them, their fame is slight as compared with the renown of Will's and Button's. If we could look in at Will's, in the old corner house at Russell and Bow streets, as it was in Dryden's day, we should see through a haze of tobacco smoke a large room with a heavily beamed ceiling, high wainscoted walls, and a great fireplace. The floor is neatly sanded, the tables are bare-topped, and the open fire has a kettle humming over it. Everything, simple as it is, suggests comfort and leisure. But the comfort, and the pipes, and the coffee are only incidental to the real business of the patrons, which is talk.

Seated around various tables are earls and gentlemen, clergymen, legislators, men of letters, actors, Templars, lads from the universities, translators, and index makers in ragged coats of frieze, all eager to listen to the quips and epigrams of one or another poet or dramatist, or to Garrick's imitations of the great French actors he had

seen in Paris. "Under no roof," says Macaulay, "was a greater variety of figures to be seen."

Will's was nicknamed the "Wit's" coffeehouse, and brilliant talk was to be heard at every table. There were heated discussions as to whether *Paradise Lost* should have been written in rhyme or not, or whether an especially flagrant popular play should have been hooted from the stage. There were clever comments upon all the topics of the day. But the shining light at Will's was Dryden, plump and fresh-faced. Here he could be found every day with his chair, in winter, always in the warmest nook by the fire, and, in summer, on the balcony. Around this chair was always the biggest crowd. Macaulay tells us that "to bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's latest tragedy . . . was thought a privilege. A pinch of snuff from his box was an honor to turn the head of a young enthusiast."

The interchange of opinions was the glory of the coffeehouse. And since genuine conversation could thrive best only among men of kindred minds, it came about that most of the houses automatically became centers of informal clubs. Practically all of the active-minded men of the day frequented and so "belonged to" one or more of these open congresses. The groups which made a habit of gathering in one of these houses from day to day gave character to the place they patronized and often became identified with some leader, who on account of his powers of talk controlled the discussions and actually insured the prosperity of the establishment.

Nearly opposite to Will's was *Button's*, and this was Addison's coffeehouse, as the other had earlier been

Dryden's. With Dryden's death the glory passed from Will's coffeehouse, and the wits flocked to Addison at Button's. Button, the proprietor, had been before this a servant of Addison's wife, the Countess of Warwick.

A letter box in the form of a lion's head with open jaws was put up at Button's for the receipt of contributions to *The Guardian*, the periodical which Steele and Addison edited together. This lion's head was in imitation of that of the Doges' palace at Venice, through which secret information of the Republic passed. A paper in *The Guardian* comments upon the box as follows:

This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents. . . . Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public.

Shortly afterwards another paper in *The Guardian* announced that the lion was now ready

for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship. . . . The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the



THE LETTER BOX AT BUTTON'S

Into these open jaws were dropped contributions of essays and other literary compositions to be printed in *The Guardian*

coffeehouse, holding its paws under the chin upon a box which contains everything it swallows.

At Button's Addison held mild sway, as Dryden had governed, in a somewhat different manner, at Will's. Pope also used to go to Button's, though not to any great extent. Pope was too much of an invalid to enjoy the noise and the confusion of general conversation in coffeehouses. His career was outside of them.

By the time of Samuel Johnson a change had taken place in the original, simple coffeehouses. They no longer confined their liquors to the beverage from which they took their name. Some of them became unpretentious restaurants, mere places of eating and drinking; some of them were almost entirely devoted to gaming and drinking; and some of the small nightly assemblies held in coffeehouses developed into modern clubs, literary, social, or gaming in character.

The celebrated *Kit-Cat Club* with its forty members, who met at stated intervals for the purpose of eating mutton pie, is one of the earliest of the social clubs. The famous *Beefsteak Club* is another. Its members met for a beefsteak dinner every Saturday afternoon in a room at the Covent Garden Theater. A gridiron was their emblem, the members were limited to twenty-four, and many notable persons were always on the list of candidates eager for election. An iron-clad rule of the society was that the newest member elected, duke or commoner, no matter what his social standing might be, was known as Boots, and had to discharge certain lowly duties until the election of a new member. Then this new member, in his turn, took the place of Boots and set his predecessor free.

The repast was strictly confined to steaks, port, and punch. The "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks" was made up of the chief wits and illustrious men of the nation. From its beginning in 1735, during the 134 years of its existence, it numbered among its members such famous men as Garrick, John Wilkes, Sheridan, John Kemble, and, at one time, even the Prince of Wales and his brothers, the Dukes of Clarence, and Sussex, and York, along with various other peers and many more men of eminent names.

Greatest of all the clubs devoted to literature was the one known as *The Club*, later called the *Literary Club*, founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds and that "most clubable man," Dr. Samuel Johnson, and completely under the sway of Dr. Johnson. The Club was enormously exclusive in its way, yet entirely regardless of rank or wealth in its membership. The Literary Club is still in existence, though it has changed its name and location several times. To set forth a list of its members through the years would be to write down the names of many of the men most famous in English history, literature, art, science, politics, and the Church.

When The Club was founded, it included only nine of Johnson's personal friends, but the number was soon enlarged. The members met every Monday evening at seven o'clock at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, Soho, and after dining, they discussed topics of interest as varied as Fielding's novels, American taxation, travels in the Hebrides, and questions relating to political economy. Johnson was the dominating feature. Here we see him at his best. George III had recently granted him a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and this had released

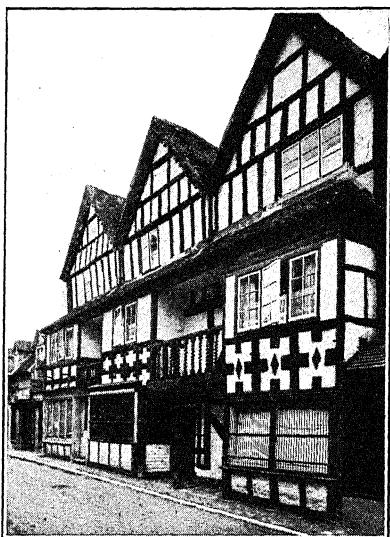
him from literary drudgery and had given him leisure to enjoy society. In his writings Johnson was pedantic and rather heavy, but in his speech he was simple, condensed, and natural. Conversation was the main business of the latter part of his life, and it is in conversation that we like him best.

Boswell, in his biography of Johnson, has preserved for us a treasure-house of pithy and significant anecdotes given by Johnson to the select group at the Literary Club. We are indebted to Boswell more than to any other man for the pictures of these meetings. Here in a moderate-sized, plainly furnished room we can see a group of men sitting around a table on which are lemons and water for Johnson's lemonade, and various refreshments for the others. Here is Garrick, quick-eyed, smiling, and alert; placid-faced Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his spectacles on his nose, his silver snuffbox always in his hand, and an ear trumpet at his ear; brilliant Edmund Burke, earnestly regarding the revered Dr. Johnson as he speaks; and Goldsmith, that popular and thriftless Irishman, with his ugly, good-natured face. Here are courtly Beauclerc; scholarly Gibbon; and, forming the center of interest, that most interesting of characters, Samuel Johnson. He has a heavy body, "almost unwieldy from corpulency"; he is thick-lipped and nearsighted; his huge face is scarred by disease; he is dressed in the well-known brown suit and not-too-tidy, long, black, worsted stockings; on his head he wears an old gray wig, scorched from careless leaning too near the candles; and no one could consider his hands remarkably clean. Yet this ungainly figure holds the members of the club in the hollow of his hand.

We can see the twitching of his face and hear his sonorous voice tersely defining a club as "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions," and declaring: "Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant club is perhaps the throne of human felicity." In Johnson's opinion this throne would have to be in London, for London seemed to him the best place on earth. He states decisively: "No, Sir, when a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

We hear his opinion of Scotland. "That," says he, "is a very vile country, to be sure," and when his friend gently remonstrates, saying, "Well, Sir, God made it," Johnson replies, "Certainly he did, but we must always remember He made it for Scotchmen."

However, he tempers his caustic remarks with the statement that "much can be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young." We know his opinion of women speaking in public, too. He says: "It is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."



MUCH WENLOCK

This old house bearing the date 1682 resembles many of the old coffeehouses.

Boswell has given us not only a most complete picture of the Literary Club, but also an admirable view of life in general wherever it touched upon his idol. It has been said that if all the books of the eighteenth century were destroyed except *Boswell's Biography*, it would still be possible from this source alone to reconstruct a very good idea of the atmosphere, mental and moral, of society between 1720 and 1790. Boswell followed Johnson everywhere, taking notes on everything he said or did. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" somebody once asked Goldsmith. "He is not a cur," said Goldsmith, "he is only a burr. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

The evolution of clubs can be nowhere better illustrated than in the history of *White's*, which to-day proudly claims to be the oldest of all London clubs. *White's* was established as a chocolate house about 1698, and as such a resort it was open to all. But *White's* was always a fashionable house, and as time went on, its rules became more and more strict, although at the same time the custom of gambling in the house increased. Gambling was not then looked upon as a thing of which one need be at all ashamed. On the contrary, high play was considered eminently respectable. It was certainly very popular. About a generation after *White's* was established the house had become a close corporation, or a club in the strict meaning of the word, and whereas the door had formerly stood open to anyone who paid for his admission, it was now opened only to members. *White's* was essentially a gaming club. The arms of the club, which were designed by Horace Walpole, were a dicebox with the

motto, "Cogit amor Nummi," and a book was kept for the entry of bets made by the members.

White's was notorious for the betting and the high play that went on within its walls. There was scarcely any probability on which the members would not stake large sums of money. One day a man fell to the ground in a fit, or an attack of some sort, just outside the door of White's. Large bets were immediately taken as to whether he was dead or not, and when a surgeon wished to bleed the man in the hope of possibly saving his life, the betting members of the club protested angrily because, they said, it would affect the fairness of the wagers.

The gaming reached prodigious proportions. Charles Fox set the pace for them all in gambling as well as in statesmanship. Once he gained six thousand pounds in a single day; but he lost more than double that amount before the week was over. Wealthy men of fashion would spend whole nights in games of chance, winning or losing entire fortunes. Lord Lyttelton, making mention of his son in one of his letters, says he is afraid that if the young man became a member of White's, "the rattling of a dicebox would shake down all the fine oaks of his estate."

Right across the street from White's was *Almack's*, with a reputation for gaming even greater than that of the older club. Almack's was started in 1765 by a Scotchman named Macall, who thought his house might do better if he rearranged his name from Macall to Almack. Perhaps the Scot was right; at any rate, Almack's held, for many years, a reputation for exclusive and fashionable entertainment second to no other club in London, and admission to this club was the height of achievement in

the world of fashion. As corroborative evidence here are some verses by Luttrell which expressed the situation so well that at one time they had considerable vogue :

If once to Almack's you belong,
Like monarchs, you can do no wrong,
But banished thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove, you can do nothing right.

Fox, Pitt, Burke, Reynolds, and Walpole were all members of this fashionable club, and a little later on, one of its chief ornaments was the elegant and picturesque Beau Brummel, the arbiter of fashions, and the leader of the elect for nearly twenty years.

No pack of cards was ever used a second time at Almack's. At the end of a game the cards were thrown on the floor; so that after a night of gambling the players sat, to use Beau Brummel's own expression, "knee-deep in cards."

Brooks' Club, also started by Almack, was equally famous. It was named for its first proprietor, but was often called "The Macaroni Club," on account of the gay young macaronis who frequented it.

The drinking among the young nobles of these clubs was unusually heavy; so heavy that the term "drunk as a lord" came into being at this time. The expression thus arising has now become an idiom to signify extreme intemperance.

It was at Brooks' Club that the popular and universal sandwich was invented. The Earl of Sandwich was a high player, and sometimes he sat for hours at a time at the gaming table. On one occasion, being unwilling to leave the table, but faint for want of food, he called for a piece

of beef between two slices of bread, and by this circumstance made his name known all over the civilized world.

A very good picture of an evening at Brooks' in the most prosperous days of that resort is given in *Richard Carvel*, by Winston Churchill. Richard is telling of his introduction there by Charles Fox :

Promptly at four I climbed the stairs and knocked at Mr. Fox's door. . . . And he continued to dress, or to be dressed, alternately swearing at his valet and talking to Fitzpatrick and to me. . . .

After he had chosen a coat with a small pattern and his feet had been thrust into the little red shoes with the high heels, imported by him from France, he sent for a hackney-chaise. And the three of us drove together to Pall Mall. Mr. Brooks was at the door, and bowed from his hips as we entered.

"A dozen *vin de Graves*, Brooks!" cries Mr. Fox, and ushers me into a dining room, with high curtained windows and painted ceiling, and chandeliers throwing a glitter of light. There, at a long table, surrounded by powdered lackeys, sat a bevy of wits, mostly in blue and silver, with point ruffles, to match Mr. Fox's costume. They greeted my companions uproariously. It was "Here's Charles at last!" "Howdy, Charles!" "Hello, Richard!" . . . They made way for Mr. Fox at the head of the table, and he took the seat as though it were his right. . . .

Most good-naturedly they drank my health in Charles' *vin de Grave*, at four shillings the bottle. . . . Then the conversation began. The like of it I have never heard anywhere else in the world. There was a deal that might not be written here, and a deal more that might, to make these pages sparkle. . . . But Mr. Fox, who was the soul of the club, had the best array of anecdotes of any. . . .

After that they fell upon politics. . . .

Honest Jack Comyn ordered more wine, that they might drink to a speedy reconciliation with America. . . .

I pledged Brooks' Club in another pint. . . . And that night I had reason to thank the Reverend Mr. Allen, . . . that I could stand a deal of liquor, and yet not roll bottom upward.

The dinner was settled on the Colonel, who paid for it without a murmur. And then we adjourned to the business of the evening. The great drawing-room, lighted by an hundred candles, was filled with gayly dressed macaronis, and the sound of their laughter and voices in contention mingled with the pounding of the packs on the mahogany and the rattle of the dice and the ring of the gold pieces. The sight was dazzling, and the noise distracting. Fox had me under his especial care, and I was presented to young gentlemen who bore names that had been the boast of England through the centuries. Lands their forebears had won by lance and sword they were squandering away as fast as ever they could. . . . They gave me choice of whist, or picquet, or quinze, or hazard. I was carried away. Nay, I had no excuse. Though the times were drinking and gaming ones, I had been brought up that a gentleman should do both in moderation. We mounted, some dozen of us, to the floor above, and passed along to a room of which Fox had the key; and he swung me in on his arm, the others pressing after.

To my astonishment, Fox handed me a great frieze coat, which he bade me don, as the others were doing. Some were turning their coats inside out; for luck, said they; and putting on footmen's leather guards to save their ruffles. And they gave me a hat with a high crown, and a broad brim to save my eyes from the candle glare. We were as grotesque a set as ever I laid my eyes upon. But I hasten over the scene, which has long become distasteful to me. I mention it only to show to what heights of folly the young men had gone. I recall a gasp when they told me they played for rouleaux of ten pounds each, but I took out my pocket-book as boldly as though I had never played for less, and laid my stake upon the board. Fox lost, again and again; but he treated his ill-luck with such a raillery of contemptuous wit, that we must needs laugh with him. . . . But I won and won, until the fever of it got into my blood, and as the first faint light of morning crept into the empty streets we were still at it.

CHAPTER XV

COACHING DOWN TO LONDON TOWN

*Our horses, with the coach, which we went into,
Did hurry us amain through thick and thin, too;
With fiery speed the foaming bit they champed on,
And brought us to the Dolphin in Southampton.*

— From an old coaching poem

IT WAS the Dover Road that lay, on a Friday night late in November 1775, beyond the Dover mail as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. The passengers walked up hill in the mire by the side of the mail; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail were all so heavy that the horses had three times already come to a stop.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it, denying that the coach could be got up the hill.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows . . . a clammy and intensely cold mist. . . . It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps but these, its own workings, and a few yards of road, and the reek of the laboring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

The three passengers were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said from

anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind as from the eyes of the body of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and alehouse could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, as he stood on his particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses, which he could . . . have taken his oath . . . were not fit for the journey. . . .

"Eleven o'clock! My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

This last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in. . . .

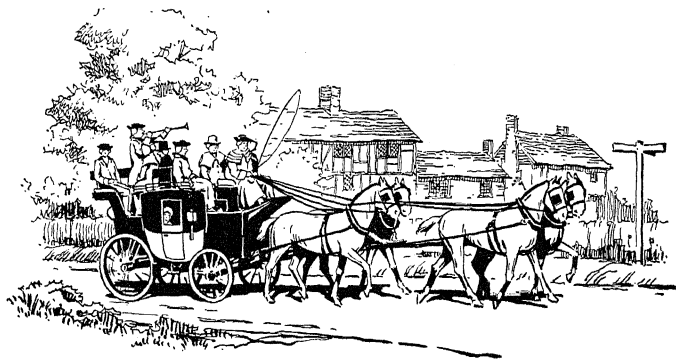
The coach lumbered on again. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and having looked to the rest of its contents, and the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder box. For he was furnished with that completeness that if the coach lamps had been blown out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease in five minutes. . . .

The mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three fellow inscrutables inside. . . . The bank passenger — with an arm drawn through the leathern strap,

which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger whenever the coach got a special jolt — nodded in his place with half-shut eyes.

— CHARLES DICKENS, *A Tale of Two Cities*

This sounds to us like a very uncomfortable trip. But this was good traveling in the days of buckled shoes and knee breeches. Coaching in England, in this year of



A COACH AND FOUR

Every town along the road awoke to cheerful interest as the lusty fanfare of the mail guard's horn announced the imminent arrival of the great mail coach.

1775, had reached what was then considered a high degree of comfort and speed. Coaches even dared, like this one, to travel after dark — albeit with every possible precaution against highwaymen and other hedgerow rascals.

And, compared to the coaching of an earlier day, this really was comfortable traveling.

Coaches, so-called because they were first made at *Kotze*, in Hungary, were introduced into England about

the time of Queen Mary's reign, but they were very little used, and small wonder, for the first coaches were heavy and entirely without springs, the roads were in frightful condition, and there were no paved streets even in London. Queen Mary's coronation coach was drawn by six horses, less for display than for sheer necessity, because with a less numerous or powerful team it would have probably stuck fast in the infamously bad roads of London at that time.

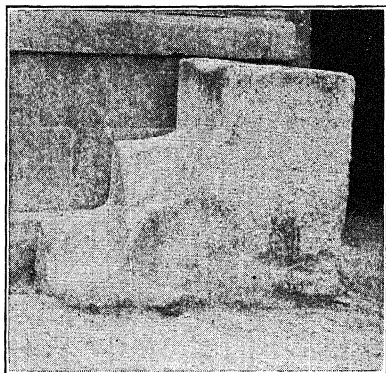
The ordinary way of traveling was by horseback, but the general public did very little traveling. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a journey to London from Devonshire or Lincolnshire, even over the most traveled roads, was as hazardous an adventure as could be undertaken by any man. In *Lorna Doone*, John Ridd, the hero of the story, tells of a journey taken as late as the days of Charles II, when the roads were so bad that one of the horses sank in a quagmire above his shoulders. The roads, he says, had been greatly improved in the days of Queen Anne, but

from Tiverton to the town of Oare is a very long and painful road, and in good truth the traveler must make his way, as the saying is, for the way is still unmade, at least, on this side of Dulverton, although there is less danger now than in the time of my schooling; for . . . we have laid down rods and faggots, and even stump-oaks, here and there, so that a man in good daylight need not sink if he be quite sober.

Besides this hazard, the risk from "ignoble footpads" and "gentlemen of the road" was very great.

Queen Elizabeth used her coach only when occasions of state demanded. Even her brave spirit hesitated before

the rigors of a coach ride. She was a good horsewoman and traveled almost always on horseback. If the journey was a long one, she rode on a pillion (a cushion used as a saddle) behind a mounted chamberlain, holding on to his leather belt. In the modern groom's costume we still see the leather belt, which serves no purpose to-day; it is merely a survival of that old convenience for feminine travel. When Queen Elizabeth became too old to ride horseback easily, she had to make more frequent use of coaches.



AN UPPING BLOCK

We can get a pretty good idea of what coaching was like at this time from the fact that it was reported as a surprisingly happy circumstance on one occasion that "Her Majesty left the coach only once, while the hinds and the folk of a base sort lifted it [out of the mud] with their poles." (Macaulay.)

Private travelers could hire riding horses for each stage of their journey at inns and posting houses along their line of travel; and for the use of ladies riding pillion behind their squires these posting houses had *upping blocks*, or stone steps, placed at some convenient spot. When a lady rode pillion, a "double horse" was used. This was

not a freak of nature, but the type of sturdy horse let by postmasters to two people riding double.

To *ride and tie* was a popular and inexpensive way of going on short journeys for two men who could not each afford a horse. The travelers would set out, one on horseback and the other on foot. The man on horseback would ride a distance agreed upon. Then he would dismount, tie his horse to a tree or post, and continue his journey on foot. When his friend came up to the place where the horse was tied, he would untie it, mount, and gallop on, passing his fellow traveler on the way, till he in his turn would reach a place of tying. In this way one horse could serve two people.

Even after coaching was well established, men who wished to travel quickly on affairs of state, or on other business needing expedition, rode horseback, or, as they would have said, "rode post." Relays of fresh horses for the use of dispatch riders were stationed at posting houses at intervals along the great highway. The horses were ready for immediate use, so that a change could be speedily effected, and, compared to other travelers, the dispatch riders made very good time. These men would also carry any letters that might be given them if the letters happened to be for people along their way. Later, these men carried mail regularly, and gave the name of *post* to the mail service.

Thomas Hobson, of Cambridge, was a carrier of mails and other small articles. He also had a stable and let out saddle horses. All the horses were good, but when anybody came to hire a horse, although there were plenty to choose from, the customer was obliged to take the horse

that stood next in order, nearest the door — for Hobson would show preference to no one. This custom gave rise to the proverbial expression of *Hobson's Choice*, which means "this or none." There was, in reality, no choice. One could take what was offered or take nothing.



AN ANCIENT LANDMARK

This Roman milestone in the north of England has stood here marking one of the main highways since before the Christian era.

The highways were literally *high ways*, so called because originally these main avenues of travel in the country were raised above the level of the boggy land on either side of them. Travel on the level would have been almost impossible.

Even the London streets were so difficult to travel that people used the river for a highway whenever it was pos-

sible to do so. It is a proof of the constant use of the river that even as late as the time of Charles II, Pepys makes a special point of mentioning in his famous *Diary* whenever he went any place by *land*; and royal processions from the Tower to Westminster used the river continually. Many a gilded and painted royal barge, gay with banners and colored streamers, passed in state along this great water highway. Mark Twain, in *The Prince and the Pauper*, describes a royal procession as he imagined it about the middle of the sixteenth century:

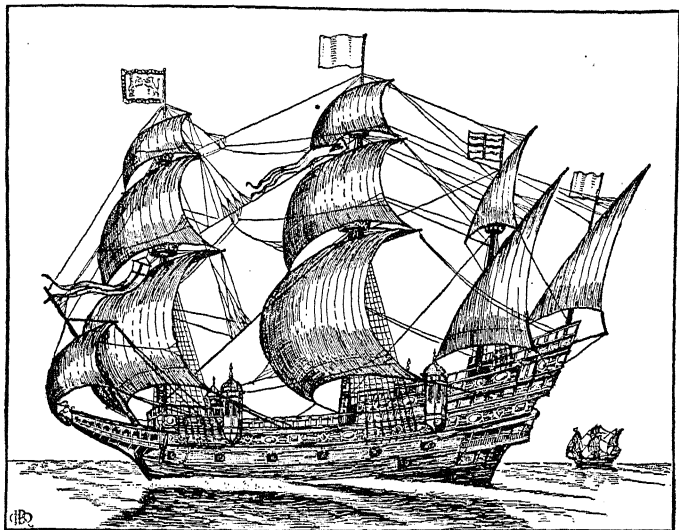
A file of forty or fifty state barges drew up to the steps. They were richly gilt and their lofty prows and sterns were elaborately carved. Some of them were decorated with banners and streamers; some with cloth of gold and arras embroidered with coats of arms; others with silken flags that had numberless little silver bells fastened to them, which shook out showers of joyous music whenever the breezes fluttered them. . . . The river itself was thickly covered with watermen's boats and with pleasure barges, all fringed with colored lanterns and gently agitated by the waves, so that it resembled a glowing and limitless garden of flowers stirred to soft motion by summer winds.

When hackney coaches (the lighter and smaller coaches used for carrying people short distances in the city) came into use in the reign of Charles I, the red-coated watermen began to lose much of their carrying trade, and they complained bitterly to the king about the new hackney trade which they said "doth utterly ruin your petitioners."

Against the ground we stand and knock our heels
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels.

So wrote one of the poetic watermen.

In Shakespeare's day, the traffic above London Bridge was mostly passengers; below the Bridge were the great sailing ships and stately galleons, which rested here from journeying to all parts of the then known world. In the country above London the river was not used so much for



AN ELIZABETHAN GALLEON

With ships like these the English seamen sailed around the world.

traffic, and with so many difficulties in the way of travelling by road, the result was that people in the country did not have much chance for communication with the city. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the people of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Devonshire than we are to-day from Paris, and a journey there from London took longer, and was far more difficult and dangerous, than a trip from New York to

San Francisco. In the year 1640 it took Queen Henrietta four long, weary days to come from Dover to London over the best road in England. Dover is about seventy miles from London, and to-day we can go from one place to the other in less than two hours.

The roads were bad! They were inconceivably bad, full of stones and deep ruts and holes and quagmires — quite impassable in wet weather, even after various highway acts had been passed obliging people to keep the roads in their parishes in repair. Turnpikes with tollgates, charging a small toll for travelers and goods, were established at various places to raise money for maintaining the roads; but the roads continued in a dreadful state. This difficulty of transportation interfered enormously with trade, for often quantities of fruits and vegetables and other perishable goods would be left lying on the ground in heaps, and rotting, because it was impossible to transport them to the markets. While not far away from this abundance there would be people suffering for these same commodities. And it cost so much to send bulky articles by stage wagons that the products of one part of the country were very rarely seen in another. For instance, it was many years before coal, which was mined in the north of England, was ever used outside the districts where it was produced, except in places to which it could be carried by ships upon the sea. This is the reason why, until comparatively modern times, coal, in the south of England, was always known by the name of *sea coal*.

Rich people traveled in their own carriages with four, six, or eight horses, as was necessary. Macaulay, in his history, says:

A coach and six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles II traveled with six horses because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient . . . to . . . save the family coach from being embedded in a quagmire.

On even the best roads the ruts were deep, mud was everywhere, and the highway at times almost indistinguishable from the uninclosed moors and fens which lay on both sides. Samuel Pepys tells how he lost his way when he was traveling with his wife near Salisbury Plain, and how he very nearly had to pass the night in the wild country. And Macaulay tells how the Earl of Clarendon, on a journey through the west of England, was forced at one place to alight and walk some distance, while his wife, the countess, was carried in a litter, and the coach was "with much difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire." Coaches usually had to be taken to pieces at this place and carried in sections, on the shoulders of strong Welsh peasants, to firm ground.

Public stagecoaches started on their journeys from some well-known tavern, and they started very early in the morning because they had to stop when it was dark. Until late in the eighteenth century people did not dare travel the roads after night had fallen, unless necessity forced them to it; not only because they could not have found the way, but because they were afraid of the many highwaymen and other robbers who would plunder even the poorest-looking coaches. A person thought very seriously before starting on a journey under these conditions.

During the reign of Charles II coaches were greatly improved, and in 1670 a daring innovation was undertaken. A new type of coach was put upon the road. *Flying Machines* did not seem to the people of those days too exaggerated a name for these "swift-moving vehicles." By starting very early in the morning on a summer day these flying machines could travel (if the weather was good, and no accident occurred) as much as forty or even fifty miles in one day. John Ridd, in *Lorna Doone*, says:

The roads are much improved, and the growing use of stage waggons (some of which will travel as much as forty miles in a summer day) has turned our ancient ideas of distance almost upside down; and I doubt whether God be pleased with our flying so fast away from Him.

Here is a bill posted in 1670, advertising the first trip of the Flying Machine to Bath:

FLYING MACHINE

All those desirous to pass from *London* to *Bath*, or any other Place on their Road, let them repair to the *Belle Sauvage* on Ludgate Hill in London, and the *White Lion* at Bath, at both which places they may be received in a Stage Coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey in Three Days (if God permit), and sets forth at five in the Morning. Passengers to pay One Pound Five Shillings each, who are allowed to carry fourteen pounds weight.

The unprecedented speed of such traveling and the dangers attending such rash journeying were sufficient to draw a large crowd, even at the early hour of five in the morning, to see the Flying Machine depart on its first adventurous flight. The crowd eyed the six intrepid passengers inside and the baggage on the roof with awe.

The men who were starting on this adventure were all seasoned travelers, but even for seasoned travelers this was a wild undertaking :

They had booked for Bath (with a proper regard for the proviso in the advertisement) ; they had committed their ways to Providence, but they were not sure of their destination. They knew only that they were going thirty-five miles a day instead of twenty.

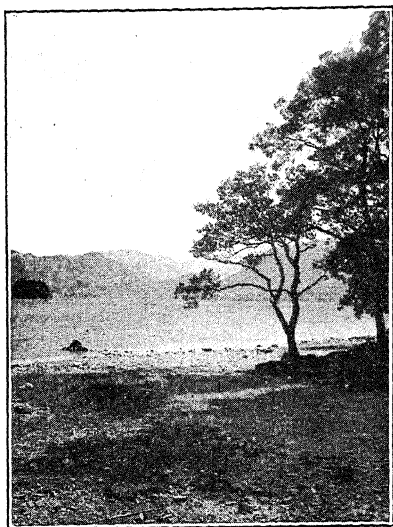
And London streets were not calculated to add pleasure to the trip — in fact, before the Flying Machine had cleared the City gates the six brave passengers had been twice nearly upset and shaken out of their seven senses, and the Flying Machine had scarcely begun creeping over Hounslow Heath when it was stopped abruptly, and the six passengers had their six purses taken from them.

These flying coaches, dreadful as they were, were such an improvement over the old slow coaches that they stimulated travel amazingly. *Slow coach* came to be a proverbial term, applying not only to the lumbering old vehicles that traveled at almost a snail's pace, but also, by analogy, to plodding schoolboys and to any other people who were dull or slow.

The newer, faster coaches were constantly improved ; they carried the mails and made regular trips at what was considered an alarming rate of speed. The rapidity and the comfort of travel depended very largely on the weather. In summer, coaches made better time than they did in winter, and as the roads improved they even kept upon their way at night, in spite of bold and skillful highwaymen.

By the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, coaching had reached the height of its

development. Some of the coaches had very high-sounding names, descriptive of their speed and excellence, such as: "The Comet," "The Highflier," "The Good Intent,"



DERWENTWATER

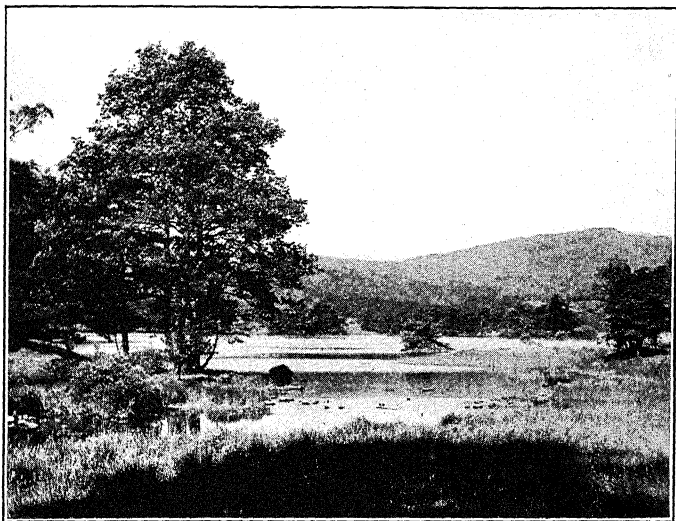
The scenery around this lovely sheet of water gave and still gives pleasure to people coaching in the region of the beautiful English Lakes.

"The Invincible," and "The Lightning Balloon." They were advertised as being "easy, commodious, and elegant," and they were thought to be very fine indeed.

The high driver's seat was really a box, or boot, in which packages and baggage could be stowed. In the back there was another boot, where the mail was carried, and where the guard sat. Six passengers were usually carried inside the coach, and more than that on

seats on the roof, on the boot, and on the driver's seat. The passengers riding on top were generally referred to as "outsides," and though the seats up there were very pleasant for a short trip when the weather was good, they were anything but pleasant on a cold, rainy day, besides having a swaying motion which not infrequently made passengers seasick. The wheels were large and often

painted red, as were the heavy window frames. The body of the coach was balanced between immense back and front springs, or leather straps, which served for springs, and on the panels of the coach were displayed in large letters the names of the places from which the coach started and to which it went.



RYDAL WATER

Another charming little lake in view from the coach road. Many English poets have sung of the beauty of this country.

The foremost of the six horses was ridden by a *postilion* dressed in a long green and gold riding coat, and wearing a cocked hat. The coachman himself was a picturesque individual and always full of mighty care and business. His face was generally broad and full, red and weather-beaten from exposure to wind and sun and storm.

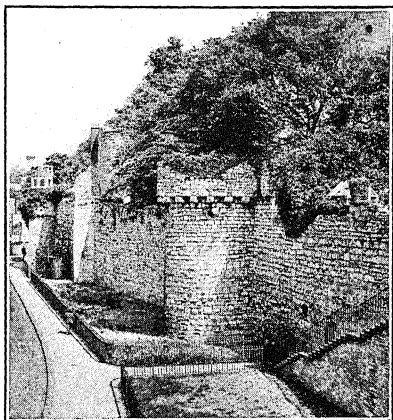
Dickens says of Tony Weller : "His complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colors which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and in under-done roast beef." The coachman's body was swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent indulgence in ale and other beverages, as well as by vast quantities of more solid refreshment, and in winter his bulk was still further increased by the number of coats in which he wrapped himself, the upper one distinguished by several short capes. He wore a rather low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and often a roll of colored handkerchief around his neck. The coachman was a person of great consequence along the road, and he showed his importance by a very lordly demeanor.

Coaches started from the courtyard of an inn and drove through an arched passageway into the street. The inside passengers got aboard in the yard, but when the archway was low, the "outsides" were sometimes obliged to clamber up out in the street. When Mr. Pickwick and his friends started on their renowned coaching trip, they took their places on the roof of the coach while it was still in the courtyard, which action called forth a warning from the imperturbable Mr. Jingle :

"Heads, heads, take care of your heads," cried the talkative stranger, as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coachyard. "Terrible place — dangerous work — other day — five children — mother — tall lady, eating sandwiches — forgot the arch — crash — knock — children look around — mother's head off — sandwich in her hand — no mouth to put it in — head of a family off — shocking, shocking."

In coaching days a journey was entered upon with much deliberation. First of all a seat had to be booked ; if pos-

sible, several days before the journey was to be taken. Passengers really *booked* — they did not buy a ticket, but went to the booking office and had their names entered in a large ledger. They learned at what time in the morning the coach would start, and it was usually pretty early — “Six o’clock, rather before than after.” This meant very early rising. No great hardship on a beautiful, dewy, summer morning; but not many mornings out of the year are beautiful and inspiring at five A.M. Let us look at the other side of the picture and see what traveling meant when



AN INTERESTING SIGHT

The medieval city walls of Southampton can still be seen when coaching in the south of England.

the weather was bad. If you were going from London to Reading on the early stage, you would leave orders to be called at five o’clock — and could anything be more miserable than to drag one’s self out of a warm bed in the dark on a wet morning in November (no furnaces to keep the house warm over night in those days), and to shiver into one’s chilly garments!

Hastily you crowd your toilet articles into a carpet-bag, wrap yourself in greatcoat and shawls, and slink stealthily down stairs, trying not to wake the other people

in the building. You are too early for breakfast, but if you are lucky you may get a cup of coffee. You trudge dismally to the coach inn and find that you have twenty minutes to wait. You wander into the taproom, hoping to revive your spirits by getting

some hot brandy-and-water, which you do — when the kettle boils, an event which occurs exactly two minutes before the time fixed for the starting of the coach.

The first stroke of six peals from the church steeple just as you take the first sip of the boiling liquid. You find yourself at the booking office in two seconds, and the tap-waiter finds himself much comforted by your brandy-and-water in about the same period.

— CHARLES DICKENS, *Sketches by Boz*

The coach is ready, the horses are in, everything is bustle and confusion. The inside passengers hurry for their seats, the outside passengers, wrapped in shawls, are walking up and down trying to keep warm. “Now, gen’lm’n,” cries the guard, putting up a ladder for the “outsides,” “up with you. Five minutes behind time already!” Up jump the passengers with a great deal of pulling and pushing and grumbling. “All right!” sings the guard, jumping up last of all and blowing a long blast on his horn — and you are off, the coach groaning at every fresh tug of the horses, like a ship with straining timbers beating through a heavy sea.

The inside passengers are jolted around in a close wooden box over roads that seem to be heaps of unhewn stones and trunks of trees scattered by a hurricane, and the poor “outsides” are in constant danger of falling off.

At noon you drive up to an inn and are allowed twenty minutes for dinner. All is confusion — bells are rung,

hostlers are shouted to, waiters break into a shambling run, and passengers hurry in to get the best places for dinner. Some of the inns along the coaching highways are famous for their good fare — pigeon pie, leg of roast mutton, Yorkshire ham, boiled joint of beef, kidneys,



CANTERBURY FROM THE ROOF OF THE WEST GATE

Along this narrow street, looking much as it does to-day, coaches would clatter with a fine dash. Canterbury Cathedral can be seen at the left of the picture.

steak, gooseberry fool, and other appetizing viands. Some are notorious for their poor meals. But before you have eaten half enough, in comes a coachman in a huge, caped, box coat and calls: "Time's up!"

Then there is more cloaking and shawling and great-coating and paying of reckonings, and cursing at hostlers

for letting the outside seats get wet. The passengers are hurried into their places. "Sit tight!" cries the guard — "toot-toot-toot!!!" goes the horn, and you are off again.

The six inside passengers are crowded together, the roof is low, the space is small, and the air, with the windows closed to keep out the rain, is thick with the odor of brandy, gin, lundyfoot snuff, cheese, oranges, or whatever else the passengers have for refreshment along the road. Three querulous old men, a young woman with a peevish child, and an old woman with a lap dog are your traveling companions. You try to doze to forget your discomfort, and you wake up stiff and aching, with your feet entangled in the bags and bandboxes.

Dean Swift, after taking a journey from London to Chester, expressed his feelings in the following lines:

Resolved to visit a far-distant friend,
A porter to the *Bull and Gate* I send,
And bid the man at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage.
The man returns — 'Tis done as soon as said.
Your Honor's sure when once the money's paid.

Four dismal hours ere the break of day
Roused from sound sleep — thrice called — at length I rise,
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half closed my eyes;
By steps and ladder enter the machine,
And take my place, (how cordially!) between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
(To mend the matter, too, of meaner folk;)
While in like mood, jammed in on t'other side,
A bullying captain, and a fair one ride,
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy —
Our plague eternal, but *her* only joy.

At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat.
When soon by every hillock, rut, and stone,
In each other's faces by turns we're thrown.
This grandam scolds, *that* coughs, the captain swears,
The fair one screams and has a thousand fears ;
While our plump landlord, trained in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet ashamed to snore.
Sweet company !! Next time, I do protest, Sir,
I'd walk to Dublin, ere I ride to Chester !

CHAPTER XVI

OLD ENGLISH INNS AND COACHING HOUSES

No, Sir; there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

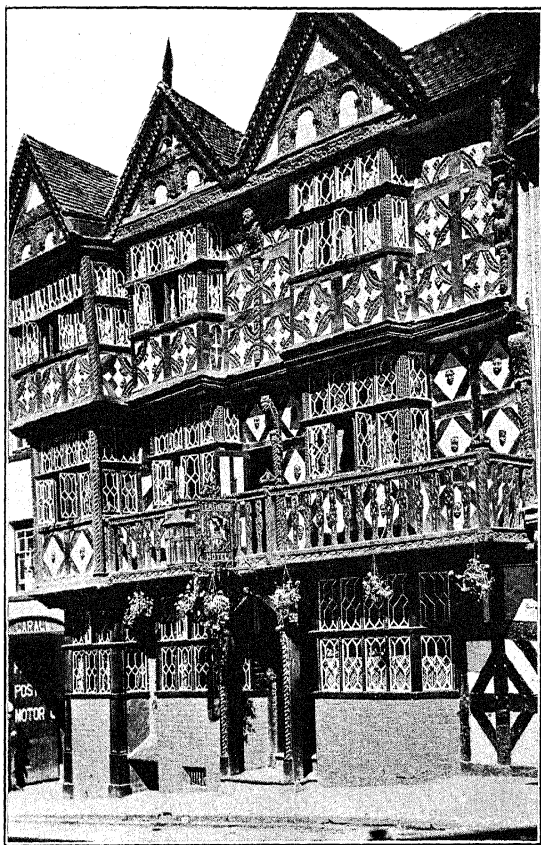
—SAMUEL JOHNSON

BUT although the roads of old England were bad, making travel difficult and dangerous, the inns where travelers could rest along the way were very good. The English people took a pardonable pride in their fine inns and taverns, and travelers from Europe invariably remarked about the comfort and the cheer of English hostleries.

The literature of England from very early times until the end of the coaching era reflects lovingly the homelike delights of these comfortable houses of entertainment. In the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, written away back in the fourteenth century, Chaucer tells how well the pilgrims to Canterbury were treated at the old Tabard Inn:

Great cheer made our host us everyone,
And to the supper set he us anon;
And served us with victuals of the best.

Two hundred years after Chaucer, William Harrison, the historian, in writing of England, becomes quite eulogistic about the comfort and plenty of English inns. The continent of Europe, he says, can show nothing like them. The bedding, the clean linen, the fine tapestry on the



THE FEATHERS HOTEL, LUDLOW

An ornate Elizabethan half-timbered house with Jacobean carving.
Dated 1603.

walls, the savory food and drink were matters of wonder to him, and the tavern signs were so fine that he was lost in admiration of them.

And about a hundred years later still, Samuel Johnson expresses his enthusiastic approval of the hospitality of English taverns.

"At a tavern," he declares, "there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. . . . No, Sir: there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

He also gives it as his opinion that the most beautiful of landscapes is capable of being improved by the addition of a good inn in the foreground.

The English innkeepers were different from European innkeepers. On the Continent the landlord was the tyrant of those who stopped beneath his roof, but in England he was the host who served his guests and entertained them genially. Chaucer says a good word for the jovial landlord of the Tabard Inn:

A seemly man was our host withal,
For to have been a marshall in a hall;
A large man he was with eyes stepe [bright],
A fairer burgess is there none in Chepe:
Bold of his speech, and ways, and well taught,
And of manhood him lacked right naught.
Also he was a right merry man.

Many of these old innkeepers were men of consequence and wealth. They were good judges of wine and food, and also of men and public matters. An innkeeper was

usually the respected friend of everyone in the community. Especially was this so during the coaching era, when English inns rose to the height of their excellence.

The landlord and his wife took charge of the various departments of their business. They would have scorned the idea of having a manager to do their work. They gave their guests a personal welcome, and would often take the place of the waiter, and serve with their own hands the first dish of the dinner. Genial comfort and Old English hospitality are closely associated in our minds with English inns.

For many years novelists and dramatists used this material very largely in literature. Indeed, many of the best scenes in the old comedies are laid in inns. The audience was familiar with the surroundings and could easily be drawn into sympathetic interest in the plot, and to supply the humorous element, there were the waiter, the boots, the hostler, and other attendants — all valuable properties to be made use of as the occasion demanded. There was, perhaps one might say is, nothing more successful on the stage than an inn scene.

The bad condition of the roads and the dangers of traveling accounted in a great measure for the excellence of English inns. *Travelers*, whose very name comes from the word *travail*, which means toil or trouble, journeyed amid difficulties and dangers. They intended only to “journey”; again the word describes their purpose, *journey*, meaning to travel by day (from Old French, *jurn*, a day). If, owing to accident or delays, travelers were unable to reach an inn or posting house before the sun went down, they were filled with anxious forebodings, because the

various dangers by which they were beset were greatly increased by darkness. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries travelers could cover only short distances in one day, and they expected to put up at some comfortable inn for the night. Macaulay says :

It is evident that, all other circumstances being equal, the inns will be best where the means of locomotion are worst. The quicker the rate of traveling, the less important is it that there should be numerous agreeable resting places for the traveler. . . . Years ago a person who came up to the capital from a remote country generally required, by the way, twelve or fifteen meals and lodging for five or six nights. If he were a great man, he expected the meals and lodging to be comfortable, and even luxurious. . . . At present, a traveler speeding swiftly from one far distant place to another seldom interrupts his journey merely for the sake of rest and refreshment.

Consequently hundreds of these friendly houses of public entertainment along the highways have fallen into decay.

In coaching days every little village boasted an excellent inn, and in towns along the great thoroughfares there were spacious hostelries, which could accommodate two or three hundred guests with their horses and attendants. The country inns and those along the highways were, as a rule, better than the London inns. These old inns were generally built flush with the street and, like a hollow square, around a large inner courtyard. Tiers of balustraded galleries overlooking this inner courtyard ran around the open court, and served as hallways for the surrounding rooms on the upper floors, and onto these galleries opened the rooms of the guests. In the front of the inn there was a great gateway leading into the court, through which coaches and travelers could enter and depart. In very

early times these gateways had heavy doors, which could be closed at night to protect the guests and their goods, but as the land became more secure these doors stood always open and were, at last, done away with. This is the type of hostelry that, apart from the mere tavern



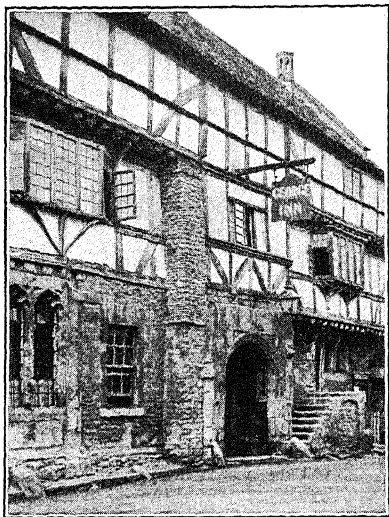
THE COURTYARD OF A COACHING INN

Coaches entered and departed through the great gateway in the front of the building.

or alehouse, remained for many centuries characteristic of all good English inns. With the end of the coaching age these old galleried inns went out of fashion.

There have been inns or public houses of some kind in existence for ages. The old alehouse, or tavern, introduced into Britain by the Romans, was always marked by a long, projecting pole at the end of which was a wreath of grapevine leaves in honor of Bacchus, the Roman

god of wine. When grapevine leaves were not to be had, an ivy wreath would do, and frequently this *ale stake*, as it was called, had to be content with a small bush or a bunch of grass to advertise the house to the passing



THE GEORGE INN, SOMERSETSHIRE

Notice the coach entrance of this quaint, old inn.

wayfarer. Alehouses that sold especially good wine, however, soon made themselves so well known by the fine quality of their wines and ales that they were known without a sign, and from this circumstance came the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

The pagan god of wine was soon forgotten, but the advertisement of alehouses was continued in fanciful and often

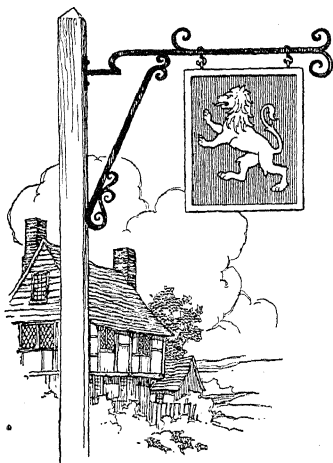
very expensive signboards, costing sometimes as much as thirty or forty pounds. The old so-called *gallows sign*, which hung out on a pole over the street, was the type of sign most frequently used, and very gorgeous affairs some of these signs were, gayly painted or carved in wood. Blue Boars, Golden Lambs, Spotted Dogs, White Swans, Red Lions, Green Dragons, Mermaids, and other grotesque animals could be seen pompously prancing

and ramping in front of their respective taverns. In his novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Dickens describes an old, dilapidated tavern signboard of this kind that hung before the village tavern :

A certain Dragon who swung and creaked complainingly before the village ale house door. . . . A faded and ancient dragon he was; and many a wintry storm of rain, snow, sleet, and hail had changed his color from a gaudy blue to a faint, lack-luster shade of gray. But there he hung; rearing in a state of monstrous imbecility on his hind legs; waxing with every month that passed so much more dim and shapeless that as you gazed at him on one side of the signboard it seemed as if he must be gradually melting through it and coming out upon the other.

Many inns and taverns had very curious names. Some of the best known of these are: *The Wrestlers and the Angel*, *The Whistling Oyster*, *The Cross Bones and Buttons*, *Draw the Pudding out of the Bag*, and *The Three Cranes in the Vintry*. It is not easy to know just what the old inn-keepers meant by some of these amazing names, all of which had originally some clear significance. But in certain cases we can trace the original meaning of the sign. For instance, *The Goat and Compasses* is supposed to be a corruption of the motto, *God Encompasseth Us*, which was placed over the inn in the stern Puritan days of Oliver Cromwell. *The Monster*, likewise, probably came from *The Monastery*, built at a time when an old abbey owned the estate. *Bag of Nails* comes from *Bacchanals*, and *The Saracen's Head* is a memento of the days of the Crusades. *The Black Jack* takes its name from the old leather *jacks*, or jugs, of the Middle Ages. These leather jugs were very dark in color because, in order to preserve

them, they were usually treated with a coat of *pitch*. From this circumstance comes the word *pitcher*, which in time came to mean jugs in general, whether of leather or earthenware. Sometimes the signs were humorous,



A GALLOWS SIGNPOST

like *The Honest Miller* and *The Silent Woman*, each representing a full-length figure with its head cut off.

These decorative signs gave personality to the houses they adorned, but they also served a much more important purpose, for in the days when these inns and taverns were built, only a few of the more educated people could read, and innkeepers found it necessary to use some dis-

tinguishing badge or device which everyone could understand, in order to make their houses known to all. The quaint old signs have mostly disappeared, and the name of a public house nowadays usually appears written in large letters upon the front of the house itself.

Indeed, for the sake of public safety it was necessary that the heavy, swinging signboards should go because they had acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, that on a windy day they not only disturbed people by blowing back and forth with a horrible squeaking and creaking and groaning noise, but they also were frequently torn off and thrown crashing to the ground, to

the peril of any one passing beneath. Matters reached a crisis in the early eighteenth century when a heavy sign in Bride Street, London, was torn from its supports during a storm, and in its fall killed four people in the street below. Parliament decided that the overhanging signs must go, and passed an act forbidding them in London streets.

The private rooms of many old inns, instead of being numbered, received names. Sometimes the names were given to them from the subjects pictured on the tapestried wall hangings of the room, sometimes for other reasons. The appropriateness or inappropriateness of these names has been a subject of stage humor in many old comedies, as witness the following fragment:

TIMOTHY. What rooms have you disengaged, Waiter?

WAITER. Why, Sir, there's the *Moon*: but I forget — there's a man in that.

TIMOTHY. Eh! A man in the Moon! Oh, then we'll not go there.

WAITER. There's the *Waterloo Subscription*, Sir; that's full — there's the *King's Head*: that's empty, etc . . .

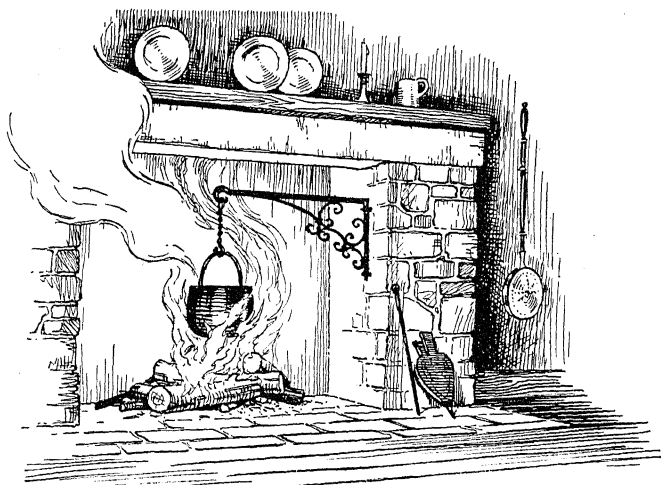
In reading the records of a certain family living in 1689 one comes across the following rather startling statement: "After prayers and sermon in church, the children and their parents dined in Hell." *Heaven* and *Hell* were the names of two public dining rooms in an old London tavern. The rooms were named from the representations of Heaven and Hell pictured on their wall hangings.

When Mr. Pickwick, on one occasion, is overtaken by a storm, he decides to stop for the night at the Saracen's Head, which is close at hand. The landlord welcomes

him cordially, at the same time giving orders to the waiter, "Light in the *Sun*, John; make up the fire; the gentlemen are wet!" and the *Sun* is described to us as a cozy room with a waiter laying the tablecloth for a private dinner, with a cheerful fire burning, and the tables lit with wax candles. "Everything looked (as everything always does in all decent English inns) as if the travelers had been expected, and their comforts prepared for days beforehand."

Dickens is almost an encyclopedia of facts and anecdotes concerning English inns and taverns during the coaching age. He wrote just after the coaching system had reached its height, and he probably knew more about inns — country inns of his time, at least — than any other writer. At any rate, he tells us more about them. The *Pickwick Papers* is almost a guidebook of inns. No fewer than fifty-five taverns, inns, and public houses of various types in London and the country are named in *Pickwick Papers*. Through Dickens' eyes we see many a village public house, and very homelike places some of them must certainly have been, where the tired traveler would find a clean-swept, brick floor, a comfortable, blazing fire, and a good cup of ale; where the meat would be roasting before an open fire, diligently basted and turned on a spit till the gravy frothed on the brown skin and tantalized the appetite of a hungry man; where a bedroom would be assigned to him with a bed that urgently invited him to rest — a bed with sheets fragrant of lavender, from the bags of these dried leaves and blossoms which were kept among the piles of linen. And if anything were needed to add to this picture of comfort and cheer, there it was in

the sight of the big, brass warming pan, which, if the night chanced to be frosty, would be filled with glowing coals and passed between the sheets of the bed to take off the chill before the traveler retired to rest.



A PROSPECT OF COMFORT AND CHEER

The kettle hanging from the wrought-iron crane is sending forth clouds of savory steam. A bellows is at hand to keep the comfortable blaze at work. And a warming pan hangs on the wall, ready to use when it is time for bed.

In *Barnaby Rudge*, Dickens discourses at considerable length about one of these old country inns:

The Maypole was an old building with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; [and] huge zigzag chimneys, out of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes imparted to it in its tortuous progress. . . . The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry VIII; and there was a legend . . .

that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion. . . .

Whether these, and many other stories of the like nature, were true or untrue, the Maypole was really an old house, a very old house, perhaps as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps older. . . . Its windows were old, diamond-paned lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams.

Continuing the description of the old Maypole, the story tells how on a certain stormy night in March one of the servants, responding to the hail of a traveler on horseback, goes running out to help him dismount,

leaving the door open behind him, and disclosing a delicious perspective of warmth and brightness . . . the ruddy gleam of the fire, streaming through the old red curtains of the common room seemed to bring with it, as part of itself, a pleasant hum of voices, and a fragrant odor of steaming grog and rare tobacco, all steeped, as it were, in the cheerful glow. . . .

And how unnatural it seemed for a sober man to be plodding wearily along through miry roads, encountering the rude buffets of the wind and pelting of the rain, when there was a clean floor covered with crisp, white sand, a well-swept hearth, a blazing fire, a table decorated with a white cloth, bright pewter flagons, and other tempting preparations for a well-cooked meal — when there were these things . . . all ready to his hand, and entreating him to enjoyment. . . .

All bars are snug places, but the Maypole's was the very snuggest, cosiest, and completest bar that ever the wit of man devised. Such amazing bottles in old oaken pigeonholes; such gleaming tankards dangling from pegs at about the same inclination as thirsty men would hold them to their lips; such sturdy little Dutch kegs ranged in rows on shelves; so many lemons hanging in separate nets . . . suggestive, with goodly loaves of snowy sugar stowed away hard by, of punch idealized beyond all mortal knowledge. . . .

It is a poor heart that never rejoices — it must have been the poorest, weakest, and most watery heart that ever beat, which would not have warmed towards the Maypole bar. . . . The kitchen, too, with its great, broad, cavernous chimney; the kitchen, where nothing in the way of cookery seemed impossible; where you could believe in anything to eat they chose to tell you of.

It is not surprising that these time-honored inns and taverns should gather around themselves many historic associations. In old days the hostelries of town and country touched the life of the people at many points. News of events was heard first of all at the inns, travelers came there, town councils were frequently held at the inn of a country town, and respectable townsfolk spent many a winter evening enjoying a tankard of ale in good fellowship with their neighbors by the cheerful fireside of a hospitable inn.

Plots and conspiracies, also, were often hatched under an inn roof, and it was a well-known fact that highwaymen used to be in touch with hostlers and other servants of many a house of public entertainment, giving rich bribes to learn about the wealth or condition of the guests who were to start on their travels in the morning. There was no hostelry so respectable but some of its servants might be "in the Captain's pay" — such was the term for those who received bribes from highwaymen. The host might be above suspicion, but not necessarily all his dependents. No wealthy traveler, coming to an inn overnight with his pistols fully loaded and primed, dared to set forth again in the morning without carefully examining his weapons. For it was not unlikely that he would find his powder and shot mysteriously withdrawn during the night, or his

sword firmly fastened in its scabbard so that it could not be drawn when needed for defense.

From the time of Elizabeth to the time of the earlier Georges, English literature is continually making reference to this collusion between inn servants and highwaymen.



AN OLD INN COURTYARD AT BURFORD

Queen Elizabeth is said once to have stopped at this inn.

Even Shakespeare, in the first part of *King Henry IV* (Act I, Scene i), has a scene laid in the courtyard of an inn at Rochester, showing the chamberlain (*steward*) of the inn giving information about some travelers to a thief (*Gadshill*), who is planning to fall upon these unfortunate travelers, farther along the road, and rob them.

The time is just before daybreak, and the chamberlain comes into the innyard to meet Gadshill and tell him

about one of these travelers, who is especially well worth robbing :

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

CHAMBERLAIN. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin [a substantial landowner] in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper. . . . They are up already and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

GADSHILL. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks [robbers] I'll give thee this neck.

CHAMBERLAIN. No, I'll none of it; I prithee, keep that for the hangman. . . .

GADSHILL. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAMBERLAIN. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

The highwaymen were the most famous criminals of the early eighteenth century. And largely on account of the severity of the law, robbery was often accompanied by murder, on the principle that a man "might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb." These notorious criminals became, so to speak, quite the fashion in the eighteenth century, and were given much prominence in the literature of the time. Even to-day, whenever the names of Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and Jack Sheppard appear in stories or upon the stage or screen they are invested with quite a fine, romantic glamour — a glamour that undoubtedly would lose much of its charm were these same robbers our contemporaries.

They used to hide, sometimes singly, sometimes in bands, in the fields or woods near London and elsewhere, and lie in wait for travelers. Since there were so few

officers of the law to protect the highways, and since highwaymen were always well mounted, they could easily escape after a hold-up by taking to the side roads impassable for coaches. As a result they became very bold.

During the whole of the eighteenth century they were a constant menace. Some few had extraordinary careers of adventure and escape, but in the end almost all the highwaymen ended their lives on the scaffold. It is interesting to note that these atrocious miscreants, as soon as they were condemned to death, became heroes to the general public. Men and women, even of fashionable life, rushed to visit them in prison. When Claude Duval was captured, ladies of high rank visited him and interceded with the judges for his pardon. This they failed to procure, but after his execution the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of wax lights and black hangings, and was gazed upon by scores of disconsolate and weeping ladies.

The most famous highwayman of all time is Dick Turpin. Tales of adventure without number have been told about him and his wonderful Black Bess, who could outride almost any horse in England. Turpin is represented in most of these stories as a dashing, dare-devil gallant, who would take the purse of a wealthy man, rescue fair ladies in distress, and perhaps, if they were pretty enough, would return to them half of what he had stolen, for the favor of a dance upon the green beside the road. Then foiling the Bow Street runners who were trying to arrest him, he would spring upon the back of Black Bess and be carried off triumphantly from the midst of his enemies. Songs and cheap ballads celebrating his daring exploits were amazingly popular during his time. They were

hawked about the streets by ballad venders, who sold them by the score to old and young. The following is a typical example of these verses :

Bold Turpin once, on Hounslow Heath,
 His bold mare Bess bestrode ;
 When there he saw the Bishop's coach,
 A-coming down the road.
 So he galloped close to the horses' legs,
 And he clapped his head within ;
 And the Bishop said : "Sure as eggs is eggs,
 This is the bold Turpin."
 Said Turpin : "You shall eat your words,
 With a sauce of leaden bullet" ;
 So he put a pistol to his mouth,
 And fired it down his gullet.
 The coachman, he not liking the job,
 Set off at a full gallop,
 But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
 And prevailed on him to stop.

History deals more harshly with Dick Turpin's name than romance does, and represents him as a dangerous scoundrel, who was hanged in 1739 when he was not yet thirty-four years old.

Hounslow Heath, where the great roads to Bath and Exeter branched off, was a great resort of these gentlemen of masks and horse pistols, and a very bad place in which to be caught after dark. Every effort was made to cross this lonely and sinister heath, and reach the protection of an inn, before the sun went down.

Just outside the gates of the old City of London there were a number of good inns. These had been built mostly in early times when the great gates of the City were closed

at night. Belated travelers, who had met with delays upon the road, would often reach London after the City gates had been closed, and would seek shelter in one of these excellent inns, which thrived on the closing of the gates, and got much custom on account of it. Back of



THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The rooms in this hotel are all named after Shakespeare's plays.

Holborn we can still see Staple Inn, one of these ancient buildings, which with its oak-beamed frontage, overhanging stories, lattice windows, and gable roof still remains to help our imaginations picture the scene of Holborn in the days when the street was dotted with houses of accommodation for weary wayfarers.

"The Borough" is the popular name given to the Southwark part of London, immediately opposite the

City. Borough High Street led directly onto old London Bridge and was, even as far back as Roman times, the great highway from London to Canterbury and the south. This section boasted of many fine old inns. The famous Tabard Inn and the White Hart Inn were both here. In *Pickwick Papers* Dickens pictures the courtyard of the White Hart, which he uses as the place to introduce to us the popular Sam Weller.

The manor houses of the thirteenth century, which were always centers of hospitality for any traveler adventurous enough to undertake a journey, in those early times before there were any comfortable inns, have left their mark in certain names connected with the administration of modern inns. The *hosteler*, who looked after the lodging of guests, remains as *hostler* or *ostler*, though he now confines his attention to looking after the four-footed visitors in the stable. The *chamberlain*, who had care of the bedchambers, has been changed to a *chambermaid*. The bar of the modern tavern is a lineal descendant of the *bower* in the old manor house. The bower was a special room, close to the porch, from which wine and ale were served, and the word *bower*, in its turn, was the English form of the Norse word *bür*, meaning buttery. The proprietor of a hotel is always the *landlord*, showing that he was the *lord of the land* and of the manor. The very word *inn*, like the French word *hôtel*, anciently meant the great town residence of a nobleman; witness the word still kept in London in the *Inns of Court*, *Gray's Inn*, *Lincoln's Inn*, and others which were originally noblemen's houses before they were converted to the purpose of lodging law students of the colleges.

Fleet Street in London was the great street for taverns. Except for the Borough High Street in Southwark there was probably no thoroughfare in London which could boast of so many inns and taverns in bygone days as Fleet Street. Samuel Butler speaks of —

That tippling street,
Distinguished by the name of Fleet,
Where tavern signs hang thicker far,
Than trophies down at Westminster;
And every Bacchanalian landlord
Displays his ensign or his standard.

The taverns which made Fleet Street famous have now almost all disappeared, but there is one of them, *The Cheshire Cheese*, which still survives, looking much as it did, probably, when Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Addison, and other well-known characters in literature and history used to frequent it. Stories and anecdotes innumerable have been connected with this renowned tavern. Here could be had a wonderful lark pie made from a secret recipe which was jealously and mysteriously guarded. Lark pie is still served at the Cheshire Cheese, but it can be eaten with no misgivings or regrets about innocent, songful, little larks being sacrificed for a pie. The larks in the present-day pie are uncommonly large, about the size, one might say, of chickens or pigeons.

Here "Old William" used to serve the guests, and offer pudding to them with the remark: "Does any gentleman say *pudden*?" Nor was he at all disturbed when, on one occasion, a crusty old man replied severely: "No *gentleman* says *pudden*."

No one knows just how old this tavern is, but there is a

record to show that it was rebuilt after the great fire of 1666, which proves that it was in existence at that time. And the place looks so up in years that no one can question its great age. The low ceiling of the old-fashioned eating room, its rude, wooden tables, its nooks formed by high-backed, wooden settles built to protect the backs of the occupants from the drafts of the frequently opened door, and its corner where the favorite seat of Dr. Johnson is shown, are all convincing details of a bygone history. And although we cannot tell just when the Cheshire Cheese first started its career, it may be true that the tavern dates back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, for there is an old story of a couplet-making bout between Ben Jonson and Sylvester, which is said to have taken place in this tavern.

In Elizabeth's time it was the fashion for anybody who had any ability at verse-making to engage in a verse-making contest occasionally, with some friend or acquaintance, in this way: One of the two would begin by making a couple of rhymed verses. His friend would add two more rhyming lines. The first man would match these with two more, and they would keep this up, turn and turn about, until quite a long poem of more or less merit would be composed in an impromptu style. On this occasion Sylvester produced the first lines:

I, Sylvester,
Kissed your sister.

To which Ben Jonson promptly replied:

I, Ben Jonson,
Kissed your wife.

"That's not a rhyme," objected Sylvester. "I know it," answered Jonson, "but it's the truth." And that particular couplet-making bout broke up in a quarrel.

The old inns and taverns added greatly to the pleasantness of English life. But they had to go. Modern life with its swifter pace has jostled almost all of them out of the way. The coaching system brought the coaching inn to its highest development, and just as the coaching system had reached its highest perfection the railway came, and the coach as a general public conveyance vanished. The landlord of the coaching inn found his occupation gone almost as abruptly as the coach guard and the driver did theirs. The galleried inns with their picturesque courtyards, from which the coaches started on their journeys, fell into disuse as railroad trains supplanted coaches. A few of the old names, it is true, are still found in London and around the countryside, but it is in more or less modern guise that these jolly old inns survive to-day.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

A COMPREHENSIVE LIST OF SPECIAL DAYS AND CELEBRATIONS

New Year's Day. January 1. A time of conviviality, presents, and good wishes to all, with much drinking of healths. New Year's Day is more fully described in Chapter III.

Twelfth Night. January 5. The evening before Twelfth Day, or the feast of Epiphany. A time of great merry-making. Twelfth Night is more fully described in Chapter III.

Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, January 6, commemorates the visit of the three Wise Men of the East to Bethlehem. Epiphany ends the feast of the Nativity, which lasts for twelve days after Christmas. In early days a prominent part of the celebration of Epiphany was a play given in the church, representing the coming of the three Wise Men, who were called the *Magi*.

St. Agnes' Eve. The evening, or night, before St. Agnes' Day (January 21). An old superstition declared that a girl would dream of her future husband on this night if she would go supperless to bed without speaking. She must look neither sideways nor backward, and look upward only to pray. Keats bases the story of his poem, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, on this superstition.

Candlemas, February 2, commemorates the purification of the Virgin Mary and the presentation of Christ

in the temple. In England, before the reformation, all the candles which would be needed in the church during the coming year were blessed on this day. If the sun shone on Candlemas Day, it was believed that winter would last for six weeks more; but if the skies were cloudy, spring was supposed to be near at hand. In the United States the day is often called *Groundhog Day* because of the saying that on this date the groundhog (woodchuck) comes out of his hole, and if the sun shines enough to cast his shadow, he will go back again because he expects six weeks more of winter.

St. Valentine's Day. February 14. It was a popular belief that on this day birds selected their mates for the year, and it was an old custom in England for youths to draw lots for sweethearts on St. Valentine's Day. The maiden who was drawn was called the Valentine, and she expected, and usually received, a present of some sort. A pair of gloves was the customary gift.

St. David's Day. March 1. St. David is the patron saint of Wales. He was venerated as a holy man who lived in the days of the ancient Britons.

St. Patrick's Day. March 17. St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. He is said to have converted the heathen in Ireland, and to have worked many miracles. The best-known tradition about him is that he drove all the venomous reptiles out of Ireland.

Lady Day, or Annunciation, March 25, celebrates the announcement of the incarnation to the Virgin Mary. It is a quarter (rent) day in England.

Shrove Tuesday, also called **Pancake Day.** The day before the beginning of Lent. On this day people were

shriven, i.e., they confessed their sins and were absolved. Afterwards, they indulged in sports and merry-making. Eating many pancakes was a feature of this day, and cock-fighting was the popular sport. Shrove Tuesday is more fully described in Chapter III.

Lent. A fast of forty days, not including Sundays. The word *lent* is related to *length*, and refers to spring, or the time of the lengthening of days. Lent begins with Ash Wednesday and ends with the Saturday preceding Easter. It is a season of special self-denial.

Ash Wednesday. The first day of Lent. It is so called from an ancient Roman Catholic custom of sprinkling ashes on the heads of penitents as a reminder that man is but dust and ashes. The ashes used were obtained by burning the palm branches consecrated in the church on the Palm Sunday of the preceding year.

Palm Sunday. The Sunday before Easter. It is named in memory of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, when the multitudes strewed the way before him with palm branches. Slips of palm leaves, or of willow if the palm leaves could not be obtained, were blessed and distributed by the priests, in order that they might be carried in the customary Palm Sunday procession. These slips were carefully kept afterwards as a protection against storm and lightning.

Maundy Thursday. The day before Good Friday. So called from the Latin *mandatum* (commandment), in allusion to Christ's words when, after he had washed his disciples' feet, He said: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." (St. John, xiii. 34.) In every monastery it was the custom on this day for the monks to wash the feet of as many poor people as there

were monks in the monastery, and in England, for centuries, the king, as a token of humility, performed the same office for a certain number of paupers — afterwards distributing to them money, food, and clothing. Even Elizabeth washed the feet of paupers on Maundy Thursday, but these feet had been carefully prepared for the ceremony by being first thoroughly scrubbed by the yeomen of the laundry.

Good Friday. The Friday before Easter. A day observed in memory of the crucifixion of Christ. The term *Good Friday* is a corruption of what was originally *God's Friday*. Bread that was baked on Good Friday was supposed to have wonderful qualities. It was kept by many families all through the year because people believed that a few crumbs of this bread in water would cure almost any ailment. Later, the custom changed to baking and eating *hot cross buns* on Good Friday. The buns were made from consecrated bread and marked with a cross. Hot cross buns were supposed to keep for a year without becoming moldy.

Easter. A feast Sunday commemorating the resurrection of Christ. The date of Easter is a movable one, as are also the dates of all the fasts and feasts depending on it. The observance of Easter comes always on the first Sunday after the full moon which appears on or next after the 21st of March. The name *Easter* comes from the Anglo-Saxon name for the goddess of spring. Many ancient customs were celebrated at Easter time. Easter is more fully described in Chapter III.

St. George's Day. April 23. St. George is the patron saint of England. According to an old legend St. George

is said to have killed a dragon and rescued a princess whom the dragon was about to make its prey. The legend is an allegorical expression of the triumph of a Christian hero over evil represented in the form of a dragon. "St. George for Merry England!" was the battle cry shouted by the armies of early times in England.

Corpus Christi. A church festival held on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday (sixty days after Easter). The term *Corpus Christi* means *Body of Christ*, and the celebration was in honor of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the Middle Ages the festival of Corpus Christi came to be the regular time for the performance of religious dramas, miracle plays, and mysteries given by the trade guilds. The Reformation in England suppressed the festival of Corpus Christi, but the performance of the scripture plays continued after the festival was suppressed.

May Day. May 1. A joyous day given over to celebrating the return of spring. Dancing around the May-pole, "going a-Maying," and electing a May Queen are all remnants of the old Nature Worship, and may be traced to the most ancient times. May Day is more fully described in Chapter III.

Midsummer Day. June 24. This day was also the anniversary of the birth of St. John the Baptist. It was a very popular festival in England, but it is all mixed up with ancient pagan ceremonies on account of its position in the calendar. It is the time of the longest summer days, and among the early Saxon peoples the longest day of the year was celebrated as the festival of Baldur, the god of summer sunshine. The observances connected with the nativity of St. John the Baptist came chiefly on

the preceding evening, called *St. John's Eve* or *Midsummer Eve*. On this evening people were accustomed to go into the woods and break down green branches of birch or long fennel or St.-John's-wort (the last named giving protection against all uncanny spirits). These and other green branches they would bring to their homes and fasten above the doors with great demonstrations of joy. Large numbers of people kept watch through the night, walking the streets in parties, because of the general belief that if anyone went to sleep on this night his soul would wander from his body. In Ireland it was believed that the soul would seek out the place where the body was going to die. To sleep was to allow one's spirit to take this dismal midnight ramble, but if a person kept awake, he could keep his own spirit at home, and perhaps see the wandering spirits of others who slept. The watchers all carried long torches or cressets — a cresset was a long pole with an open metal cup at the top filled with burning oil or grease. In the streets great bonfires were lighted, around which people danced and frolicked, the men and boys occasionally leaping through the fire in accordance with an ancient custom that had survived from the old heathen festival of the sun. All this must have given a strikingly gay and bright appearance to streets that ordinarily were dark as a pocket after the sun went down. Many other interesting practices were connected with St. John's Eve. Young men would go out at midnight to gather fern seed in a dish, but they must not touch the plant. Seed thus gained had the power of making them invisible. Young maidens could learn about their future husbands by using certain midsummer-charm plants in a carefully

prescribed manner. Midsummer Day was also a quarter (rent) day.

Michaelmas Day. September 29. The festival of St. Michael and All Angels. St. Michael was revered as the great prince of all the angels, and the leader of the celestial armies. See Milton: *Paradise Lost*, VI, 44 —

Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
... lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints.

In art Michael is depicted as a beautiful young man with wings. He is clad in white or in armor and bears a lance and shield with which he fights a dragon. Michaelmas Day used to be remarkable for the hospitality with which it was celebrated. Geese being considered at their best about Michaelmas time, most families had one prepared for dinner, along with cakes and puddings of many kinds. This day was the beginning of the last quarter of the year when quarterly payments of rent were due, and tenants, for centuries past, were accustomed to present their landlords with a goose on Michaelmas Day, trusting thereby to establish themselves in the landlords' favor.

Hallowe'en. October 31. In the old Celtic calendar October 31 was counted the last day of the old year, and the night of this last day was supposed to be a time when witches, evil spirits, and ghosts were abroad. On the introduction of Christianity this night was called Hallowe'en, meaning the evening before All Hallows, or All Saints' Day, because the following day, November 1, was the day set apart for honoring all the saints. The name Hallowe'en has nothing to do with the pranks and prac-

tices of divination popular on this night. Hallowe'en is still devoted to all sorts of games in which old Druid superstitions can be traced.

All Saints' Day, or All Hallowmas. November 1. The word *hallow* is from the Old English word meaning a *holy man*, hence a saint. All Saints' Day is a festival in honor of the saints and martyrs. It used to be a great time for revels and drinking of healths.

Guy Fawkes' Day, November 5, commemorates the escape of James I and his Parliament from being blown up by gunpowder on November 5, 1605. The powder was concealed in the Houses of Parliament and was to have been fired by Guy Fawkes. Everything was ready, but the conspiracy was betrayed and Guy Fawkes arrested the night before the explosion was to have taken place. In remembrance of this escape, an effigy of a man supposed to represent Guy Fawkes is carried around every November fifth in a procession, and finally burned in a huge bonfire. Fireworks are sent up in the evening, and bonfires are lighted in many places.

Martinmas Day. November 11. The feast of St. Martin. An old legend tells how St. Martin, on a cold day in midwinter, shared his cloak with a half-frozen beggar who was asking for alms at the city gate. This is the way St. Martin is usually represented in art. November 11 is also the date of the old Roman feast of Bacchus (the god of wine), and on account of the similarity of dates St. Martin was accepted as the patron saint of innkeepers and drunkards. On Martinmas Day a goose was the main feature of the dinner, because, according to tradition, once when St. Martin was preaching he was so greatly

disturbed by a certain noisy goose that he ordered it killed and served to him for dinner. It would seem as if the goose retaliated, however, for the saint unfortunately died from the repast. Always afterwards on the anniversary of this day a goose was "sacrificed" to St. Martin and served for dinner.

St. Andrew's Day. November 30. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. According to tradition he suffered martyrdom on a cross shaped like the letter X. Consequently a cross of this shape is commonly known as St. Andrew's cross. An old legend recounts that St. Andrew's cross appeared in the heavens to the king of the Scots on the night before his engagement in a great battle. Because the Scots were victorious their king went barefoot to the kirk (church) of St. Andrew and vowed to adopt St. Andrew's cross as the national emblem of Scotland. The Union Jack, which is the national flag of the British Empire, contains the cross of St. Andrew combined with the cross of St. George and the cross of St. Patrick.

Christmas Day. December 25. Christmas is celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of Christ. In England Christmas has always been one of the greatest of festivals. At this season friends and servants used to gather informally at the great manor houses, where hospitality was freely offered. Christmas is more fully described in Chapter III.

Childermas, or Holy Innocents' Day. December 28. On this day is commemorated the slaughter of the infants at Bethlehem by King Herod. It is sometimes said to be an unlucky day for beginning anything.

APPENDIX II

FAMOUS TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE

One result of the general stirring of people's minds on religious subjects was a desire for a more widespread knowledge of the Bible. At the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII there were no printed Bibles in England. The only copies of the Scriptures that existed were those written by hand, and for the most part, these manuscript copies were written in Latin. This Latin version was called the *Vulgate* from the Latin word *vulgatus*, meaning usual or common, because of the general use of the Vulgate in the Roman Catholic Church everywhere in England and Western Europe, before the Reformation.

Besides the Vulgate, there were, in some hidden places in England, parts of Wycliffe's fourteenth-century English translation of this Latin version. Wycliffe was one of a group of early reformers called *Lollards*, who, almost a century before the Reformation, opposed some of the teachings of the Roman Church, and so were condemned by the Church. To Wycliffe we owe the earliest version of the Scriptures in English.

But the desire for the Scriptures in the English tongue became more and more widespread, and in 1525, about the middle of Henry VIII's reign, Tyndale gave to his people the New Testament and part of the Old Testament

translated into English from the original Greek and Hebrew. The English Bible that Wycliffe had formerly given to the people had been a translation of the Latin version, which in itself was a translation from the original Hebrew and Greek, but Tyndale's translation was taken directly from the original sources, and it influenced later versions very strongly.

The king and the Church disapproved of Tyndale's version, but royal and ecclesiastical displeasure could not stop the movement for an English Bible, and before long, translations were put forth with the king's approval. Of these, one of the most interesting is the *Great Bible*, so called on account of its great size and because it is from this translation that the version of the Psalms still used in the English prayerbook was taken.

The reaction in Mary's reign did not stop the desire for an English translation, and during her reign a version was published in Geneva, Switzerland, by a group of English and Scotch refugees who had fled from the religious difficulties in England. Its handy size made the *Geneva Bible* very popular with the ordinary people for a great many years; but the Geneva Bible was never adopted as an authorized version by the Church of England. On account of an odd translation of Genesis, iii. 7, this version was commonly known as the "*Breeches Bible*."

During the reign of Elizabeth a new translation of the Bible was undertaken in order to supply a version free from all party spirit, and containing the latest work in Biblical scholarship. This version was called the *Bishops' Bible* because it was compiled by a number of different Anglican bishops. But the piecemeal way in which the

work was carried out caused many inequalities in the translation and made the version an unsatisfactory whole.

All these versions were to a large extent based upon Tyndale's original translation and later revisions of it, and they carried on the distinctive and striking English prose which he wrote.

When James VI of Scotland succeeded his cousin Elizabeth as James I of England, a new revision of the Bible was called for, a revision that would be acceptable to all the conflicting religious elements in James' new realm. The king appointed the most celebrated scholars in England, including the most learned men in Oxford and Cambridge, to do the work. These men were divided into groups, and each group had a section of the Scriptures to work upon. As each group completed its section the result was read aloud to the whole company of scholars and all inequalities or inadequacies were corrected. In this way the version preserved an even and individual tone which could not have been attained by a mere mosaic or patchwork of various men.

James' orders to these scholars were to use the *Bishops' Bible* as the basis for the text, to make use of the various preceding versions when it seemed wise to do so, and to keep to the familiar form of the older translations, but at the same time to use all their skill and knowledge of Hebrew and Greek to bring out the exact meanings in the original text.

Meanwhile upon the Continent there had appeared an English translation of the Vulgate, called the *Douay Bible*. This was made by English Catholic scholars in France for the use of English boys designed for the Catholic priest-

hood. The Douay Bible was consulted by the King James scholars for many excellent renderings, and left its mark upon the new version.

This new translation was the Bible which we call the *King James Version*. It became and still continues to be the authorized version in use in the English Church.

The King James Version appeared in 1611, the work of revision and translation having taken more than three years. The result was a wonderful and beautiful piece of English literature and style. It was the most remarkable piece of prose writing of the period in which it was published — remarkable for the simplicity, vigor, flexibility, and dignity of its English, and for its extraordinary influence purely as literature. By giving the exact idioms of Hebrew and Greek when these seemed best to express the thought, the translators gave to their version wonderful strength and color, and enriched the English tongue to an amazing extent. Yet the ordinary speech of the people was the basis of the work, and vernacular idioms were freely indulged in — idioms of a time when the creative literary sense was strong in the English language. The translation was made at just the right time. English written prose had still about it a tradition of stateliness and dignity. Latin richness and Saxon directness were well balanced, and the earnestness of the translators in their task kept them from any temptation to extravagance. The King James Version gave a direction and character to English prose style which became an essential part of English literature.

The English language owes its present form largely to three literary sources. Before Chaucer's day Latin was

used by most scholars in their writing. But in the fourteenth century, Chaucer crystallized the English language by putting into written form the fresh, strong English, which had grown out of the gradual blending of the speech of the Saxons with the French language introduced by the Normans.

Later on, Shakespeare, by his inimitable use of strong and imaginative English, fixed the style of the language, and in his works gave to the world models of simplicity and of care in the choice of words — models which have never been surpassed.

And finally, the King James Version of the Bible, by its serving as a model in the development of the sturdy prose of the period, and through its subsequent wide and long-continued use, set a standard of excellence for modern English which has had a most important influence upon contemporary speech and style.

APPENDIX III

A CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF RULERS, EVENTS, AND CHARACTERISTIC CUSTOMS

In order to have a clear idea about affairs in the sixteenth century it is necessary first to look back to certain preceding events, and see what led up to this great Tudor era. In the fifteenth century the Middle Ages were already drawing to a close. With the accession of Henry VII (1485-1509) and his marriage to Elizabeth of York the long Civil Wars of the Roses ended, and the claims of the two warring lines of York and Lancaster merged in the House of Tudor.

Roughly speaking, the Tudor dynasty coincides with the sixteenth century, and the Stuart dynasty with the seventeenth, while the House of Hanover begins fairly early (1714) in the eighteenth century.

Henry VII was not fond of war; he preferred to devote his attention to home affairs. His habits were frugal and he accumulated wealth for the kingdom. At his death in 1509 England was in an infinitely better condition than when he came to the throne, and he had safely bridged the gap between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

With the sixteenth century came the full blossoming in England of that great period known as the Revival of Learning, or the Renaissance. The effect of this great movement was felt somewhat later in England than it was upon the continent of Europe.

When Henry VIII (1509–1547) came to the throne he had a magnificent inheritance. The early years of his reign he spent largely in the pursuit of pleasure — but there were also some military achievements. He delighted in gorgeous pageants and in games and sports of many kinds, and he had a hail-fellow-well-met quality about him, which appealed strongly to the English people. It was not until 1533, when he wished to obtain a divorce from his first wife, Catharine of Aragon, that he turned his attention seriously to politics. Pope Clement VII refused to give Henry a divorce. There was a long struggle with the pope. Eventually Henry separated the Church in England from the Church at Rome, and created himself the supreme head of both the Church and State in England.

After divorcing Catharine of Aragon, Henry married in succession Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard, and Catharine Parr, who survived him.

Many social changes took place during the reign of Henry VIII. The intercourse between Henry and the French court brought many new ideas and fashions to the English court; the recent discovery of America had enlarged the physical boundaries of the world and stimulated men's imaginations; and the introduction into England, in the preceding century, of printing from movable type made the new learning of the Renaissance available to many more people than would have been possible with the older hand-written books.

When Edward VI (1547–1553) succeeded his father as king he was only a little boy nine years old, and in con-

sequence the kingdom was placed under a protectorate. During this reign there was put forth the English Book of Common Prayer. Edward's reign was short. Before his death he designated as his successor the Lady Jane Grey, who was the granddaughter of Henry VIII's sister. But this plan was not sanctioned by Parliament, and the unfortunate Lady Jane suffered death as a result of the distinction thrust upon her.

Mary I (1553-1558), the daughter of Henry VIII and Catharine of Aragon, was the next ruler of England. In her reign there was a reconciliation with the pope and a return to the Roman Church. Mary made a most unpopular marriage with Philip of Spain. The conflict of opinions over religious questions was a bitter one, and the Smithfield burnings made an indelible impression on people's minds, rendering any permanent return to the religion of Rome an impossibility. Calais, which had been English territory for 211 years, and which was the last foothold of the English in France, was lost in Mary's reign.

When Elizabeth (1558-1603), the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, came to the throne the realm was in a critical condition. England was at war with France and Scotland. There was no adequate army and no real navy, and the treasury was exhausted. England's hope lay in her queen. Elizabeth was necessarily a Protestant, but she was not radical in her views. She was clever, well educated, and wise in policy. Her vanity and caprice had no weight in state affairs. The people idolized her, and she ruled them absolutely — but she also served them well. She loved splendor and pleasure, gaiety, laughter,

and wit, but with all her love of display she was thrifty. Under her rule England prospered amazingly. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, laid claim to the throne, but after years of plot and counterplot her story ended in a tragic execution. There was another long struggle with Spain, which ended with the destruction of the Spanish Armada. This victory made England supreme upon the seas.

Under Elizabeth England was raised to the first rank among European powers. In the middle of the queen's reign there was erected the first public theater in England; in 1566 Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Royal Exchange, and in 1577 Drake started on his memorable voyage around the world.

The literary achievements of this great era have never been surpassed. Spenser, Marlowe, Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Roger Ascham, Bacon, and Shakespeare are only a few of the names that helped to make this reign a memorable one.

The Tudors did their work magnificently, and when their line ended with the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, England stood well with all the world.

Following Elizabeth, James VI of Scotland, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, became James I of England (1603-1625). Under this first Stuart king England and Scotland were at last united. James was not so popular as Elizabeth. The English people could never forget that he was a Scotchman. He was a firm believer in the divine right of kings, holding that he was responsible neither to his people nor to Parliament but to God alone.

Anne of Denmark was James' queen. She was extremely fond of court masques, and during her time this

form of entertainment reached a high development. In 1605 occurred the famous Gunpowder Plot, a conspiracy to blow up the king and Parliament; in 1611 was published the Authorized (or King James) Version of the Bible; in 1617 Sir Walter Raleigh was executed. James died in 1625.

Charles I (1625-1649) copied his father in the arbitrary nature of his rule and in his futile efforts to control Parliament. It was obstinacy about the divine right of kings, and want of tact, as much as anything else, which brought about his downfall. After a prolonged struggle of civil war he was defeated by Oliver Cromwell and the supporters of Parliament. In 1649 he was tried for raising an army against Parliament and for taking part in the civil war. He was condemned and beheaded as a traitor and an enemy to the people.

In 1649 Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans founded the Commonwealth (1649-1658). Cromwell refused to be crowned as king, but he assumed the title of Lord Protector. Under his practical and firm administration England became prosperous at home and won respect abroad. The Puritans exerted a wholesome influence on England, but they did not encourage gaiety at court. Milton was a secretary to Cromwell for several years. At Oliver Cromwell's death in 1658 his son Richard assumed the post of Protector. But Richard was not the man his father had been. He was unable to carry on the work of the Commonwealth, and in 1659 he resigned, whereupon Charles II, the exiled son of Charles I, returned to England from Europe, and the monarchy was restored.

With the Restoration of Charles II (1660-1685) there

was a great royalist reaction. In fashionable society Puritan sobriety in dress, speech, and manners was swept away, though among many people its influence still remained. The king set the fashion at court. He was a witty and clever man, but he had been poorly educated. He hated business and neglected the affairs of his kingdom, giving himself up to gambling and debauchery. Following his example, most of his courtiers gave themselves up to a similar mode of life. Gambling and a laxness in morals became the marks of a fine gentleman.

During this reign there came into being the two great political parties of England — the Whigs (later called the Liberals) and the Tories (later called the Conservatives). This is the time of which Pepys writes so confidentially in his famous *Diary*. It is also the time of Dryden and the development of coffeehouses. In 1665 came the great Plague of London described by Defoe in his *Journal of the Plague Year*; in 1666 the Great Fire demolished almost four fifths of old London; in 1667 Milton published *Paradise Lost*; and in 1668 Bunyan published *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Charles II died in 1685, and his brother James II (1685 — deposed 1688) became king. The Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II, tried to seize the kingdom as the legitimate heir, but he was quickly overcome. He paid for his attempt with his life. James was tyrannical, obstinate, and very unpopular. He was unable to resist the invasion of William of Orange (the husband of James' daughter Mary) when the English invited William to come and help them defend their constitutional liberties. James with his queen and infant son fled to France, leaving

the kingdom to William and Mary, who were declared joint sovereigns by a convention of Lords and Commons.

By the time of William III and Mary II (1688-1702), it was well understood that the people, to some extent, must have a share in the government. Mary died in 1694, but William continued to reign until 1702 and did well by his adopted country.

From time to time there were occasional "Jacobite" plots in favor of the Stuart Pretenders (son and grandson of James II) to the throne, but they came to nothing. Queen Mary introduced the wearing of chintzes and printed calicoes, which became immensely popular in the wide panniered skirts of the period. In 1694 the Bank of England was founded.

Anne (1702-1714), the sister of Mary II, succeeded to the throne. Anne was a good-natured, rather dull woman dominated by the Earl of Marlborough. Under Marlborough's leadership England fought many battles abroad. The removal of trading restrictions between England and Scotland increased the material well-being of both countries. Anne's reign is famous for its brilliant authors. It has been called the "Classic Age" and the "Augustan Age" of English Literature. Addison, Pope, Swift, Defoe, and Steele are some of the illustrious names connected with this age.

Anne was the last of the Stuart rulers, and at her death in 1714 the elector George of Hanover became king of England by right of descent through his mother, a grandchild of James I.

Four Georges reigned in succession. George I (1714-1727) and George II (1727-1760) were Germans who

understood little of the nature or temper of the English. As rulers their power was greatly curtailed. In literature dealing with this period we hear much of the debtors' prisons, which were in a deplorable condition. We also hear much of Vauxhall and Ranelagh pleasure gardens.

George III (1760-1820) succeeded his grandfather, George II. During the sixty years of his reign great changes took place. George III was wretchedly educated, but he was determined to play a prominent part in English politics. In carrying out his determination he alienated his subjects and brought about the revolution of the American colonies. In 1811 he was declared hopelessly insane, and Parliament conferred upon the Prince of Wales the regency of the kingdom. George III died in 1820.

Samuel Johnson figures largely in the literary world of this time. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Boswell, Garrick, and Edmund Burke are names associated with Johnson's. The club had superseded the coffeehouse for social purposes. Coaching was at the height of its development.

In the reign of George IV (1820-1830) the railway came into existence; the coaching era was over; old London Bridge was pulled down and replaced by a new bridge, and modern times were at hand.

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF RULERS, EVENTS, AND CUSTOMS
FROM 1485 TO 1825

DATES	RULERS	LEADING EVENTS	CHARACTERISTIC CUSTOMS
THE HOUSE OF TUDOR			
1485-1509	Henry VII, <i>m.</i> Elizabeth of York.	FIFTEENTH CENTURY End of the Wars of the Roses	
1492	Columbus discovers America.	
1509-1547	Henry VIII, <i>m.</i> (1) Catharine of Aragon, (2) Anne Boleyn, (3) Jane Seymour, (4) Anne of Cleves, (5) Catharine Howard, (6) Catharine Parr.	SIXTEENTH CENTURY	
1533	Divorce from Catharine of Aragon.	Court banquets. Imposing pageants. Court costumes are rich with silks, velvets, furs, and jewels, worn by both men and women. French styles influence English court.
1534	England breaks away from the Church at Rome.	Watches are introduced about this time, but used only by the very rich.
1536-1539	Suppression of the monasteries.	

1564	Shakespeare is born.	About this time fans are introduced.
1576	Burbage builds first theater.	Bull- and bear-baiting are popular sports.
1577	Drake begins his voyage around the world.	Rise of the drama.
1586	Tobacco is brought into England.	Paul's Walk is the fashionable promenade.
1587	Babington Plot and execution of Mary (Stuart), Queen of Scots.	
1588	Destruction of the Spanish Armada.	
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY							
1603	Death of Elizabeth.	
THE HOUSE OF STUART							
1603-1625	James I., <i>m.</i> Anne of Denmark.	Union of the English and Scottish crowns.	No great change in costume, but doublets are heavily padded.
1605	Gunpowder Plot.	Carousing is widespread.
1611	Publication of the Authorized (or King James) Version of the Bible.	Forks are introduced into England.
1616	Death of Shakespeare.	The Masque is the most popular form of court entertainment.
1618	Execution of Sir Walter Raleigh.	
1625	Death of James I.	

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF RULERS, EVENTS, AND CUSTOMS
FROM 1485 TO 1825 — *Continued*

DATES	RULERS	LEADING EVENTS	CHARACTERISTIC CUSTOMS
THE HOUSE OF STUART — <i>Continued</i>			
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY			
1625-1649	Charles I, m. Henrietta Maria of France.	Charles imitates his father in the arbitrary nature of his rule. He quarrels with Parliament. Dissolution of Parliament and no Parliament for eleven years thereafter.	The falling band supplants the ruff. Stiffness gives way to softness. Farthingale and padding no longer fashionable. Much lace is used by both men and women. Love locks are worn by men. Period of the Van Dyck portraits.
1629	Outbreak of Civil War between the king and his adherents (Cavaliers) on one side, and Parliament and its friends (Roundheads) on the other.	
1642	Charles is defeated by Oliver Cromwell. He takes refuge in Scotland, but is given up to Parliament.	
1645	Trial and Execution of Charles I.	
1649		

1649-1660 1653	The Commonwealth. .	Oliver Cromwell refuses the crown but assumes title of Lord Protector of England. By his vigorous and wise government he brings back respect for the government. Death of Oliver Cromwell. He is succeeded by his son, Richard Cromwell. Richard Cromwell resigns. The Restoration of the Monarchy. A General Amnesty is proclaimed. Marriage of Charles II to Catharine of Braganza.	Gay fashion is eclipsed. Costume becomes dark in color and severe in style. Men's hair is worn short.
1658	.	About this time arise the political parties of the Whigs and the Tories.	The beginning of coffee-houses.
1659 1660-1685	Charles II.	Great Plague in London. Great Fire in London.	A riot of brilliant court styles returns. Change in fashion of men's clothing. Doublet and cloak give place to garments which develop into modern coat and waistcoat.
1662	.	The last Temple Bar is erected. The penny post is established in London.	Men carry muffs. Beauty patches on women's faces.
1665 1666	.	Death of Charles II.	Hairstressing for men and women becomes more elaborate. Coffeehouses are very popular.
1670	.		
1680	.		
1685	.		Men wear curled wigs.

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF RULERS, EVENTS, AND CUSTOMS
FROM 1485 TO 1825 — *Continued*

DATES	RULERS	LEADING EVENTS	CHARACTERISTIC CUSTOMS
THE HOUSE OF STUART — <i>Continued</i>			
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY			
1685 — <i>deposed</i> 1688	James II, <i>m.</i> (1) Anne Hyde, (2) Mary of Mo- dena.	The Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion. Execution of the Duke of Monmouth.	White's Chocolate House is established about this time.
1688	Invitation to William of Or- ange, who lands in England with an army. King James flees to France.	
1689-1702	William III, <i>m.</i> Mary II of England.		
1694	Death of Mary II.	Women's coiffures develop into exaggerated structures.
1694	Bank of England founded.	
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY			
1702	Death of William III.	Hair is powdered white. Men wear tie wigs Skirts are elaborate and hoops are worn. The Augustan Age of English Literature.
1702-1714	Anne, <i>m.</i> Prince George of Denmark.	The Duke of Marlborough is very powerful.	
1714	Death of Anne.	Will's Coffeehouse becomes famous.

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

1714-1727	George I., <i>m.</i> Sophia Dorothea of Zell.	<p>The elector of Hanover succeeds to the throne by right of descent from James I through his mother.</p> <p>England is governed mainly by the Whig ministers of the crown.</p> <p>Occasional uprisings of "Jacobites" in favor of the Stuart pretenders to the throne.</p> <p>Death of George I.</p>	<p>Ladies wear clogs or pattens on the street in muddy weather.</p> <p>The "beau" wears a coat of satin or velvet with a lace frilled shirt and tight knee breeches.</p>
1727		Many varieties of wigs.
1727-1760	George II., <i>m.</i> Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach.	Death of George II.	Debtors' prisons are notorious.
1760	George III determines to control the government. He causes disaffection among the people.	The "macaroni" comes into notice as an elegant young fop.
1760-1820	George III., <i>m.</i> Charlotte of Mecklinburg-Strelitz.	Revolution of the American Colonies.	Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds and "The Literary Club," with Garrick, Goldsmith, Burke, and others.
1775		Almack's, a fashionable club. Gambling is very prevalent.

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF RULERS, EVENTS, AND CUSTOMS
FROM 1485 TO 1825 — *Continued*

DATES	RULERS	LEADING EVENTS	CHARACTERISTIC CUSTOMS
THE HOUSE OF HANOVER — <i>Continued</i>			
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY			
1788	Death of the "Young Pretender," the last Stuart claimant to the throne of England.	Wigs, patches, and powdered hairdressing out of style. The slender, classic style known as "Empire" is fashionable for women.
NINETEENTH CENTURY			
1811	The king insane. Prince of Wales becomes regent.	Long trousers succeed knee breeches for men. Coaching is at its highest development.
1820-1830	George IV, <i>m.</i> Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel.		Beau Brummel, a fashion arbiter.
1825	The first railroad in England.	Coaching declines. Sir Robert Peel organizes a modern police force. A policeman is known as a "bobby."

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